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SHIRLEY MASON as Eve Leslie, the beloved

THE STARS

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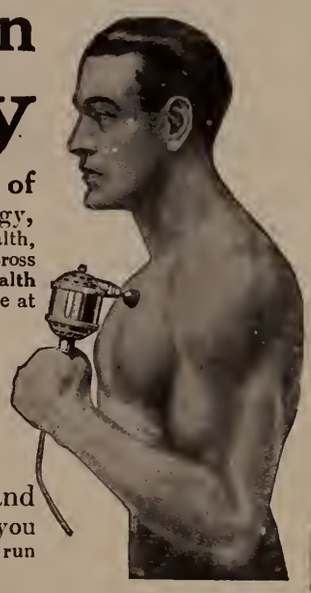

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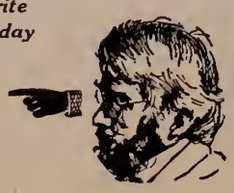

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VOL. III. FEBRUARY, 1917 NO. 6

CONTENTS FOR FEBRUARY

PAGE

Irene Castle. Painting by L. Sielke, Jr., Cover Design

Art Gallery of Popular Players..... 7

The Gentle Art of Make-up....Peggy Hyland 15

Annette Kellermann. All-round exponent of physical grace and beauty..Henry MacMahon 17

Popular Players and Their Pets, Richard Wallace 20

"Lassie Mary of Killean".....Mary Pickford 22

"Stingaree" Forever.....Robert E. Welsh 23

Truthful Tulliver, featuring Wm. S. Hart, Dorothy Donnell 25

The Individuality Girl (Mrs. Vernon Castle), Hector Ames 30

Mr. Shakespeare Was a Poor Scenario Writer, E. H. Sothern 31

The King of Dope Fiends...Gertrude Gordon 32

Rinky-Dink Charlie..... 35

On the Beach at Waikiki—Perhaps, Mosgrove Colwell 36

The Latest Thing in Vampire Ladies, P. A. Parsons 39

What I Demand of Movie Stars..D. W. Griffith 40

The Garden of Allah.....John Olden 42

Why They Go Into Bankruptcy, By One of Them 46

My Lady of the Great Outdoors, Mildred Manning 49

Favorite Players in Favorite Rôles, Roberta Courtlandt 50

Big Moments from Popular Serials..... 53

The Mona Lisa of the Screen (Petrova), L. Case Russell 54

What Happens in the Audience, Anne Scannell O'Neill 56

The Photodrama.....Henry Albert Phillips 57

Film Fables.....Joseph F. Poland 59

Answers to Inquiries.....The Answer Man 60

Greenroom Jottings..... 63

Stage Plays That Are Worth While..... 65

Pithy Paragraphs from the Pacific, Richard Willis 66

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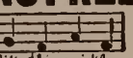

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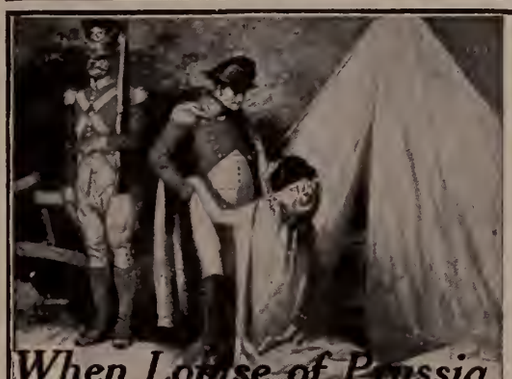

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Then I had a shock. For, of course, it looked terribly overdone and artificial, and now, since I have learnt a little about it, I do it all very differently.

Shall I tell you just how I make up for the screen every day? Well, it is really very simple, compared with what I used to do.

First of all I get some good cream on a cloth and rub it all over my face; then my stick of cream-colored grease-paint comes next, and I rub it on very evenly and smoothly as a groundwork. It looks so funny and white, until I put on soft, brown grease-paint as a shadow over my eyes, and a little lip-salve to color my lips. By that time I am all shiny and greasy, and then comes the welcome powder-puff.

It feels just ripping to get the powder on and begin to look fairly decent again. After that my eyelashes and eyebrows are darkened with some black stuff on a little brush, and the final touch comes with the ever-faithful black hairpin and a candle, with which implements I bead my eyelashes just enough to make them look nice and thick on the screen.

That is my daily make-up before acting for the camera, and I try to improve it every time I put it on. It doesn't sound very difficult, does it? But it isn't nearly so easy as it sounds, and the camera has such a searching eye; it sees every little line and shadow, so that one cant take any liberties nor play any pranks with it.

Do you know, I have a great respect and a teeny little feeling of awe for the camera. It never says anything; it is just a wooden box with some little wheels inside and one winking eye of glass in front of it, but it misses nothing, I can assure you—not a single point, nor line, nor shadow—and so one feels it very necessary to take great trouble in order to try to please it.

One day I had to be an old lady, and I didn't know how to do it. So every one about was very kind, and they all tried to help me, and each one made little lines and marks on my face and hands—they need make-up, too—and by the time we were ready to take the picture, my poor face was quite wonderful to behold, and I was very anxious to see what the result would be.

However, I think the camera must have been extra good-tempered that day, because, when I saw myself on the screen, I was surprised and delighted to find my shadow-self looked quite splendid, and, of course, I was very grateful to my director and all the kind people who had helped me and given me my first little lesson in character make-up.

However, just as one swallow doesn't make a summer, so one lesson in make-up doesn't teach one everything about it—so I am still learning; and it is so interesting to see what different results one can get.

Do you know that the make-up one puts on for different characters actually helps one to *feel* like them? And it is my ambition to really live the parts I play and not only act them.

Of course the make-up we use for the screen is quite different from the one used on the stage. We might be called "the pale-faces," because we are so pale and white and, I am afraid, uninteresting-looking to the eye compared with the lovely, colored faces on the stage.

Whenever I go to the theater, which is as often as I can get there, I always think every one looks so lovely and fresh.

I was on the stage before I went into pictures, and have got all my pink, red, blue and nice-colored sticks of grease-paint put away safely in a box in case I ever want them again.

Of course the stage make-up takes much longer to put on than that used for the screen, on account of blending in smoothly all the colors. I knew one girl who used to take nearly three-quarters of an hour making up her eyes, but they looked perfectly wonderful when they were finished. Then there is the make-up used for the street, et cetera; but we must only whisper about that. It can be very effective and mightily improves those it suits.

In private life Annette Kellermann is the least affected of her sex and profession—entirely free from the usual "actress-star" haughtiness and freaks of temper. She possesses the true modesty that knows no evil. Her lithe body is the instrument of her amazing athletic virtuosity, just as the pianist's fingers are the instruments of his skill. Her genuine love for natural, healthful activity is evidenced in everything that she says and does. From the time she forsook the career as violinist, which her mother, teacher of Melba, had mapped out for her in Australia—and took like a duck to the water—this penchant has been manifest.

found time to plan and superintend the building of a large suburban home at Douglas Manor, L. I., which, with its delightful environment, expresses their ideal of outdoor country life.

Everything they are interested in and like to do is found right at their door. Across the road is the diving-pier and the yacht-dock. Two superb golf-courses are near-by. The walks and drives are ideal. The house is built in a kind of cigar-box pattern, with a frontage of seventy feet. It resembles a perfecto cigar-box, and the two wings smaller boxes. In the center is the great living-hall, with its immense log fireplace, and the walls hung with trophies of the owner's athletic exploits. One of the wings is reserved for the family sleeping-rooms, while the other will be for the convenience of week-end guests.

And it is safe to say that Annette Kellermann will be the means of stimulating a greater desire for outdoor life and athletics for women—and many will find, thereby, the royal road to grace, beauty and abounding energy.

The paradoxical part of the Kellermann athletic chronicle is that as a child she was an almost hopeless cripple. "My baby-legs were badly deformed," she says, "and I had to wear leg-braces to correct the deformity. As I hobbled about—a frail and sickly child—no one thought that I would ever amount to anything, and even my fondest relations believed that I was not very long for this world.

I gradually began to improve, however. The braces helped to straighten my crooked limbs, and I found I could get about more easily and rapidly. At this point the family doctor recommended swimming exercises to develop my frail underpinnings and facilitate the cure he had started. On his advice I was taken to Cavell's Baths. Here, somehow or other, in the course of a few lessons I learnt to swim. The limbs which had served me so ill on dry land found their true congenial element in the water. In Australia, by the way, swimming is by no means so infrequent an accomplishment as in the inland parts of America. On the contrary, it is the universal pastime enjoyed by both sexes and all ages.

"At the age of fifteen," reminisced Miss Kellermann, "I was the champion girl-swimmer of Australia. I had attained a fine physical development, and I enjoyed the output of bodily energy with every fiber of my being. Yes, it is true that mamma, devoted as she was to her artistic profession, wished to make a musician of me. I had a good singing voice, and I was an expert on the violin, having been brought up in the atmosphere of the conservatory, where musicianship was easy. Mother felt that I could win fame and fortune in the distant, more settled lands with the bow and strings. It was planned for me that I should go to Paris, her old home, and there be tutored to perfection by the best violin masters.

"But, almost before I knew it, I was doing professional swimming work in Sydney, Melbourne and Adelaide. Such a demand arose for my exhibitions that, almost perforce, I cast aside the thought of musical fame."

"Aside from physique and skill, to what qualities do you mostly attribute your success?" the writer asked.

"Hard work, the never-say-die spirit, and the singular good fortune of being handled by able managements," she answered promptly. "Let me speak of the last-named first. In England my first sponsor before the public was the present Lord Northcliffe, at that time Alfred Harmsworth. His great newspapers staged my Thames and Channel swims as a publicity stunt and rewarded me both artistically and financially. Then Arthur Collins became interested, which resulted in an engagement at the leading London music-hall. That prince of showmen was, in fact, largely responsible for my touring success in Great Britain. Coming to America, I had the good fortune to work several years for the late B. F. Keith and his chain of theaters. My picture début was in 'Neptune's Daughter,' following which William Fox accepted my plan of a fairy-like film spectacle, 'A Daughter of the Gods,' and now, lastly, Charles Dillingham has contracted with me for the Hippodrome. To these five men I owe the big opportunities of my life."

Modest, matter-of-fact Annette! There isn't an ounce of conceit in her nimble brain or her sinuously beautiful body. As she says, she is always *trying*. That of itself spells the difference betwixt success and failure.

Popular Players &

A PICTURE-PLAYER who hasn't a pet these days is out of the running. There are those who affect weird creatures, like squeezy boa-constrictors, perfumed civet-cats and armored armadillos—a whole Noah's Ark of furry or scaly rascals—for sweet publicity's sake. And, again, there are others who have gotten acquainted with some of our friendlier fellow animals, and who get a good bit of fun and companionship out of them.

There is Claire Whitney, for instance, whose tiny marmoset is a close pal in her home as well as on tramps afield. Out in Los Angeles there are alternate gloom and joy in the home of Neva Gerber. It all depends upon the disposition of her thorobred bull, "Brutus," who, on temperamental days, starts a feud with neighbors' pet tabbies, and on good behavior days is the star's

NEVA GERBER FAVORS THE PARK SWANS

CLAIRE WHITNEY HAS A TINY MONKEY FOR A PET

RUTH ROLAND AND HER COLLIE

constant playmate on her trips to the park.

They say it is a sight for the gods to see Ruth Roland, in summery white, frolic on her Long Beach lawns with her year-old collie. 'Tis

Their Pets

By Richard Wallace

VIVIAN RICH AND HER NEWFOUNDLAND

LION-HEARTED VIVIAN REED

She is not exactly the official manicure to the huge felines, and perhaps you dont know that they have to have their nails clipped even as you and I, and that they "take on" terribly during the process. It is then that Vivian, the lion-hearted, stands near-by and soothes the outraged paws. Even the lioness purrs complacently when Vivian fondles one of her cubs. Could a king convey a finer compliment?

a question for artists and athletes to decide which is the more alert. Young-blooded, graceful and just as pretty a picture are the prankish romps of Vivian Rich along the rough-cast coast with her Newfoundland.

No canine blue-book would be complete without mention of Charlotte Burton's Japanese spaniels, "Akita" and "Choshi"—mother and son. From humblest extra up to society queen, every one in Santa Barbara is on a bowing and patting acquaintance with the star and her woolly protégés.

You have got to be a lion-hearted girl to live in Seligville, where the jungle beasts devour three whole bullocks each and every day, and roar blood-shivering "defi's" to man and beast across the studio yard. A friend to them all is Vivian Reed.

CHARLOTTE BURTON AND HER JAPANESE SPANIELS

"Lassie Mary of Killean"

In this, her latest shadow-play, Mary Pickford is an appealing little figure in the rôle of Marget McTavish, the daughter of the clan chieftain. On the death of her father she bravely assumes his position, and her efforts to rule his people, as her father would want them ruled, are childishly pathetic.

There is an ancient law of the Clan McTavish that none of them shall mate with any one of English blood. Marget finds her mate in one Jimmy O'Neil, "a braw laddie," who is a fisherman in the village and a kinsman of the clan. There comes among them a woman who, to the simple-minded villagers, seems like a being from another world. To the ignorant, that which is strange is wicked. So the God-fearing, bigoted clansmen decide that the newcomer is wicked—a "scarlet woman"—and that she must be driven from the village.

How brave little Marget, in "The Pride of the Clan," with her wistful, flower-like face, solves the problems that beset her beloved clan; how the "scarlet woman" is vindicated and the ancient law set aside by the leader of the clan, and how, once more, the sun of love and happiness shines upon the Lass of Killean—is all told in broad Scotch in a narrow little Highland village, "somewhere in the land of heather and plaids."

"Stingaree" Forever

A Player and a Part That Have Become Inseparable—With a Look at True Boardman's Mail

By ROBERT E. WELSH

"AREN'T you ever going to be anything but 'Stingaree'?" we asked True Boardman.

"Not if I listen to the fans," he replied, with a laugh. "They wont be satisfied when I play any part but 'Stingaree.' And besides, I dont know as I have ever liked any part better. Yes, I guess I'm pretty well satisfied to keep right on being 'Stingaree' forever."

We sat in the comfortable dressing-room that is allotted to True Boardman at the Kalem Glendale studio in California. My remark had come following a silence of five minutes as I watched the player make up before starting the day's work in the studio. I use the term "make up," but, truth to tell, there is little of make-up to it, for True Boardman, as you see him on the screen in "Stingaree," is little different from the True Boardman that my camera had snapped the day before as he mowed the lawn of his Glendale bungalow.

"You're right," he responded, as I commented on this fact. "There are just the soft woolen shirt, the corduroy trousers and leggings, and I am 'Stingaree.' Add to that the ever-present monocle, and my make-up is finished. That was why I didn't know whether to feel flattered or the reverse when the author, E. W. Hornung, wrote that I was just the personification of the gentleman outlaw he had pictured when he wrote the 'Stingaree' stories. Still, I suppose I should feel complimented, for 'Stingaree,' with all his faults, is a jovial, human fellow and the fans surely do like him."

Which brought us back to the question that opened this chat. "Do you know," said Boardman, "I dont believe it's me they like at all, it's just that good-natured villain 'Stingaree.' Honestly, it sometimes gives me a creepy feeling to read the letters from the fans, and feel that they are not talking to me at all, but are addressing the mythical character of the stories. They have got me to feeling that there is a real 'Stingaree'—that I have two identities.

"That was the way I felt when the original 'Stingaree' series came to an end. I felt as tho I were saying good-by to an old friend. But I found that many of the letter-writing fans who liked 'Stingaree' as well as I did continued with me thru 'The Girl from Frisco' and their letters seemed to give me some sort of connection with the picturesque outlaw.

"Then I heard that the Kalem Company was making a strong effort to induce Mr. Hornung to write another series of stories about the Australian bush-ranger. It seemed impossible that the effort would be successful, for I could not imagine an internationally known author of the standing of the creator of 'Raffles' writing a series of original stories for the screen. But one day the good news came that he had consented. They tell me that it was only after Mr. Hornung had been given a private exhibition of the twelve pictures in the first series adopted from his short stories, that he agreed to write the new stories.

"My joy over the good news seems to have been shared by the fans, if I may judge by their letters. And now, as you see, we are hard at work on the second edition of 'Stingaree.'"

TRUE BOARDMAN IN "STINGAREE"

"I imagine from the way you refer to it that you take considerable interest in the mail you receive from your followers," I said.

"All players do," was Boardman's reply. "You can find encouragement, occasionally a valuable bit of advice, and always something of interest in your mail. And it is especially inspiring when you are playing in a series like 'Stingaree' to know that hundreds of fans are watching every move and action of the character. Then, you frequently get a real good laugh out of your mail. Read this letter that I received this morning."

It was an indignant letter. "If you dont stop making up to look just like me," said the writer, "I'll have you arrested. I wont have myself made ridiculous before my friends by your imitating me on the screen. I dont know what your real name is, but if I did I would probably know your reason for seeking to make a fool of me."

We joined in a hearty laugh. "I'll have to write him today," said Mr. Boardman, "and assure him that I do not make up at all to appear on the screen. And I am really anxious to know what he means by that word 'ridiculous.' It's a sort of left-handed compliment, isn't it?"

We glanced over a few more of the letters. There were a number received while the player was appearing in "The Girl from Frisco." "Why did you stop being 'Stingaree'?" said one. "I know you are a very nice hero in 'The Girl from Frisco,' but I do wish you would give us some more of 'Stingaree.'" Another writer wanted to know if he were the same player as had appeared in the series by E. W. Hornung. "I know it is the same name," read his letter. "But I dont see how you could be a villain like 'Stingaree' and now be a hero. Of course, 'Stingaree' was an outlaw like Robin Hood, who tried to do good, but he was a bad man just the same."

It's a fascinating task, this going thru a screen-player's mail. Most of the letters are just gushy notes of praise, with the never-failing request for a photograph. A few contain querulous complaints over some trivial incident, while some unburden their troubles and

TRUE BOARDMAN AT HOME AND AS "STINGAREE" WITH MARIN SAIS

ask for advice just as if they were life-long friends of the player.

"I try to answer all my letters," said Mr. Boardman. "But the hardest of all to answer are the ones who seek to know the secret by which they may enter the pictures. The girls are not alone in this; there are quite a number of young men who tell you the reasons they must get positions in the pictures, and place the entire responsibility of getting them there on your shoulders.

"The fans dont seem to realize how terribly overcrowded the picture field is right now. If they only could see the number of capable actors and actresses seeking for the same chance that they want. But they seem to imagine that there is some short-cut by which they can overcome the lack of experience and knowledge that they would naturally expect to be required in any other vocation. It is difficult to answer their letters and make them feel that you sympathize with them while you are trying to be honest and clear and not create any false hopes.

"Here's a rather pathetic little letter that I received the other day. It has taken me two or three days to make up my mind just how to answer it." He tossed me a letter written on a small sheet of note-paper in a wavering hand.

"I live here in Randallsburg with my aunt," it opened. "I have no one else in the world and I do have to work terribly hard. I wish that I could get in the movies, for I see that the girls there all have fine clothes and they seem very happy. Often when I sleep I dream that I am a Moving Picture star, and I know I do just as well as them girls. My aunt is not always kind to me, but I guess she cant help it, 'cause we aint got much money and it's pretty hard. Maybe if I could become a star I could get her a fine house and she wouldn't have to work no more. I seen you in a picture the other night, and I just know you are kind and will help me. Wont you?"

"It's going to be hard to answer that letter," said Mr. Boardman as I finished my reading. "But I will do my best, and perhaps I will succeed in putting in a word of encouragement that will smoothen out some of the worries of my little friend and dry the tears that I am sure will well up from her discouraged heart.

"But from the way she speaks of 'Aunty' I imagine she is just the sort of girl who will grit her teeth, clench her little fists, and go right ahead and find her happiness—and find it right in Randallsburg. We players have a responsibility—friend and adviser to every one. Dont you think so, too?"

I'll leave it to you readers of MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC.

Truthful Tulliver

(Ince-Triangle)

By DOROTHY DONNELL

This story was written from the Photoplay of J. G. HAWKS

"I COULD wish," complained Silver Lode Thompson, not without bitterness, as he removed a half-inch deposit of alkali dust from the type-font, "that the surface of Arizona was considerable more permanent, as it were." He squinted anxiously among the jumbled compartments of type. "Tulliver, you'll have to change your motto; there aren't but two Old English capital T's in this prehistoric ruin. How about 'Honesty is the Best Policy'? I got lots of H's and P's."

"'The Truth, the Whole Truth, and Nothing But the Truth,'" said Tulliver, firmly. The gentle voice came with surprising effect from the mighty frame humped over the battered table on the other side of the room. "A Roman letter will do, but the motto goes."

"In Glory Hole, telling the truth about a man means insulting him," grumbled the staff of the new weekly, slapping a stick of type onto the press with practiced hand—"not that I'm fussy about how I shuffle off this mortal coil, y' unnerstand, but you're too young and beautiful to die——"

"Come here, Silver." Tulliver waved an excited hand. His friend regarded the lean, grim face with a silent groan. There was trouble brewing when Truthful Tulliver clamped his jaws in that determined fashion. Gingerly, Silver examined the dingy memorandum in the editor's hand.

"'Subjects for the First Month's Editorials,'" he read aloud: "'Shall Gin Govern Glory Hole?' Suffering cats! You dont need to plan any more issues if you lead off with that. We'll be just about as popular as two tom-cats singing to the moon at three A. M. Reform is all right; but couldn't you begin sort of easy and gradually work up—say a protest against the habit of wearing spurs to bed, or something not quite so *radical?*"

"No!" It was as near a shout as Tulliver ever came. A newcomer, who had just pushed open the office door, paused, startled, on the threshold, as the big man brought down his fist in a blow that nearly demolished the crazy old table. "If the truth about a man cant be known and published freely, he isn't the kind of citizen a town wants, and he'd better leave!"

"You're not planning to depopulate Glory Hole, I hope!" said the newcomer, pleasantly. His tone and the outstretched hand he offered Tulliver were cordial, but there was a cold, unfriendly expression in the eyes above the flashing smile. "My name is York Cantrell," he explained, as they shook hands—"not a native, but my mine is expatriating me from the East for a while. And so you're planning a truthful newspaper, Mr. Tulliver? Well, you'll need a lot of nerve to succeed; we're a bit shy and

"WE'LL BE JUST AS POPULAR AS TWO TOM-CATS SINGING AT THREE A. M."

sensitive about our little failings in Glory Hole!"

For reply, Tulliver laid a hand on the well-tailored shoulder and swerved him about, facing the dirt-crusted window.

"Look at it," he bade him sternly; "it's a town to be proud of, isn't it?—a cluster of wretched shacks huddled about that great barracks of a dance-hall-saloon. What kind of a chance is there for community pride and civic responsibility in a place without library, or school, or church, and with the owner of a saloon

TULLIVER TOOK A "SOCIABLE" GLASS WITH HIMSELF NOW AND THEN

taking in all the money that is made and spent in the town——" The words trailed suddenly. He leaned forward, staring out of the window with incredulous eyes. Cantrell, following his gaze, gave a slight start, biting his lip in annoyance.

Along the single, dusty street of the town two girls were hurrying. They were plainly sisters, and both were pretty; but there was a noticeable difference in character to be read in the way they carried themselves. The older of the two moved with a swift, anxious step, looking neither to the right nor the left, while the younger girl danced along with the restless glances and conscious airs of the coquette. The same differences spoke in their hair and dress—the one trimly smooth and soberly arranged, the other all flying curls and fluttering ruffles.

Tulliver turned abruptly to Cantrell.

"Who are those girls?" he asked, "and what in Heaven's name are they doing in this rough place?"

"They're the Burton sisters." Cantrell did not quite meet the other's eyes. "Grace is the older one; the other is Daisy, I believe. Their father is the superintendent of my mine."

"But girls—*here!*" protested Tulliver. A dull flush ran under the dark skin. "Look at that, now! Shameful!"

The group of loafers gathered before the saloon had stopped the girls and were laughing loudly over some witticism that set Grace's lip quivering. Tulliver's great fists clenched. Without a word, he snatched up his hat and bolted from the room.

York Cantrell saw him descend upon the jeering loafers and push the ringleader away from their victims with one flail-like sweep of his long arm. An ugly look tightened the skin about his mouth, as he watched Tulliver speaking to the girls, deferential hat in hand.

"Quite a Sir Galahad, your friend!" he remarked to the silent compositor, with a barely perceptible sneer; "but you'd better advise him to reconsider his Carrie Nation designs on the Forty Rod Saloon, yonder. Of course I dont know who the proprietor is, but he might—just possibly *might*—feel hurt at having his means of livelihood taken away."

Silver Lode Thompson went on sorting commas and semicolons without reply, unless a grunt might be termed an answer. But with the click of the latch behind the visitor's departing back, he raised grimy hands and beat his brow eloquently.

"'Ol' man Trouble's a-knockin' at de do,'" he chanted; "and now—petticoats! And our little friend from New Haven, Connecticut, with the kollege-kut klothes, dont seem to love us over 'n' above a whole lot, either. Aw, well, what do I care?"

Before the bar of the Forty Rod, Tulliver stood at this moment, whisky-glass in hand. He was not a drinker, but he could drink, upon occasion, as much as another man, and this was one of the occasions. He wanted information, and the bartender, a filmy-eyed man with a sad, rabbit chin, was the best one to give it to him.

"You seem to do a good business," he remarked genially, nodding at the impressive display of bottles and glass that stretched down the entire line of shelving. "I expect the fellow who runs this place is getting rich hand over fist."

"The deacon?" The bartender closed

"HOW SOON DO WE RUN *THAT* OUT OF TOWN?"

one eye significantly. "Oh, the deacon is getting his little rake-off, but he isn't the main guy, buh-lieve me! There's a man higher up, 's they say——"

Tulliver set down his empty glass and leaned forward eagerly. "Do you know his name?" Instantly the bartender's face lost all semblance of expression.

"Sure," he replied amiably. "It's old Astor V. Rockabilt himself," and he began to polish glasses, whistling a derisive tune.

"All right," said Tulliver, cheerfully, "but his name on a piece of paper can be cashed for a hundred any day at my office, if you should ever run short of small change."

He tossed a quarter into his glass and strode out of the saloon, a virile, vital sort of figure that drew the glance like a magnet. Two pairs of gloomy eyes followed his going. "H—ll!" growled Deacon Doyle, in disgust. "How soon do we run *that* out of town?"

"He's ambitious for trouble, all right," gloomed York Cantrell, "but hanged if you cant help admiring the fellow for his nerve. However, if he gets too nosey——"

He touched his hip significantly. They exchanged winks, and the hoary-headed deacon gave a hoarse chuckle. "I see him shining up to Daisy and Grace," he prodded the other's ribs with a meaning thumb; "maybe you've got a pair of old shoes he could wear convenient—a parting shot, hey? Haw! haw! haw!"

Slow red oozed over Cantrell's sullen face. "Keep out of my affairs, will you?" he snarled, but his eyes, under lowering lids, were filled with the shame of a thief caught with the goods.

The first issue of the Glory Hole *Clarion* came out within the week and had a quick and gratifying sale. There was not a copy to be bought ten minutes after the first one appeared in the saloon. And perhaps no Presidential message ever received the attention or created the stir that Tulliver's editorial produced. It occupied the entire first page, and the headlines were as large as the job lot of type in the *Clarion's* cases afforded. They announced boldly:

DEACON DOYLE MUST GO!

GLORY HOLE'S SINK SPOTS MUST BE PURIFIED!
IF THE MANAGER OF THE FORTY ROD
SALOON IS CAT'S PAW FOR ANOTHER,
HE, TOO, MUST GO!

"THAT'S WHAT WOMEN WERE BORN FOR—TO BE HOMES FOR MEN"

"It is splendid—*splendid!*" Grace Burton told Tulliver, as he stopped before her gate that afternoon, "but you—you frighten me a little!"

"Why?" asked Tulliver, quietly. He leaned forward on his horse's neck, watching the girl's upturned face with a straight, level gaze. It was a face, he thought, with a little stir of his heart, worth watching—a face to trust, and remember, and like. He had not realized how

much he had come to rely on her opinion in the few days he had known her, but now he awaited her answer with a strange sense of expectation. "Why do I frighten you?"

"Because you do not seem to know enough to be frightened for yourself," she said thoughtfully. "There are bad men in this town—desperate men to oppose. And you are so direct, so smashingly honest! There will be trouble. They will try to hurt you——" She shuddered slightly. He caught the tiny ghost of a movement, and suddenly he knew how much he had wanted her to care. He had been a lonely man all his life. Fighters make enemies; they have no time to win friends; but now it was strangely as tho he had been homesick always and had come home.

"There are good men in this town, too," he answered, hardly conscious of what he was saying in his fear lest he might speak mad things. "Your father—Mr. Cantrell——"

He paused, disturbed by the sudden change in the girl's expression at the name. Her eyes fell, and a deep pallor ran like a blush across her smooth young cheeks.

"I'll be careful," he said abruptly, gathering the reins in clenched fingers: "but if they get me—well, I've always hoped I'd go with my boots on—*fighting!*"

He wheeled his horse with a jerk that brought the animal rearing to his hind feet, and sprang away down the road, his heart choking him with the turmoil of differing emotions within. Could it be that she cared for Cantrell? Yet she had feared for *his* safety. He set his strong jaw grimly.

"I've got my job to think of—the job of cleaning up this town!" he muttered. "That's what men were born for—their *jobs*. But when it's over, then, perhaps"—a great throb of longing shook him—"if I could go to her, for that's what women were born for—to be homes for men to go to when the day's work is done——"

Silver Lode Thompson glanced up casually, as his chief entered the office a little later. "Well, the returns have begun to come in," he said cheerily. He jerked a flat, black thumb at a piece of wrapping paper tossed on the table. "That billet-doux was pinned to the door when I came back from lunch. It seems to be a kind of 'At Home' invite——"

Tulliver read in his smooth voice:

> I'll be waiting in the saloon at ten tomorrow. If you've got anything to say about me, you can say it then; but no d—n pen-pusher's goin' to run me out of town.
>
> PETE DOYLE.

He tossed the paper contemptuously aside, lips set in a grim line.

"Four o'clock, Silver!" he consulted his watch; "there isn't much time, but we'll hustle lively, and I guess it can be done——"

"What can be done?" Silver Lode's face was wooden. He went on methodically picking out type.

Truthful Tulliver laughed joyfully. "Life looks a little bit uncertain after ten o'clock tomorrow," he explained, "so we're going to get out our second issue of the *Clarion* tonight, and it's going to be some issue, my son!" He put on his hat and turned toward the door.

TRUTHFUL TULLIVER RODE STRAIGHT THRU THE WINDOW

"Is news so scarce that you're going to commit a murder to adorn the front page?" queried Silver Lode, in patient sarcasm, "or where *are* you going?"

"To interview a gentleman who has information I need," said Tulliver, mildly. He opened the drawer of the table, took out a revolver and thrust it conspicuously into his belt. "Some journalists prefer a fountain pen, but in this case the gun is mightier than the pen. So long!"

When he returned, his eyes were shining with the holy light of the reporter who has found out something he is not supposed to know. He took off his coat, flung it across the room, and seized his pencil.

"A scoop! A darned big scoop, Silver!" he proclaimed. "Eastern papers, please copy! Dig out your biggest capitals, beloved squid, and set up what I'll have for you. But leave a vacant column on the second page——"

His voice trailed vaguely; already his pencil was moving rapidly over the paper.

"A vacant column? What for?" growled Silver Lode.

"My obituary!" said Truthful Tulliver, with a grin.

The hands of the Forty Rod clock pointed to five minutes of ten, the next morning, as York Cantrell joined the deacon at the bar.

"See here," he began querulously; "what are you going to do to Tulliver? I wont stand for his being killed. If you must shoot, scare him a little—that's all."

"I'll spoil that silly grin of his!" said the deacon, fiercely. "You'd better let me make it a good job. Scare him? That kind wont scare! Then, before you know it, he'll get something on you, and your fine friends back home 'll get onto what kind of *mining* business you've put their money into, and then——"

The crash of glass cut short his words, and both men whirled as Truthful Tulliver rode on horseback straight thru a gaping hole in the big windows of the saloon. Jaw-slack, they gazed at him, too stupefied to move.

"Well, gentlemen," said Tulliver pleasantly, pointing to the clock, "you see, I'm just on time!"

He took off his revolver and flung it crashing thru the bottles of the bar. Then he turned to York Cantrell.

"In ten minutes the second edition of the *Clarion* will be out," he said curtly, "and it will give the name of the man who secretly owns the Forty Rod Saloon, and it will tell where he got the money to invest in this profitable way."

Cantrell's heavy face was flooded with the purple blood of rage. His hand flashed to his hip and stayed there, tightly pinioned to his side. Beside him the deacon struggled, in a similar coil of rope, with shrill squeals of dismay.

"It's always well for an editor, especially a truthful one, to know how to throw a lasso!" remarked Tulliver, calmly. He gathered the ropes firmly in his hand. "I'm going to conduct you two gentlemen out onto the plains," he explained in his soft voice. "I'll head you toward the nearest railroad, ten miles away, and, if I were you, I'd *stay* headed that way. Mr. Cantrell needn't be anxious about his property, for I'm going to

buy it of him for a town hall. Now start moving, and keep moving, and, if you're real polite and say 'please' pretty, maybe I'll give you a copy of the *Clarion* to read on the way!"

It was dusk when Tulliver rode back into Glory Hole. When they saw the tall, lean figure on his horse coming around the water-tank, the crowd of miners gathered in the square raised a ringing cheer. With the instinct of the mob they recognized their leader, and Tulliver knew, as he saw their cordial, upturned faces, felt the rough good-will of their hands, that they were his to fashion into the splendid, self-respecting community of his dreams.

He was very happy, as he opened the door of the shabby little newspaper office, and so wrapt up in his pleasant imaginings that at first he did not notice her at all. Then a low sob drew his startled eyes toward the slim figure shrinking in the gloom. In one stride he was at her side.

"Grace!" he cried, all bewildered—*Grace!*"

She caught his sleeve with frenzied fingers that left their slender mark on his skin.

"York Cantrell!" she moaned. "Where is he?"

Tulliver's lean face went quite gray. But it was characteristic of the man that he did not waste time with his own pain.

"Cantrell is very nearly at the next railroad station by now," he said directly.

She gave a cry of horror. "Then he is going away? He will never come back? Dear God, what shall I do——"

She swayed, would have fallen, but he caught her in his arms. The pressure of her soft, warm body was almost more than he could bear. He laid her gently on the old, leather lounge that he himself used for a bed at night. .

"Dont grieve," he said steadily; "be here in an hour, and I will have him back, if I possibly can. I did not know—he meant so much to you——"

He stooped an instant and laid his lips on her warm, sweet hair. Then he turned, without another glance or word, and a moment later the girl heard the clatter of his horse's feet on the hard-baked alkali.

The moon was drenching the world with a soft, pale glory, turning the squalid little town into an enchanted place, when Tulliver and Cantrell came down the single, crooked street two hours later. They were both walking and leading the fagged horse by his bridle-rein. The white dust of the plains covered their clothes, and they moved stiffly, as tho they were weary to the bone.

A light shone dimly thru the dirt-crusted office window. At the door Tulliver turned to the other man, his jaw set in a stern line under the drawn skin.

"There's a priest over in the hollow," he said grimly. "I'm going to send Silver Lode for him, and when he comes you're going to marry that little girl that's crying her heart out for you in there. I'm not asking any questions; I dont want to know anything; but there's one thing you may as well know right now. After you're married you're going to straighten up, and live decent, and make her happy, or you'll answer for it to me!"

The other man's face was quivering. "So help me God, I will," he said slowly, "if you'll—just be my—friend and lend a hand——"

In the dingy little office two figures were waiting. One of them sprang forward into Cantrell's arms with a cry of joy.

(*Continued on page* 68)

"I CANT THANK YOU—THERE AREN'T WORDS TO DO IT IN"

"The Individuality Girl"

The Knack of Doing Things Differently—Dancing, Dress-Designing, Posing, Acting—Has Brought the Laurels to Her Brow and the Shekels to Her Purse

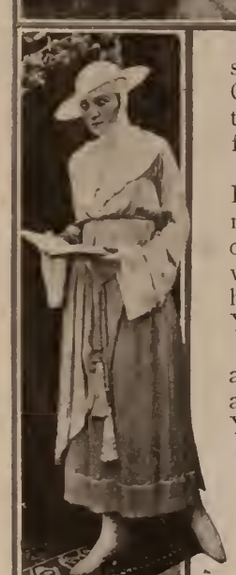
By HECTOR AMES

IRENE CASTLE, "The Individuality Girl," has earned her title all by herself. Born in New Rochelle, and married, at eighteen, to an English chorus-man in a highly diverting musical-comedy, her individuality has, in five short years, made her one of the most famous and well-known women in America.

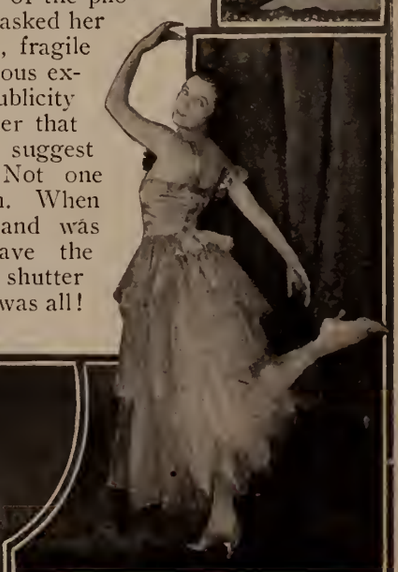
She has always been original—often daring in her ideas. She designs all her own frocks, and, as can be seen from the accompanying illustrations, they are distinctly original and pretty. The gray frock, at the left, quaintly suggests the nun-like garments of a French Sister of Mercy. No woman but Irene Castle could so swathe her head in folds of white Georgette crêpe and still retain her title as a pretty woman. The average woman would look as if she were suffering from an attack of headache and toothache, while Mrs. Castle merely looks distinctive.

When she married Vernon Castle they were, as she says, "as poor as church mice." But, being an individuality girl, that worried the little bride not a whit. She merely resumed her interest in dancing, and, with the aid of her husband, designed a number of pretty, unusual and intricate steps and dances. She took up dances not usually welcomed in polite society—considered really vulgar, for the greater part—and, thru her own ingenuity and cleverness, refined them and made them so attractive that New York and London smart sets tumbled over themselves to become pupils of the Castles.

At first, these dances and their pretty exponent were confined to hotel ball-rooms, and then an astute theatrical manager discovered that this slim little woman would be an asset to Broadway. So, with very little preparation, Irene Castle danced into "Watch Your Step" in a way that made her, instantly, one of the biggest acting-hits on Broadway. After a highly successful season in this comedy, Mrs. Castle had an offer to dance her way into Filmland.



When she first signed a contract with the International Company, to play "Patria" in the preparedness serial of that name, the company had a great deal of trouble getting her to pose for photographs. She resented the suggestions of the photographer, which are more like commands; she disliked the poses he asked her to assume; and, being merely a bundle of nerves contained in a slim, fragile body, every séance with a photographer ended in hysterics and nervous excitement that prevented her working for a day or so. Finally, the publicity manager arranged with a photographer that Mrs. Castle be allowed to suggest her own poses and costumes. Not one word of suggestion was given. When Mrs. Castle had posed herself and was ready for the picture, she gave the word, the camera's shutter blinked — and that was all!



Mr. Shakespeare Was a Poor Scenario Writer

By E. H. SOTHERN

SHORTLY after it became known that I intended appearing before the Motion Picture camera, many people asked me which of Shakespeare's plays I intended to select. Almost without exception they expressed surprise when I declared that I did not intend to appear in any Shakespearian play in Motion Pictures. Naturally I was asked for reasons.

Much as I admire the genius of William Shakespeare as a playwright, I do not think he ever wrote a great scenario. I mean that his plays, as he wrote them, are not, to my mind, adapted for really high-class Motion Picture production. Furthermore, I believe that the average Motion Picture editor would turn down Mr. Shakespeare's manuscripts on the instant, because of the fact that the great Bard of Avon was not aware of either photographic limitations or possibilities when he wrote his works.

Shakespeare, to be sure, sought and attained the artistic, but the element of action as it applied to Motion Pictures was, if discernible at all, only partly defined in even his most spectacular plays, because he wrote with the limitations of the stage always in mind. The great thoughts he amplified in words will some day be picturized, no doubt, when the right man comes to work them over into the form that the photoplay requires.

But I shall not play Shakespeare for the screen, much as I should like to do so, for the simple reason that I fear Shakespeare's productions are not yet ripe for popular favor in the movies. Let me set myself right, however, with regard to my opening statement about Shakespearian plays and the pictures. I want it distinctly understood that I do not mean to say that these classics are too elevated for the minds of the Motion Picture spectators. The fact that the big feature pictures like "The Birth of a Nation," and others, have managed to thrill thousands is proof positive that the great classics can be produced in pictures and that those who see them have taste and refinement.

STUDIO SCENES DURING THE FILMING OF "AN ENEMY TO THE KING" (VITAGRAPH)

The script is the thing I have in mind. Shakespearian works in their original construction do not make suitable scenarios, and to rewrite them would take too much of "Shakespeare" out of them. These, you might say, are the variety of reasons for my not wishing to be seen in Shakespeare's plays in Motion Pictures.

I do not pretend to know much about the movies, but have seen enough of the methods employed to realize that there are so many other plays better adapted for the screen that it would be unwise to attempt Shakespeare.

I know that, at any rate, Movie-land is not one of those countries" from whose bourne no traveller returns." It has been an adventure for me in a way, still nothing absolutely new, for since I first saw my father in the plaid trousers and side-whiskers of "Lord Dundreary," I have inhaled the fragrance of paint and crêpe hair and the fun of part and play is as much a part of my life as the pulse of my heart. I find playing before the camera is the same in many important respects as playing before an audience, altho the three screen plays in which I have acted call for entirely different rôles.

The King of

By GERTRUDE

BETWEEN the woes of having his name misspelled constantly, denying accusations that he is a dope-fiend, and the strenuous work of playing the wonderful feature films of the Lasky film company, in which he thrills millions of Moving Picture fans, Tully Marshall's life is anything but a bed of roses, successful star that he is.

Long before the films claimed him in "dope" rôles, Mr. Marshall had sent scores of women into hysterics and men to the nearest bar to recover from the effects of his marvelous portrayal of the morphinist, Hannock, in that gruesome play, "The City." Before that he had gotten on the nerves of hundreds of audiences as Joe Brooks in "Paid in Full." So well did he present the character of this irritable, dissatisfied young husband, that, when people would meet him personally, they expected him to be the same sort of person he appeared to be on the stage. When he first appeared in films he had a monopoly on drug-using rôles, but now he also is being cast for heroes and "comics." But still his best work seems to be in his picturizations of some weird conception of human nature or distorted characterization of human appetite.

Meeting Tully Marshall in the midst of his home-life, in the company of his talented wife, Marion Fairfax, the well-known dramatist who herself contributes no small fame to the family name, Mr. Marshall is simply a "regular fellow," not at all eccentric, rather quiet, with a tremendous fund of effective humor, and thoroly interested in and ready to talk about any of his favorite sports—golf, motoring, horseback riding, swimming, even tennis and walking. He does not like to hunt.

"Cant see any use in killing something just to show that you can," is his terse dismissal of an invitation to any such "party." He would sooner walk out into the great woods near his home and make friends with the wild things than chase them to kill them.

When he is not outdoors, or working in the studios, he is reading, and of this recreation he says he cannot seem to get enough. The amount of reading Mr. Marshall has done is remarkable. Just now he is giving the classics a thoro reperusal, "and finding something new and good almost on every page," he said enthusiastically.

His vigorous appearance would lead one to think he might follow a regular line of exercise—diet, rest, and sleeping rules. "But I dont," he said, when I asked him. "I am fifty-two years old and have held my health this far without rules and regulations—other than living as I desire and keeping my desires within reasonable and healthful bounds. So why change my habits now?"

Reverting to the strange ideas people in general have regarding the relation of himself, the real man, to his work, he said, in a talk given not long ago, "My whole life seems to have settled itself into pretending to the public I am one sort of person, some abnormality, and in disproving this in private. I know people say I am a dope-fiend and that I have spent weeks in sanitariums learning how to act 'dope' parts. But that is not true. I honestly can say that in all my life I never took 'dope' of any kind, not even medicinally, and never, to my knowledge,

TULLY MARSHALL IN "THE DEVIL'S NEEDLE"

AS A PARIS APACHE IN "A CHILD OF THE PARIS STREETS" (TRIANGLE)

Dope-Fiends

GORDON

have I seen a man under the influence of any drug; neither have I ever seen any person take any kind of 'dope.' I study these weird parts as I would study any stage rôle, whether it be a romantic lover, a benevolent old man, a priest, or a blind man. In any rôle I undertake, I faithfully study everything connected with it. The pictures of these drug-using creatures I play build themselves up in my brain as I think them over and what they would do. Acting is imagination put to use.

"But the realism of these characters I have put on the screen has done some good. I have received thousands of letters from persons who have seen my work on the stage and in the films, and they have told me how they had been awakened to the horror of the drug habit. While and since I played Hannock in 'The City,' at least one hundred persons have sent me word or told me personally that they were cured of using different kinds of 'dope' after they had seen that portrayal. One woman wrote and said she had been cured of smoking cigarets. People sometimes write, giving me instructions how to break off the habit, which they suppose has gripped me. I even have had physicians offer to treat me. On the street people stare at and, I know, sometimes pity me. Yet, personally, I know nothing of the effects of any kind of drug.

"As to my name," here he laughed heartily, "I chose the 'Marshall,' but 'Tully' was my mother's maiden name, and she gave it to me, never dreaming how she was afflicting

MAE MARSH

FAY TINCHER

me. Some people call me 'Tooley.' Others, seeing the name in a newspaper, directory or magazine, jump to the conclusion that I am a fair representative of femininity, instead of a cigar-smoking, shaving, occasionally swearing specimen of masculinity. As a result, I always am well supplied with samples of powder, perfumes, hair-curlers, candies and cold creams; and advertisements are showered on me for garters, corsets, pneumatic devices for reduction, complexion masks, hair dyes, and articles of many kinds, made of wood, silk, rubber, steel, paper, wire and other materials—articles the use of which I have not the slightest idea. And as to addresses they almost turn my hair gray. I get mail addressed to Miss Tully, Miss Lully, Miss Lala, Miss Tilly, Miss Trilby, Miss Lilly, Miss Tralala Marshall. Only the other day there came a new horror—'Miss Tyllly Marshall.' I defy even the person who wrote that to say it."

Since his childhood, Mr. Marshall has leaned toward the stage. When he was a boy, he formed dramatic companies, charging two pins for admission. He was born April 3, 1865, in Nevada City, California. His father was William Lemen Phillips, a direct descendant of that Augustin Phillips who was a member of the company of players to which William Shakespeare belonged. His mother—"Well," he says of her, "she was an angel, nothing less. From the time I could talk I was that pest—a 'piece-speaking' child. My mother had bright visions of me as a shining light in the pulpit, or at the bar (which, truth to tell, I have reached, intermittently), or even as an auctioneer. She never thought of the stage, until, one day, a traveling company, coming to our town, wanted a small boy to speak a few lines, and I was selected as the honored one. After that, I acted morning, noon and night. I imitated everything I could think of in the heavens above, the earth beneath, and the waters under the earth. Fact! Even imitated a whale in one play, and flopped about most realistically in a big tub of water. Everything I could lay my hands on went for scenery, props and costumes. Once, when I wanted a magnificent costume, which could not be supplied from the tags and ends I had stored in the old tool-shed, which was my theater, I broke into the stable which sheltered the town hearse. I robbed it of plumes, tassels, gold fringe, and yards of silk. I never will forget that midnight adventure as, with chattering teeth, trembling limbs and palpitating heart, I 'looted' the gloomy vehicle. But next day! Oh, next day! My mother learnt of it. She made me take all my plunder back. She whipped me, and, in addition, bade the stern, unsmiling owner of the hearse to punish me also. He did! He locked me in the stable, alone, for a day and part of the night. I never realized the glory of the blessings of freedom, sunlight and food until, thoroly chastened and repentant, I was liberated from that awful spooky, dark, squeaky stable. But even that did not cure me. As my mother said, the next time she heard an announcement of one of my 'shows,' 'Tully still is play-acting. I am sure nothing will save the stage from my son.'

"As keen as my recollections of my early dramatic efforts is the memory of my first love-affair. It began the first day I went to school. She was the teacher, and red—red face, hair and nose. She dressed in red and she had a red temper. But I loved her. I could find no fault in her. She was the ideal of my dreams. My whole life resolved itself into an effort to grow up quickly, become a wealthy actor, and lay my riches at her feet—regardless of the fact that she wore number sevens. This lasted until the first time she chastised me. For a while I was bitter against all women. At the age of eight I decided that they were false and faithless. I meditated living in a hermitage or monastery, where they could not enter. Later I modified my views—quite a little," and he smiled, like one who is well beloved.

When again we were talking of his marvelous characterizations, he said, "It is folly for people to say actors must 'live' the parts they play. It is no more necessary for them to really feel all the emotions they portray than it is for them to assimilate into their own bodies the clothes they wear. For instance, had I really been addicted to the use of any drug while playing 'The City,' could I have acted the rôle in exactly the same degree, night after night, as I did? Certainly not. An actor cannot succeed if he weakens his mentality or body in any way. He must keep in physical trim by wholesome living and healthful exercise and rest. He must keep his mind alive and alert and be at all times clear-headed, or else he must be content to either fail or remain a mediocre nonentity."

Personally, Mr. Marshall is absolutely different from his stage-rôles. As himself he is a very interesting and entertaining gentleman, a deep student, and an absorbing conversationalist. He is delighted with his film work, and is planning a number of rôles which will please his legion of admirers. Mr. Marshall's work is of the quality which elicits the very highest praise from thinking critics—the kind of work which sets a standard for all time.

The Spoken Drama—A Vital Prophecy

By the late ROBERT GRAU

One hears so much about the distinction between the so-called legitimate players and the distinctively screen actors that the temptation has always been great to particularize those in each field who have scored permanent successes as compared with others in both fields who have merely converted their fame into cash, securing for themselves a temporary vogue.

Of the latter it is a remarkable fact that for every celebrity whose name alone induced the photoplay producer to mete out an abnormal salary, the aftermath more often than not has been a relegation to almost oblivion. One may truly ask what becomes of the one-time idols of the stage who failed to embrace the screen seriously, for the truth is that practically every stage producer has fought shy of those legitimate actors who rarely were seen in more than one photoplay. One producer poignantly refers to the screen as the temporary realm of the "star-killer," and not a few of what are called standard stage players have persistently resisted all temptation to have their names immortalized in the picture studio. That these latter possessed a keen perspective as to the longevity of their own careers is amply illustrated by the known fact that the new theatrical season has started with an almost insistent demand for new faces, for new names, and, above all, for new rather than for old stage methods.

The astounding rapidity with which a fickle public has practically ended the vogue of stage stars has its greatest lesson in the warnings that were issued by such stage producers as have never hearkened to the siren call of the screen. Now we witness the utmost economy being practiced not only in the stage calling, but even the photoplay producer has had his awakening, for the dream days are well-nigh over and the call is now persistent for a sane appraisal of the talent. That this is as it should be is recognized by all save those who still hold to the illusion that the new art which has for two decades enriched (as it has also bankrupted) both actor and producer alike, could go on everlastingly on a sort of "endless chain" basis.

The day had to come when the heads of the spoken play would take cognizance of the unwholesome mode of business procedure which obtains in Filmdom, hence the immediate outlook is the revolutionary yet progressive change of conduct in the effort to secure greater artistic results in the two fields of endeavor which still have so much in common with each other. Moreover, the day cannot be far off when some of the more vital problems which have for their purpose a more concrete understanding between the producers of stage and screen plays will find a solution, and it would be well for those who have prospered so amazingly in the interim to prepare for that day, for the trend is unmistakably for better things in every branch of the theater, and the photoplay will for many years to come find its mission similar to that of the older field.

"Rinky-Dink" Charlie

Putting Wheels on the World's Funniest Feet

A FLIRTATIOUS fat man learning to skate; a pretty girl on pleasure bent: the wife of said flirtatious fat man; the father of the pretty girl—and a busy (?) waiter, seeking recreation between "waits"—these ingredients, properly mixed, compose the newest Chaplin comedy, "The Rink."

The scenes are laid principally in the rink and the café, where Charlie honors the patrons by getting their orders mixed and spilling soup over them. There is another waiter—a brow-beaten, miserable wretch—upon whom Charlie wreaks vengeance for every misadventure that happens. There is also a brow-beating boss, an uncertain swinging-door, and the other odds and ends that one expects from such a café. The skating-rink, however, plays the title part in the picture.

The rink is well filled when Edna arrives, intent on an afternoon's innocent amusement. Flirtatious Mr. Stout arrives and is followed by Charlie, the waiter, posing as Sir Cecil Seltzer, C. O. D. Then the fun begins. Mr. Stout's equally flirtatious wife coquets with Edna's father; Mr. Stout persistently follows Edna around, and the whole thing works up to a side-splitting, floor-spilling skating climax, when all the principals come together.

Each one fears exposure. The wife fears that her husband will learn of her flirtation with Edna's father; the husband fears she will learn of his misdemeanors; Charlie, even, stands in fear of exposure—that Edna will learn that he is only a bogus count. In fact, Edna is the only member of the party who isn't afraid that they will pin something on her. Charlie has the whip-hand, since he knows perfectly the peccadillos of the others. So his secret seems reasonably safe. The whole thing winds up with a wild raid by police, a chase thru the streets on skates, and Charlie's final disappearance, his trusty cane hooked against the back of a racing car, his skates aiding in his escape from the furious guests. And as a skater—take the floor's word for it—Charlie is some skate!

On The Beach at

~ by ~

Now this is the lay of a South Sea play that was staged at Santa Cruz,
Off the coast of the Golden State out West,
Where the sun shines down with never a rest;
Giving a photoplay all of the zest
Of pretty locations, every which way a good director could use.

AFTER it was all over, everybody blamed his troubles on the goat. It was a Guatemalan goat, altho in what respect the Central American species differed from the common or garden variety it was difficult to see. Its ownership, too, was varied and a matter for conjecture. First, Harry Pollard, the director, had it, but some one, or something, got it from him. Then Margarita Fischer, Pollard's leading woman, had it. She lost her goat, tho, the night the lizard dropped on her neck from the rafter.

After that no one was in possession of the animal long enough to call it his or hers. The camera-man was without the goat all the time, and, when the party returned to Santa Barbara, the Guatemalan emigrant was an orphan.

There were other animals, however, on the picture-making expedition to Santa Cruz Island, which, take it from the secretary of the Santa Barbara Chamber of Commerce, is the bright pearl in the diadem of the Pacific and only an hour or so across the channel from the mainland. A ring-tailed monkey, yclept Caruso, had been taken along for "atmosphere," and Sandy, a dog of indeterminate breed, also was a member of the club. Sandy and Caruso would have nothing to do with the goat, but struck up a strong attachment for each other. Sandy found the monkey useful, and would lie for hours while Caruso explored his comrade's back for those manifestations of nature which keep a dog from forgetting he *is* a dog.

The association of pearls with Santa Cruz Island must have attracted Pollard, who is everything to the Pollard Picture Plays, Inc. He had a story, "The Pearl of Paradise," to produce, and picked this particular pearl for the play. Not to pepper this paragraph with "p's" too plentifully, he and his company went to Santa Cruz for ten days of location work. They were there six weeks.

Pollard, accompanied by Margarita Fischer, Beatrice Van, Frank Ormston, and the others of his company, set sail for Santa Cruz from Santa Barbara on a certain day in the midst of the vernal equinox. Mention of the vernal equinox is important, if technical. It contributed to the causes which stretched ten days into six weeks.

As soon as they left Santa Barbara harbor their troubles began. Their craft was a decrepit, fifty-foot freighter with no ballast and a one-cylinder gasoline engine for motive power. The captain admitted he "didn't know much about such things" and was on the job only to oblige a friend.

The little ship rolled and pitched viciously when the high waves of Santa Barbara channel were reached. The wind had stiffened to the proportions of a miniature gale. Every one, even the crew of the freighter, was seasick, but their very real danger of being swamped made them forget their qualms.

Every now and then the engine would shudder and hesitate, as if about to give up the uneven struggle. When the stern of the boat was lifted by the choppy seas, the propeller would race and rack the vessel. And if the motor had "died," and the boat been left without steerage way, "The Pearl of Paradise" would have been a gem still undiscovered.

JOE MORALES

But two half-brothers, who had come along to be of general assistance to Pollard—Wiley Caballero and Joe

Waikiki - - Perhaps -

Mosgrove Colwell

HARRY POLLARD AND MARGARITA FISCHER

WILEY CABALLERO

Morales—saved the situation. While Joe knelt beside the gas-engine and nursed it tenderly, Wiley steered the vessel. The captain had quit some time before. He said "It"—meaning the sea—"was the worst he had ever seen, and he didn't know much about steering such boats, anyway."

They finally swung around the west end of Santa Cruz and into shallow water. Here a wide rip, racing with the current of a mountain brook, made their landing perilous. But Wiley Caballero jockeyed the boat to a landing-place, and, with Joe Morales rowing, a life-boat carried the picture-makers to shore. After their shaking-up, it was a simple matter to jump, when the waves lifted them to the exact point, to a ledge of rock on shore.

They learnt later that the same day a sailing vessel, on the way to Santa Barbara to convey a Fox company under the direction of Oscar Apfel, also to a location on Santa Cruz, had been lost in the storm. When the Pollard craft put back to Santa Barbara, the next day, it brought the Fox players to the island. The boat, chartered from Pollard, cost the Fox Company one hundred and seventy-five dollars for a two-hour trip.

But, altho they had landed safely, the vernal equinox had not finished with them. The wind swept across the rocks so strongly that making camp there was out of the question. Night was coming on, so they cached their paraphernalia, their cameras and "properties," and made their way over a hill into the comparative shelter of a canyon.

There they pitched their tents and struggled with camp-fires on which to brew some warm coffee. They did not attempt to cook anything else. All were too weary for that. Even in the hollow they could hear the huge waves dashing against the cliffs around them, while the wind whistled thru the canyon. And after they had gone to bed, and had begun to lose the uncomfortable sensation of a rocking earth caused by the trans-channel trip, the wind blew the tents down.

Then there was nothing to do but to crawl, with blankets and canvas, into the caves and crevices lining the canyon. The Guatemalan goat had a good night's rest, they said.

Passing lightly over the next three days as the scenario writers do, but as the wind did *not*, "The Pearl of Paradisers" came to the incident of the lost man. Now, the location chosen for most of the scenes, while capital for film purposes, was hardly a place for real humans to make their home. So the players, instead, pitched their permanent camp on the other side of a mountain from the location. On fair days it was possible to sail in the schooner for the mile or so between the two points, but on stormy days, when the waves were high, there was nothing to do but walk.

It was Frank Ormston's father who filled the rôle of the lost one. The players had started to walk over the mountain from location to their camp. Before they had finished their journey it was dark. The trail in many places was so steep that only one could descend at a time, while the men picked each foot-rest for the women in the party.

They made their way to camp in safety, and then a count of noses showed that one was missing. Not only was the nose missing, but its owner was not to be seen.

Pollard, Wiley and Joe started back along the trail, but could go but a short distance. What had not been dangerous to descend in the dark was impossible of ascension, and the searchers quit until daybreak.

When the sun's first rays gleamed from yon hilltop, et cetera, the searching party found the missing one seated calmly in a cavern in the mountainside, with a cheery fire at his feet. After that it was the rule that any one who got himself lost should stay in one location until daybreak and rescuers arrived.

Just as each drama has its comedy relief, so the hardships of the Pollard players were lightened (?) by the peculiar manifestations of the fauna of the island. A parrot, which had been imported along with the Guatemalan goat, the ring-tailed monkey, and the dog of indeterminate breed, added much to their gayety. To say nothing of a vocabulary replete with words, represented usually by dashes, the bird picked up the phrases of the picture-people. More than once the camera-man was pleasantly surprised by the command to "Cut" in the midst of a scene, and the parrot's other cute little tricks were highly diverting. When he had nothing else to do, he would pinch the tail of the monk, which would then nip the dog, which would then bite the goat, which would butt the nearest object in the line of fire, which would—— But why continue? (Why, indeed?—EDITOR.)

And then there was the lizard. Even little lizards, eight or ten inches long, are not attractive things to drop on one in the middle of the night. Miss Fischer learnt this during a peaceful slumber, when a prehistoric reptile landed on her back from a roof-beam. After that the fair Margarita was sheltered by mosquito-netting during her sojourn on the island. What she said at the time is not recorded. We're shy on shriek language.

The picture nearly made, the "punch," or big scene, was reserved till the last. A practical house had been erected for the play, and the closing thrill called for the burning of the house, while Pollard, bound and gagged, lay near-by, helpless to rescue Miss Fischer from the flames. Then, somehow or other, he was to work himself loose, take her from the dwelling, and flee to the schooner at the landing.

This action, the most important on the island, was rehearsed several times, and small fires were built to test out the scene. The parrot, of course, added effectively by calling, "Put the fire out," each time a stage-hand lit a flare. Finally the bird was exiled to the schooner and the real blaze was started.

At first it worked beautifully. The camera-man got several fine "shots" of the struggling hero and of the rescue. The finale was to show in a "panoram," a picture of the burning house, with the rolling hills in the background and the gentle waves of the Pacific close up, as the fugitives sailed away.

Sounds pretty, doesn't it? The fugitives reached the schooner, on board of which a camera had been stationed. They made their romantic farewells and the schooner started to sail past the burning dwelling. "Started" is used advisedly. Before the house came within "shooting range" the schooner slowed, then came to a halt. The flames licked merrily at the dry timbers. Those on shore signaled frantically for the others to hurry before the fire burned out; but the schooner stayed where it was. The gas-engine chugged in vain.

It isn't every one who knows what kelp is, but the Pollard people learnt then and will never forget. Kelp is a tough, rank seaweed which grows in great profusion and accumulates in large masses, floating on the surface of the sea. It was into a bed of this growth that the schooner had pushed itself.

Wiley and Joe came to the rescue again, as they had done so many times. With poles and oars they pushed and pulled the kelp aside. And just as the roof of the building fell in, the schooner ranged into line and some fine scenes were obtained. Then it was that a happy time was had by all, for it meant the finish of the picture.

But they all had their revenge on the Guatemalan goat. It had been taken along for "atmosphere," and in the cutting-room, several feet of close-up, showing the goat, were cut out by Director Pollard.

"It's too much of a hoodoo," he said; "I wont take a chance—not by his sacred (?) whiskers!"

SESSUE HAYAKAWA AND TSURU AOKI (LASKY) KNOW A GOOD THING WHEN THEY SEE IT

LILLIAN GISH

knows, but he certainly took a good picture.

People with very light hair and light-blue eyes are seldom successful before the movie camera, because the eyes look white and wild or startled.

Good hair, good eyes, good teeth—these are essential for good movie actors, except with character parts. It takes careful search and study to pick out the right people. A graceful carriage is also necessary and the ability to forget the presence of the camera. This prevents restraint, awkwardness and clumsiness, and all these things must be demanded, especially of movie stars.

Somehow, most of the stars who come to us from the regular stage lack sincerity, at least in their earlier efforts before the camera. Mrs. Fiske, in "Tess," was a notable exception. I know she drew from me the tribute of tears. The Comédie Française actors, notably Coquelin and Le Bargy, who appeared in some of the French pictures, were wonderful in the breadth and strength of their exquisite character portrayals. On the other hand, some of the most widely advertised and most-admired spectacular pictures from abroad suffered from the defect of mediocre acting. Of what use are magnificent scenes with only puppet-like actors? Here in America we are training a school of silent actors who bid fair to surpass the finest efforts of the Old World schools.

In the old days we followed the modes of the stage somewhat slavishly. Few of us sensed we were dealing with a new art form. The primitive picture-play was laid out in acts, strict unity of time and place being always observed, the same-sized figures shown in an unvarying time sequence of single action.

I remember what a sensation I caused in the old Biograph studios, in Fourteenth Street, when I invented the "close-up" figures.

"That will never do at all," objected the proprietors. "The actors look as if they were swimming—you cant have them float on, without legs or bodies!" But I persisted, and had my way, tho it was alleged that the audiences always knocked disapproval with their feet whenever the "close-ups" were exhibited. Today the "close-up" is essential to every Motion Picture, for the near view of the actors' lineaments conveys intimate thought and emotion that can never be conveyed by the crowded scene.

I borrowed the "cut-back" from Charles Dickens. Novelists think nothing of leaving one set of characters in the midst of affairs and going back to deal with earlier events in which another set of characters is involved. I elaborated the "cut-back" to the "story within a story" and to the so-called parallel action. I found that the picture could carry not merely two, but even three or four simultaneous threads of action—all without confusing the spectator. At one point in my latest drama, four actions are represented simultaneously by the device of switching scenes every few moments. Each action heightens the effects of the others—a technique that, so far as I am aware, is absolutely novel in story-telling art. My point is that photographic drama is constantly progressing, and he is indeed foolish who would set arbitrary limits as to what it can or cannot accomplish in the course of its marvellous evolution. For one thing, the telling of history, the education of old and young, may be entirely revolutionized by its strangely new processes.

The old schools are coming to us, and appropriating such of our devices as the "cut-back" and the parallel action; and I could name one actress, with a tremendous New York hit of two years to her credit, who built up her justly famous part from close study of the methods of our Los Angeles picture actresses!

Already it is admitted that as to poetic beauty the Motion Picture entertainment is far ahead of the stage-play. Poetry is apparently a lost art in the regular theater, but it is the very life and essence of the motion playhouse. We have staged most of Browning's stories, many of Tennyson's, innumerable Biblical and classical fables. Not only beauty but thought is our goal, for the silent drama is peculiarly the birthplace of ideas. No one can tell what the Motion Picture will become, for we are at present only at the infancy of it.

I doubt if there ever will be a Shakespeare or Homer of the movies, because the Motion Picture is action, and the fashion of action changes with each age. The stage-work of Forrest, Macready, Kean or Kemble, for example, if it could be accurately reproduced, would appear crude, stiff, awkward to us of today. The acting of today may, similarly, seem unnatural or impossible to the people two hundred years hence. But the immortal stories will be there—the world's legacy of great characters and great scenes—to be picturized according to the changed ideals of the succeeding generations.

I also demand the ability to work, and to work pleasantly and uncomplainingly. It takes endless work to produce a big Motion Picture. Unless the stars are willing to be human and get right into the work, instead of hanging back and acting like superior beings, we cannot produce a really good play.

There is also endless detail. Let me illustrate by the concrete example of "The Birth of a Nation." First comes the scenario or written outline of the plot. In this case there was a previous stage-play. If we are wise, we forget as much as we can, for the Motion Picture is a novelizing or story-telling form, not strictly a stage-form; it is epic rather than dramatic; much of the work is of the great outdoors. We have a period of history to cover, the scenes of a wide territory to revivify. Therefore, we must

(*Continued on page* 68)

The Garden

By JOHN

From the immortal novel of ROBERT

THOMAS SANTSCHI AS BORIS ANDROVSKY

No one but God and I know what is in my heart.—*Desert song of the freed negroes of Touggourt.*

DOMINI, after the death of her father, left England with only her maid as companion. Her destination was Beni Mora, which she had never seen. She chose it because she liked its name; because she saw on the map that it was an oasis in the Sahara Desert; because she knew it was small, quiet, face to face with an immensity of which she had often dreamed. Idly she fancied that perhaps, in the sunny solitude of Beni Mora, she might learn to understand herself. How? She did not know. She did not seek to know. Here was a vague pilgrimage, as many pilgrimages are in this world—the journey of the searcher who knew not what she sought!

The man's face, as they arrived by train at Beni Mora, was illuminated by the setting sun. The faint lines near his mouth looked deep, and suggested most powerfully the dreariness, the harshness of long-continued suffering. For a minute the man's eyes held hers, and she thought she saw in them unfathomable depths of misery. And she thought of the outer darkness spoken of in the Bible.

Count Anteoni and Domini Enfilden approached the edge of his brilliant garden. From its edge stretched the desert of Sahara, as eternity stretches from the edge of time. An Arab passed on the path below them. He was singing to himself, in a low, inward voice.

"Do you know what he is singing?" the Count asked.

Domini shook her head. She was straining her ears to hear the melody as long as possible.

"It is the desert song of the freed negroes of Touggourt—'No one but God and I know what is in my heart.'"

In the Street of the Dancers, Domini again met the stranger, who escorted her to her hotel. He was going away, but she stopped him. "My name is Domini Enfilden," she said in English.

"My name is Boris—Boris Androvsky," he replied. There was a sound in his voice as if he were insisting, like a man making an assertion not readily to be believed.

As the days passed, Boris and Domini became friends. The mysticism of the desert came upon them and the marvel of its silence, and they seemed to be set there in a wonderful dream. . . . .

Domini met Boris Androvsky's eyes. He was getting up to leave the dining-room of the hotel. His movement caught her away from things visionary, but not from worldly things. She still looked on herself moving amid these events in an oasis at which her world would laugh or wonder.

"Tomorrow I am leaving Beni Mora," said Boris Androvsky.

"Tomorrow?" she said.

She did not see the desert beyond, or the moon. Tho she was looking at Boris Androvsky, she no longer perceived him. At the sound of his words it seemed to her as tho all things she had ever known had foundered.

The next day, in the Count's garden, there came realization to Domini that she loved Androvsky. Everything in her loved him; all that she had been, all that she was, all that she could ever be, loved him; that which was physical in her, that which was spiritual, the brain and heart, the soul, body and flame burning within it—all that made her the wonder that is woman—loved him. She was love for Androvsky. It seemed to her that she was nothing else, had never been anything else. There was no room in her for anything but love of Androvsky. Besides the truth of love within her, there was one other thing in the world that was true. Androvsky was going away. She was stunned by the thought.

Presently there came a step upon the sand of the garden-walks. It was Androvsky. In his eyes there was a fixed expression of ferocious grief that seemed mingled with ferocious anger, as if he were suffering from some dreadful misery, and cursed himself because he suffered. Such an expression may sometimes be seen in the eyes of those who are resisting a great temptation. His eyes saw Domini; his figure straightened. "I came to say good-by," he faltered. He caught hold of her left hand awkwardly, but held it strongly with his, close to his side, and went on speaking.

"Nobody is happy alone; nothing is—men and women, children, animals." A bird flew across the shadowy space under the trees, followed by another bird; he pointed to them; they disappeared. "The birds, too, they must have companionship. Everything wants a companion. But

THE RESTLESS STREETS OF BENI

# of Allah (Selig)

OLDEN

HICHENS (Frederick A. Stokes Co.)

then—you will stay here alone in the desert?"

"What else can I do?" Domini said.

In the distance of the garden rose the twitter of a flute. Little notes of African love, of love in the desert, where the sun is everlasting and the passion of man is as hot and direct as the sun.

Then Androvsky put his hands on Domini's shoulders. Then he sank down on the sand, letting his hands slip down over her breast and along her whole body till they clasped themselves around her knees. He pressed his face into her dress against her knees.

"I love you," he said. "I love you—but dont listen to me—you mustn't hear it—you mustn't. But I must say it. I love you—I love you—I love you."

She heard him sobbing against her knees; she put her hands against his temples.

"I am listening," she said. "I must hear it."

He looked up, rose to his feet, put his hands behind her shoulders, held her, and set his lips on hers, pressing his whole body against hers.

"Hear it," he said, muttering against her lips. "Hear it. I love you."

Dawn came, struggling like an exhausted pilgrim thru the windy dark It slowly lit up Beni Mora with a feeble light that flickered in a cloud of whirling sand, revealing the desolation of the almost featureless void. The sand swept along the narrow streets, eddying at the corners, beating upon palm-wood doors, behind which the painted dancing-girls were cowering; battering upon the all-white tower, on whose summit Domini had first spoken with Androvsky; raging thru the alleys of Count Anteoni's garden

Father Roubier married Androvsky and Domini Enfilden in the little church, while the wind howled and the sand stormed without. Then she was in the palanquin, with Androvsky close beside her. The camel began to get up. As it did so, from the shrouded group of desert men one started forward to the palanquin, throwing off his burnous and gesticulating with thin, naked arms. It was a native sand-diviner. He shook his hands above his head toward the desert, still staring at Domini with his fanatical eyes. The wind shrieked; the sand-grains whirled in spirals about his body; the camel began to move away from the church slowly toward the desert

Night had fallen over the desert. A clear, purple night, starry, but without a moon. The members of the caravan, presided over by Batouch, were celebrating the wedding-night of their master and mistress. A contralto voice came to Domini and Androvsky:

No one but God and I
Know what is in my heart.

"But is it true? Can it be true for us tonight?" Domini whispered Together they entered the tent. When Androvsky had fastened the tent door, he turned around and saw her kneeling. He stood quite still, as if petrified, staring at her. Then, as the flame, now sheltered from the wind, burned steadily, he saw the crucifix. With a look of fierce and concentrated resolution on his face, he went swiftly to the crucifix and pulled it from the canvas roughly. He held it in his hand for an instant, then moved to the tent door and stooped to unfasten the cords that held it to the pegs, evidently with the intention of throwing the crucifix into the night. But he did not unfasten the cords. Something, some sudden change of feeling, some secret and powerful reluctance, checked him. He thrust the crucifix into his pocket. Then, returning to where Domini was kneeling, he put his arms around her and drew her to her feet. She did not resist him. Still holding her in his arms, he blew out the lamp.

When Androvsky rode in from a hunting trip, he was met by Domini, who informed him that Monsieur de Trevignac and several of his French Zouaves were to be dinner guests, that they had come upon the camp in the desert. It seemed to De Trevignac that he had seen, perhaps known, Androvsky, at some time in his life. He searched his memory. When Domini, who had left the tent for a moment, returned, she found Androvsky sitting alone. De Trevignac had left it suddenly, mysteriously.

In the morning Domini arose to see De Trevignac and his men continue their journey. De Trevignac's face, burned scarlet by the sun, had a look of exhaustion on it, but also another look—of horror. She thought as if in his soul

HELEN WARE AS DOMINI

MORA ON THE EDGE OF THE DESERT

he was recoiling from her. "Good-by," he said at last, coldly. It seemed to her that he was going to say something of tremendous importance to her. His lips opened to speak; but he only looked toward the tent in which Androvsky was sleeping, and then at her. Then De Trevignac, as if moved by an irresistible impulse, leaned from the saddle and made over Domini the sign of the cross. Then, without another word or look, he rode away to the north, following his men.

DOMINI VISITS THE RECLUSE AND ÆSTHETE, COUNT ANTEONI

That afternoon, as the sun glowered over the desert, which fell away from them on all sides like the immensity of the sea, Domini and Boris sat close together, yet a distance like the desert's breadth had come between them. Boris shivered. He took his hand forcibly from Domini's. His voice failed. He bent forward and took Domini's face between his hands.

Androvsky looked profoundly agitated. His hands dropped down.

"I must go," he said. "I must go to the priest."

"When you come back," she said, "I shall be waiting for you, Boris."

He looked at her. There was in her eyes a piercing wistfulness. He opened his lips. At that moment Domini felt that he was on the point of telling her all he knew. But the look faded; the lips closed. He took her in his arms and kist her almost desperately.

"No, no," she said; "I'll keep your love—I'll keep it." She looked at him thru her tears. "Boris, if you love me, you must trust me; you must give me your sorrow."

The night drew on. Boris had started off rapidly on foot towards the desert's rim, where the priest lived. Domini was alone for hours, sitting before the tent, waiting for his return.

Suddenly she was conscious of a sensation of unusual weariness, uneasiness, even dread, then, again, of an intensity of life that startled her. She looked out over the sands and saw a moving blot upon them coming slowly towards her—very slowly.

As the blackness upon the sand drew nearer, she saw that it was a man walking heavily. The man had her husband's gait. When she saw that she turned. Her sense of shyness died when she was at the tent door. After what seemed a long time, she saw Androvsky coming across the moonlit sand. He was walking very slowly, as if wearied out, with his head drooping. Then he stopped and gazed at her. The moon—she thought it must be the moon—made his face look strange, like a dying man's face. In this white face the eyes glittered feverishly. He came quite up to her.

THE DESERT—THE GARDEN OF ALLAH—HAS ITS PASSIONS, TOO

"Domini," he said—"Domini, I—I've been to the priest tonight. I meant to confess to him."

"To confess!" she said.

"This afternoon I asked him to hear my confession, but tonight I could not make it. I can only make it to you, Domini—only to you. Do you hear, Domini? Do you hear?"

Something in his face and in his voice terrified her heart. Now she felt as if she would stop him from speaking, if she dared; but that she did not dare. His spirit was beyond domination. He would do what he meant to do regardless of her—of any one.

"What is it, Boris?" she whispered. "Tell me. Perhaps I can understand best because I love best."

He put his arms round her and kist her, as a man kisses the woman he loves when he knows it may be for the last time, long and hard, with a desperation of love that feels frustrated by the very lips it is touching. At last he took his lips from hers.

"Domini," he said, and his voice was steady and clear, almost hard, "you want to know what it is that makes me unhappy even in our love—desperately unhappy. It is this. I believe in God, I love God, and I have insulted Him. I have tried to forget God, to deny Him, to put human love higher than love for Him. But always I am haunted by the thought of God, and that thought makes me despair. Once, when I was young, I gave myself to God solemnly. I have broken the vows I made. I have—I have——"

The hardness went out of his voice. He broke down for a moment and was silent.

"You gave yourself to God?" she said. "How?" He tried to meet her questioning eyes, but could not.

"I—I gave myself to God as a monk,"

BORIS MEETS DE TREVIGNAC —AFTER MANY YEARS

he answered after a pause. As he spoke, Domini saw before her, in the moonlight, De Trevignac. He cast a glance of horror at the tent, bent over her, made the sign of the cross, and vanished. In his place stood Father Roubier, his eyes shining, his hand upraised, warning her against Androvsky. Then he, too, vanished, and she seemed to see Count Anteoni dressed as an Arab and muttering words of the Koran.

THE PARTING IN THE GARDEN OF ALLAH

"Domini! Domini, did you hear me? Domini! Domini!" She felt his hands on her wrists.

"You are the Trappist," she said quietly, "of whom the priest told me. You are the monk from the Monastery of El Largani, who disappeared after twenty years."

"Yes," he said, "I am he."

"What made you tell me? What made you tell me?"

There was agony now in her voice.

"Give me your truth!" she said.

Then Boris spoke the words of revelation. He told Domini of how his mother accompanied him to the monastery doors. He spoke of his happy spiritual life there; he alluded to De Trevignac, who had spoken with Boris in the monastery and who finally had recognized him there on the desert; he told of the stranger who had tempted him and of how he had finally left the monastery.

It was days later when Domini ordered the coachman to drive them to El Largani, the monastery. When the carriage stopped, Domini lifted her face from her hands. She saw before her a great door, which stood open. Above the door was written "Les Dames n' entrent pas ici" (Women enter not here).

Domini sat quite still. Androvsky got up from his seat and stepped heavily from the carriage. He leaned toward Domini and looked at her with tearless eyes. At last she leaned downward and touched his forehead with her lips. Then Androvsky moved slowly in thru the doorway of the monastery.

THE FACE OF THE MONK HAD BURNED ITSELF INTO THE SOLDIER'S MEMORY

"Love watcheth and, sleeping, slumbereth not. When weary it is not tired. When weary—it—is—not tired." Domini's lips ceased to move. She could not speak any more. She could not even pray without words. Yet in that moment she did not feel alone.

In the garden of Count Anteoni, which has passed into other hands, a little boy may often be seen playing. Sometimes, when twilight is falling over the Sahara, his mother calls to him, to the white wall where she is sitting beneath a mimosa.

"Listen, Boris!" she whispers.

An Arab is passing below on the desert track, singing to himself as he goes:

No one but God and I
Know what is in my heart.

When his voice has died away, the mother puts the little boy down. It is bed-time. But the mother stays alone by the wall till night falls on the desert.

She whispers the words to herself. Always, when night falls, she sees the form of a man praying who once fled from prayer in the desert; she sees a wanderer who has at last reached his home.

Why They Go

By ONE

ETHEL BARRYMORE

Her association with a long line of stage gentle-folk has bred thrift

"Isn't Bernhardt's love for her art just wonderful!" an acquaintance exclaimed, the other day, while we were discussing the arrival of the "divine Sarah."

"Isn't Bernhardt the grasping thing—still after more American dollars to add to her millions!" another friend said, within the same week.

And both were wrong, in a way. Sarah didn't come over here, with her added years and artificial leg, because she loved her art so dearly that she couldn't bear to sit still during the sunset of her life. Neither did she make the dangerous and tiresome trip to add American dollars to her millions, for the simple reason that she has no millions.

In other words, Sarah Bernhardt is "broke." And she is proud. She has lavished millions upon others, in charity, in divers ways. She has spent freely all her days. And now she is actually in need.

Benefit?

Surely, even in the midst of all her troubles, Paris would give Sarah a benefit that would keep her in comfort all her days. So would the people here. In fact, some of her friends in America are secretly working for it, but Sarah must never know it, for she is too proud to allow such a thing—even to allow any financial aid.

"Why, oh, why, do actresses go broke? Why do so many suddenly turn and dive straight thru the bankruptcy court in self-defense?"

The question has often been asked. I think I know the chief reasons. I have been mingling with these stage-folk for more years than I will admit. A few save—just enough to make the exception that proves the rule. But most of them talk Spanish. When the matter of saving a nest-egg, or for a rainy day, comes up, they say, "Tomorrow."

Actresses lose their money, waste it, dribble it away, take risks with it, and just sort of naturally let go of it in some way or other, and I suppose they always will. Away back in the old days the prominent actresses were forever making fortunes and suddenly becoming poor. Sarah Siddons was forced to lecture, scarcely a year after her retirement, and many critics abused her and called her miserly and grasping because they believed she already had a fortune. In truth, she was "broke."

There was that wonderful and mighty Jewish actress, Rachel, who was so poor that she raved over her poverty on her death-bed. And, coming nearer to our own generation, there was Mrs. D. P. Bowers, the ideal of the public during the late sixties. She retired with a fortune. But three years after her husband died she was financially ruined and went looking for an engagement to play old-woman characters.

More, many more, I could mention who have lost all, either thru the folly or the downright treachery of those whom they trusted with the savings of years of hard work and modest living. But the bankrupt lady is of a different type—she knows not modest living. She is of today, and this is a time of luxury, extravagance and display. She would rather have but two nickels to rub against each other in a gold mesh purse with a diamond clasp than own the seven one-hundred-dollar bills it cost and have to carry them in a leather wrist-bag.

All these financial losses are as easy to explain as they are impossible to justify. The thing that somewhat puzzles me is why do nearly all these bankrupt ladies belong to one wing, as it were, of the profession?

Photo by Sarony

BILLIE BURKE

$5,000 spent on the costume creations of an episode is a mere nothing

Photo by Apeda

EDITH STOREY

Good taste but not lavish display in dress—with a self-earned country place—is her distinction

Read the list over—nearly all of them are of the singing, dancing, comedy-playing order of artists: May de Sousa, Fritzi Scheff, Mrs. Leslie Carter, Marie Cahill, Mildred Holland, Truly Shattuck, Mrs. Willima Lemoyne, Elita Proctor Otis, Rose Coghlan, Odette Valery. Possibly one or two of these may not have actually gone thru the bankruptcy court, but all were destitute.

Into Bankruptcy

OF THEM

Miss Otis and Mrs. Leslie Carter represent the more serious line of work. Bulwer declared that, "In the bright lexicon of youth there is no such word as 'fail,'" but far more truly may it be said that in the accepted lexicon of the actress there is no such word as "retrenchment." She cant spell it, pronounce, define or apply it—hence the bankruptcy court.

But, to understand the woman who seems recklessly to throw her money away, one must know something of that woman's girlhood. You see, these handsome, generous, fetching comedy stars have not, as a general thing, sprung straight from the lap of luxury to a place in the back row of the chorus. They are far more likely to hail from a hall bedroom or the family flat.

Now, in a struggle to rise, there is no finer incentive than poverty, and it is the glory of these actresses that they never deny a former lowly station in life. It is in their very period of neediness that that veritable passion for clothes (over which the world wonders later on) is born. These pretty daughters of the poor, starting out in life, can count their assets on one hand, with fingers to spare, since they have only their graceful, healthy bodies, their pretty faces and their shrewdly clever wits.

Now, when a girl has beauty she longs to adorn it; she craves, she hungers for delicate raiment, for God has made her so. Nay, she suffers from, and is repelled by, cheap and tawdry things; so cramped and narrowed is she by her sordid life that for her all the beauty of the world is contained in luxurious raiment. She would stand unmoved before a glorious painting, saturated with sunlight, full of air, with wide, open, blowy places. No thrill of awed delight could come to her before the stern, high loveliness of carven stone, but her poor little soul will quiver with rapture over the graceful sweep of a splendid feather, and her heart will beat double time with joy at the mere touch of the soft, almost living warmth of fine furs.

FRANK DANIELS
The richest self-made actor in the studios

SARAH BERNHARDT
Her charities run into the millions —hence her seeming avarice to continue

SIDNEY DREW
Related to the first families of the stage, his tastes run to simplicity

If, then, beauty can only reach her thru the medium of clothes, think how precious a thing to her must be a gorgeous wardrobe!

Then, when such a girl—pretty, clever, poor—lands in the front row, third from the left of the line, it's a toss-up whether she remains right there till her round, smooth throat becomes lean and scraggy, or whether some chance, some jack-in-the-box trick, tosses her into the middle of the stage and a sudden, head-turning popularity.

It seems strange that these people, who so often reach success by luck, never remember that luck, like a good rule, works both ways—and never, never prepare for the inevitable change.

In her strange, new affluence, the girl who has made "a hit" develops needs amazingly. The cab habit is acquired in a week. In less time she knows the joy of walking on "the sweet, sunny side of Broadway," wearing a hundred-dollar hat. She who in the old days asked nothing better than a sliver of any old kind of soap for her bath in the family zinc-lined tub, can no longer use soap at all, but only almond meal; so delicate becomes the favorite's skin, that her hot, aromatic baths, or stimulating spice-baths, or cooling, fragrant rose-baths, are as necessary as they are expensive. It is "dead easy" to acquire habits of luxury, but try breaking them once! They are far more likely to "break" you.

Nor does she deny herself the joy of extravagant giving, for every actress is a bread-winner for some one besides herself.

Did you ever watch the flight of an arrow sent aimlessly into the air? It will describe a perfect arch, rushing upward and straightening itself out horizontally, and at the apex of the arch it will seem for the part of a second to be stationary. Then the point slips to the downward rush—the completed arc and obscurity for the arrow! 'Tis the life of most actresses.

It is just during those years of popularity and high pay, the years that correspond to the stationary arrow, that the public imagines its favorite star to be cutting a wide swath in safety-deposit circles, or at least putting aside many large, round "nest-eggs." But, instead of that, she is adding about forty per cent. to her expenses by taking a husband.

If he has brains enough, she turns him into a sort of gentleman courier, to purchase tickets, check luggage, and "jolly" newspaper men. Sometimes he is not up to more than running errands or training her dog, whom he will teach to sit up and beg almost as well as he can do it himself. And, when evil days come, her sole effort at economy consists in eliminating that husband from her list of expenses. She drops him overboard.

If it is folly to live right up to one's income, it is a sin to live beyond it. Most actresses commit this folly, nor will they take any hint—profit by any warning. There is always some old friend or relative to say, anxiously:

"You are putting by, aren't you, Nellie child? This is your harvest time—you are saving for the future?"

The answer never changes: "I shall begin to save next season, my dear."

Then follow the usual excuses. Her expenses have been so heavy this season, and she must go abroad this summer—an actress is so provincial who has never been in London or Paris. But next season—oh, yes, she means to own her own home before she quits the business, and next season——

The "next" season will open only with the millennium. Then there comes to her that incredible thing—a bad season—and she searches the world for excuses. There have been great floods, or fires, or a panic in Wall Street, or it's a Presidential election that's on. Anything—anything rather than acknowledge the truth that the public wants a change—that the play is worn out.

Now, if she is a real star, playing on a percentage, she loses money heavily and rapidly; for just as money pours in when everything is right, just so it rushes away when everything is wrong. Reduced income, sustained expenses, land her on the verge of the quicksands of debt.

Will she draw in the purse-strings? Will she retrench, reduce expenses a bit, live more modestly, till a new play helps her to her feet again? She will not. She honestly believes in the power of show. She puts up what she calls "a good front," and goes into debt to do it. She believes that if she lets that French cat with her earrings, or that chit, Cissie Lozenge, with her peck of pearls, outshine, outdress her, she will be suspected of being in straits and that managers will look coldly on her.

There is to be a new play. Gambling on a chance, she borrows wildly—as, of course, the play will put her right with every one. The play fails, and she—she gaily chases into bankruptcy, sheds her debts as a snake sheds its skin, and comes forth resplendent—one of the best-dressed women in New York.

But there are those who feel that bankruptcy is a dainty, beautifully decorated net with which the devil himself takes captive the delicacy, the pride, the honor, and the sensibility of women, leaving them coldly indifferent to others' pain or need. I know one of these bankrupt ladies, and so twisted is her reasoning that she really feels herself rather noble when she publicly acknowledges obligations she never intended to discharge.

One may seek the bankruptcy court's relief once with good intentions, no doubt, but the woman who goes into bankruptcy two or three times would take pride in being called the greatest debt-dodger of her day.

At all events, bankruptcy pays better than acting does, and I would not be surprised to hear of a new Golden Rule being in use, reading: "Do unto others what you would not have others do unto you—borrow money of them." But, oh! the pity of it all; the strain; the sacrifice in honor of the great god, Dress, in whose beauty they bask, in whose power they believe.

Charlotte Cushman, Miss Lotta, Maggie Mitchell kept their savings, and they are the necessary exceptions to make the rule that all actresses lose their money—by the folly or treachery of others, or thru mad extravagance. And there you are.

"LITTLE" MARIE DRESSLER HAS JUST FORMED HER OWN COMPANY. SHE'S LOOKING FOR A "STRONG" DIRECTOR

MILDRED MANNING (VITAGRAPH)

My Lady of the Great Outdoors

DESPITE the misstep that she was born within sight of Broadway, Mildred Manning, pretty Vitagraph player, is a girl of nature. She spends the greater part of her leisure time under nature's own "Kleig"—riding, hunting, fishing, "Annette Kellermanning" at Manhattan Beach. She is a splendid rifle-shot and drives her own machine with a verve and dash that keeps her friends anxiously watching the list of casualties in automobile accidents.

And where do you suppose this girl o' nature was discovered when D. W. Griffith gave her her first job in pictures? As one of the "merry-merry" in a Broadway musical show. She sang and danced her way thru the intricacies of "Little Nemo," "Over the River," "Dancing Around" and "Oh! Oh! Delphine." It was while she was playing in the latter that she caught and held the attention of Mr. Griffith, and so it came about that it was her very last stage engagement.

Under her brilliant director she blossomed forth in the Biograph studio, doing leads in such pictures as "The Charity Ball," "Poor Relations," "Concentration," "By Man's Law," and so on world without end. When the Vitagraph Company was assembling its cast in support of Sothern in "An Enemy to the King," a high-and-low search was made for a pretty foil to Edith Storey's graceful "Princess." A piquant, pretty lady-in-waiting must positively be cast, and so Mildred Manning stepped up and at once filled the bill.

She has brown hair and eyes and the olive complexion that properly accompanies such coloring. She is five feet four in height, weighs one hundred and twenty pounds, and, as one can readily see from the accompanying pictures, is a distinctly personable young woman.

Favorite Players in

EDNA MAYO

WE all have our favorite players and the favorite plays in which we have seen those players. Of course the player, too, has his own favorite rôle—that one which, for some particular reason, appealed more than any other rôle that he may have played in. Therefore this department. It will not attempt the newest rôles of the players—the trade publications do that much more thoroly than I could ever hope to do. It sometimes happens that a player's favorite rôle is one that he or she has played years ago. Sometimes it is a rôle that has not yet been shown the public. More often, tho, it is an old part.

One of the exceptions is Edna Mayo, whose favorite rôle is Eve in "The Return of Eve," recently released on the V. L. S. E. program. In this Miss Mayo plays the part of a beautiful girl of nature, scantily clad in garments furnished by Mother Nature herself—skins of animals and wild flowers. On her feet are rudely constructed sandals. Miss Mayo's reason for preferring this rôle is that it is a part entirely different from anything she has ever played—it was made almost entirely in the beautiful dells of Wisconsin, and the character was a most lovable one. It called for strenuous emotion, charming little

EDNA MAYO

BLANCHE SWEET IN A DOUBLE RÔLE

EDITH STOREY

Favorite Rôles

By ROBERTA COURTLANDT

MARY PICKFORD

BLANCHE SWEET (ABOVE), HENRY WALTHALL (BELOW)

laugh-touches, and, in short, was an ideal Edna Mayo part. On the other hand, Earle Williams' preference is for a part played quite awhile ago—John Storm in "The Christian." He prefers it because, as he expresses it, it gave him a chance to comprehensively portray a noble nature; because the response to his rendition has never been equaled by anything in his career; and, last, because he may be said to have created the rôle in Motion Pictures.

Crane Wilbur names his rôle in "Wasted Years," a recent release, as his favorite rôle, for several reasons: First, he wrote the play himself, and, naturally, the character appealed to him; second, because he believes he has done the best dramatic work of his entire career, so far, in this rôle; and third, because his powers of make-up were brought into full play, in depicting the old bum, who at the end of the Road of Life sees enacted again the story of his own misspent life in the semi-symbolic play of "Youth." One of the best, or rather one of the most pleasing scenes was the unconscious pathos of the scene in which the man finds the child whom he does not know to be his own—when the young spendthrift returns to his machine, left standing at the curb during his trip to the club, and finds there a little, golden-haired street-waif, asleep. His scene with her is a beautiful one, and, tho he never discovers that she is in reality his own child, Mr. Wilbur's handling of the scene was most pleasing. Another reason for his preference for this rôle was the unusual make-up which he employed as the old man and which was described in the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, recently, under the title of "Triumphs in Make-Up."

Edith Storey's preference is for her rôle as the Egyptian princess in "Dust of Egypt." It isn't hard to understand this preference, remembering Miss Storey's wonderful success in it. Her characterization, one of the most difficult that has been shown on the screen for months, was almost perfect. Her make-up was another unusual feature. Miss Storey's portrayal of this rôle has received the highest commendations from Egyptologists, who, as a usual thing, dont concern themselves with anything so terrifyingly modern as Motion Pictures, but who found, in "Dust of Egypt," a play that was clean-cut, a star who had really studied her part and fitted it out as nearly perfect as human mind may dare; so there isn't any wonder that this part holds a big share of Miss Storey's by no means fickle affections.

CRANE WILBUR

Henry Walthall's portrayal of Edgar Allan Poe, the ill-starred Southern poet, in "The Raven," was one of such depth and ideality that the picture is often referred to as "The Life of Poe," or similar titles. Mr. Walthall is a Southerner by birth and deeply interested in the work of this much admired and reverenced countryman. At the beginning of the picture, an old daguerreotype of Poe, taken shortly before his death, was shown, and, this fading out, Walthall's face looked out from the same frame. The resemblance was startling. And, no matter how many other plays the well-beloved "Little Colonel" of "The Birth of a Nation" may play, he will always feel a fondness for the character of Poe. It was a most difficult part, owing to the fact that so many of the scenes depended upon the star alone. The emotion and dramatic intensity of Mr. Walthall will always make the play stand out, clean-cut as a cameo, in the minds of the people who were lucky enough to see it.

Alice Hollister, for all her vampire work, and the fact that she is really the screen's first vampire, loves simple, innocent, girlish parts. One of her favorite parts is shown here—a still picture from "Maker o' Dreams." A slim, elfish bit of girlhood, dancing her way thru the woods, that are all she knows of the world, she is betrayed and goes to the city, where she falls lower and lower, until—— But it was the first part of the picture that Miss Hollister liked so much. After so many vampire parts, she says that it was a positive joy to play, even for so short a time, a girl who was simple and sweet and innocent. And Miss Hollister's characterization was a "positive joy" to picture fans.

EARLE WILLIAMS

ALICE HOLLISTER

Mary Pickford, "America's Little Sweetheart," loves best the character of Cho-Cho-San in "Madame Butterfly"—this in spite of the fact that a recent contest in the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE proved that the majority of the fans liked her best in "Tess of the Storm Country." Hear Mary's reasons for preferring little Cho-Cho-San:

"Of all the rôles I have played on the screen, the most lovable has been Madame Butterfly. Tho I adored the broader characterizations, such as the Italian in 'Poor Little Peppina,' and the Dutch girl in 'Hulda from Holland,' there was an appeal about the romantic atmosphere of the Japanese girl, and the tradition which clings about her, that made her an everlasting joy to me. She is the symbol of absolute faith and devotion and is one of the sweetest characters I know. It was a delight to interpret her for the camera."

Blanche Sweet likes her part—or should I say parts?—as the twin sisters in "The Secret Sin" better than anything else she has ever done. There was an excitement, a sort of contagious enthusiasm, according to Miss Sweet, about playing two such different characters at one time before the camera. The accompanying photograph gives an idea of the difference in the characters of the two girls. They dont even look alike. And you may be sure that Grace and Edith Martin, the rôles assumed, were entirely different girls in character, traits, mannerisms, disposition, mentality, and, in fact, everything else that goes to distinguish woman from her fellow creature in this world of likes and opposites.

'Tis said that Blanche Sweet was inspired to assume the difficulties of playing opposite to herself by the unfair criticism that "she played all her parts alike." The amazingly distinct characterizations she achieved in "The Secret Sin" put all her critics to rout and proved her to be an emotional actress of the first water.

The man in the middle is Frank Reicher, who was responsible for the direction of "The Secret Sin." It has been under the direction of Mr. Reicher that Miss Sweet has done some of her finest work since leaving D. W. Griffith's company.

Big Moments from Popular Serials

A Pocket Edition of All the Current Instalment Dramas

From time to time the Motion Picture Classic will collect and publish lay-outs from all the leading serials. Some of these photographs will be in advance of the serials' release dates. We do this in deference to the enormous audience who follow their favorites week by week

Grace Darmond, as Leontine, is rescued by the unknown Ravengar, from the wreckage of a disastrous earthquake ("The Shielding Shadow," Episode 4)

Juliet Musidora, as Irma Vep, and H. Leubas, as Satanas, are about to kill Enrique Moreno with an electric gun ("The Vampires," Episode 6)

Charles Richman, as Phillip Barr, and Dorothy Kelley, as Madame Savatz ("The Secret Kingdom," Episode 2)

Jimmie Dale, wealthy society man, makes a club bet that he can commit a robbery and escape undetected. The morning after the robbery he is horrified to receive a letter, signed only with a grey seal, accusing him of the robbery and commanding him to take up a career of crime. Under threat of exposure, he is forced to obey, altho his entire energies are bent toward unearthing his unknown accuser. In this scene are shown the four principals of the "Jimmie Dale" series—E. K. Lincoln, as Jimmie Dale; Edna Hunter, as Marie La Salle; Paul Panzer, as Henri La Salle; and Doris Mitchell, as "The Woman in Black." This dramatic moment is a struggle to secure evidence involving life and freedom ("Jimmie Dale, Alias the Grey Seal," Episode 4)

Driven to action by the discovery of a bullet-marked skull in an abandoned house, the police cannot unravel the mystery. Tommy Grant, a police reporter, discovers that years ago the house was rented by a boarding-house keeper, Henri Theophile. Grant traces his daughter and gets a confession from her. It seems that Theophile had become infuriated because his daughter Babette (Ollie Kirkby) was about to marry Alphonse, a poor artist (T. Justin Dow). Theophile (William McKey) traced them to the artist's studio, and, after a thrilling scene, killed his daughter's lover ("Grant, Police Reporter," Episode 2)

Charlotte Walker, as Molly Pitcher, the Joan of Arc of the American Revolution, in "Sloth," the 4th Theme of "Seven Deadly Sins."

Florence Martin (Marguerite Clayton), tired of her village home, elopes with Chester Randolph, city chap (Sydney Ainsworth). Randolph turns out to be a crook whose cruelty finally drives Florence to desert him. Her wedding-ring is "the burning band." She obtains a position as a secretary to a millionaire's wife, and falls in love with William Conklin, a wealthy youth (Edward Arnold). The newspapers report Randolph killed, and Florence weds Conklin. Then Randolph appears in her bedroom as a robber, discovers her marriage, and seeks blackmail. Florence fears to reveal her past to her husband, but finally, in an exciting scene, Randolph is shot to death by his crook "pal," and all ends well for the others. ("Is Marriage Sacred?" Theme 1—"The Burning Band")

Ralph Kellard, as Captain Payne, is accused of betraying his country. Pearl White resolves to clear him. ("Pearl of the Army," Episode 1)

The Mona Lisa

By L. CASE

PETROVA IN ACTION

OLGA PETROVA

DIMLY I recall one of the fairy stories that delighted my childhood days —that of the little Princess, at whose christening twelve fairies attended, each of whom gave to the Princess her choicest gift: one bestowing surpassing beauty of face and form, another beauty of soul, another wealth, others showering great talent, charm, the sympathy that makes and holds friends, and so on, until the tiny babe had within her all the elements to insure a life which should attract as well as radiate happiness. Then came the bad fairy, who spoiled it all by a clause about a spindle, this latter resulting in the Princess getting into most grievous trouble.

Since I have been privileged to know the wonderful woman whose appearance under the Metro banner has been one of the greatest achievements yet encompassed by that organization, I have arrived at the conclusion that Madame Petrova is the reincarnation of my Princess of childhood days. Gifts have been lavishly bestowed upon her—alluring, physical beauty; histrionic ability; literary attainments along several lines; a keenly analytical mind; charm, augmented by that rarest of all possessions and the most uncommon—so-called "common" sense; the culture that comes from blood and breeding, enriched by intelligent travel; a beautifully modulated voice, made all the more attractive by a fascinating foreign inflection—all these and more have been heaped in the lap of this favorite of fortune; but, as in the early story, the bad fairy must have attended the christening. Just what the curse was I do not know, but I rather think she tried to spoil all the good fairies' kindnesses by wishing the Princess might always be unhappy. Out of the great, dark eyes seems always to gaze a troubled soul, and her sweetest smile has in it a wistful sadness.

Her first screen appearance—"My Madonna," inspired by Robert Service's poem—established Madame Petrova in many minds as the embodiment of the *tragedy of womanhood*, and her wistful smile reminds us of the inscrutable Mona Lisa. She has received scores of letters to "My Madonna of the Screen" and to "Our Lady of Troubles." It is not Madame Petrova's creed, however, to supinely accept the narrow confines allotted women. She is an ardent and intelligent advocate of the present-day trend toward an ever-widening field for the activities of her sex. The cobwebs of musty conventions cannot blind her clear vision. She thinks for herself—a rare accomplishment, by the way.

Unlike most beautiful women, she is not content to depend upon the gifts of kindly nature, but believes it her duty to develop to the full all the talents which she possesses. Before she became the great artist who can sway millions, she had made an enviable name for herself as a writer of verse, articles and stories in the London *Tribune*. This literary ability she has lately applied to feature photoplays, "The Weaker Sex" and "The

of the Screen

RUSSELL

OLGA PETROVA

PETROVA AT HOME

Her many admirers the world over will now be enabled to *hear*, as well as see, their favorite screen artist. It was just outside the pale of the big studio scene in our forthcoming story of Corsica—for I have the honor of recently collaborating with the gifted Petrova — that she recited for me a little gem which I begged to be allowed to incorporate in this brief chat. The sweet wistfulness of it quite shut out the harsh discordancies of the busy studio. Much of the charm is lost when you do not hear the music of her voice, but as this is one of the records recently made you may soon have that privilege:

TO A MOTHER.

Mother, why do you weep?
Because your birds grew too big for the nest?
Because they left the soft down of your breast,
When they stretched their frail wings and flew to the west?

Mother, why do you mourn?
When the sun rises lone o'er the tall pine trees
And the wind soughs sad on the autumn leas,
And the ringdove laments to the evening breeze?

Mother, why do you sigh?
Remember, you, too, left the parent tree
And flew with your mate far across the sea,
Nor heard your mother's tears in that Land of To-Be.

Mother, why do you smile?
Because your bird has flown back with a broken wing,
And forgotten the songs that she used to sing,
And you've anointed the wing and healed the sting?

Thru this you may glimpse the sentiment and tenderness which, true daughter of Britain that she is, she seldom displays. And that brings me to the question that is no doubt uppermost in your mind, as I find it the one most frequently asked by her admirers, "Is Madame Petrova a Russian?" No, she is not. She was born in Warsaw, her mother being Polish, and her father English. The name Petrova is that of her husband.

Educated in England and France, and having traveled all over Europe as well as India and Egypt, and being possessed of a retentive and well-trained mind, Madame Petrova is of invaluable assistance to her directors. There is not a people with whose manners and dress she is not familiar, and she gives freely of this knowledge in the production of her pictures. She is most particular about the minutest details, which accounts for her features having a most convincing

Orchid Lady" being two excellent stories from her pen, soon to be released.

Not content with keeping two directors busy, she takes three music lessons a week, and has entered into a contract with one of the largest manufacturers of phonographs to make records both of her original poems and her voice in song.

atmosphere. For instance, in one of my stories, "The Black Butterfly," soon to appear, Madame Petrova personally superintended every detail in the café scene, making a most realistic reproduction of a famous Parisian resort.

Before the silent drama claimed her, the gifted artist appeared in New York, in the old Folies Bergère, and later made a tremendous hit in "Panthea." Until the war made ocean travel hazardous, she has made an annual tour abroad, which she contemplates continuing as soon as feasible.

Among Madame Petrova's most popular plays are, "My Madonna," "The Heart of a Painted Woman," "Playing with Fire," "and "The Eternal Question." "Extravagance" is the title of her latest release, with "The Orchid Lady," "The Weaker Sex," "The Black Butterfly," and the Corsican play, "To the Death," soon to follow.

From the thousands of letters received by the popular star, one would judge that patrons of the screen are automatically disproving what disparagers of the silent drama contend—that a real artist cannot be appreciated in the shadow play. To those who worship at the shrine of "Our Madonna of the Films," let me bear assurance that their incense ascends to no unworthy idol, for added to unquestioned talent are beauty, rare mental attainments, and boundless capacity for work, which is, after all, the secret of any lasting and worth-while success.

And this, as a last little whisper aside, despite the tragic eyes and the wistful smile, your "Lady of Woes" has a keen appreciation of humor, a quick wit, and a merry laugh—that toast to good fellowship—that is almost enough to dispel my theory that the bad fairy attended the christening at all.

What Happens in the Audience

By ANNE SCANNELL O'NEILL

While the joys and sorrows, the love-affairs and the tragedies of screen-folk are flickering across the stage from Shadowland, it is often the case that just as joyful and sometimes just as tragic events are happening in the audience.

Another tribute to the world's sweetheart, Miss Mary Pickford, has recently found its way into print. A group of soldiers, on a brief respite from the vermin-infested trenches, visited the picture theater. The play was a love-story, featuring the little queen of the movies, and, of course, she won her way straight to the soldiers' starved hearts by her winsome grace. Tears came to them and heartache, as the story carried them back to the days when they, too, were privileged to laugh and love. After the play was over, they wrote a letter of appreciation to Mr. Adolph Zukor, expressing their admiration for the actress and asking for her picture to be placed in a niche of honor in the trenches. The first signature was that of Robert Lermusieaux, brigadier of the Belgian Royal Guards, and contained the signatures of ninety-six of his comrades.

"It is the finest compliment I have ever received," said "Little Mary," as, with characteristic thoughtfulness, she selected the charming picture of herself taken with a pet kitten and sent it abroad in answer to the respectful request.

That screen lovers can sometimes interrupt the most important event of one's life was demonstrated not long ago when a young couple journeyed from Madison, Illinois, to St. Louis, Missouri, to be married without the knowledge of prankish friends. Tired with shopping, they put off their trip to the courthouse and dropped into a theater to rest a while. Francis Bushman and Beverly Bayne were the featured stars that held the young strangers enthralled until darkness had fallen over the city and the license-clerk and judge had long since departed to their respective homes. However, a trip to East St. Louis found a kindly clerk and justice, and by nine-thirty that evening the young couple were man and wife.

Sad, indeed, is the story of the poor little Englishwoman who, after losing both her husband and eldest son in the war, was forced to see her only remaining son, George, leave for the front. Months before she had received official notice that George had been killed while bearing dispatches from one trench to another, but this day fate decreed that her cup should be drained to the dregs. Entering a picture theater to try to forget for a space, she saw some old war-scenes. One of these was of soldiers breaking camp for their start to the front. There, in the foreground, was George. A moment he worked busily, and then, evidently in answer to the request of a camera-man, he faced forward and saluted with an embarrassed laugh. Oh! that boyish laughter! How it brought him back! Surely he could not be dead! "He was just away." But the strain proved too much for the mother's overburdened heart, and they found her sitting there, dead, when the lights flared up.

It is an old story now about the miracle performed by Ham and Bud, of Kalem fame. A young British soldier was so badly gassed at Ypres that he was invalided home, supposedly deaf and dumb for life. When he was convalescent from his other injuries, a nurse accompanied him to a Motion Picture theater. A Kalem comedy was on the bill, and the funny antics of Ham and Bud so tickled the soldier that his laughter startled the house. When the confusion died away, it was found that he had recovered the use of his suspended senses. But the wonder grows that he owes this miracle to Ham and Bud! Boy, page Charlie Chaplin.

The *Moving Picture World* tells of a letter received from the superintendent of the Nava Vidyalaya, Hyderabad, Sind, India, pointing out the unexpected result of showing Wild West and bandit pictures there. These have been the means of suggesting to Indian outlaws the value of the automobile as an aid in the commission of crime in making a quick escape. It is said that the bad men of the hot country are very quick to take advantage of any suggestion that they can glean from the pictures as to how *our* bad men ply their trade.

One cannot waste any sympathy on the young farmer who was swindled out of one hundred and sixty dollars by a supposed ranchman from whom he requested work. The man took him into a picture theater, where some ranch pictures were being shown, and declared that they were watching scenes on his own ranch. The young farmer eagerly accepted a position with the swindler and turned over his money to him for safe-keeping. In the darkness the man escaped with the money, and at last accounts the farmer was applying for a position on the police force.

A clue furnished by a picture in Massachusetts was followed across the continent by a forlorn little woman, who eventually appeared in a Los Angeles court and demanded the arrest of the husband who had deserted her. It was while sitting in a theater, watching scenes taken during the tournament in Pasadena, that she saw her husband standing in the throng. "I wouldn't have been so mad, judge," she sobbingly explained, "but there he was laughing away and having a good time, and here I have been breaking my heart for fear he was dead or something dreadful like that."

The novel contention that a film influenced a jury to convict four men who were charged with train robbery was made in the United States Court of Appeals by their attorney, recently, while

(*Continued on page 67*)

HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

The Photodrama

A Department of Expert Advice, Criticism, Timely Hints, Plot Construction and Market Places

Conducted by HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

Staff Contributor of the Edison Company, formerly with Pathé Frères; Lecturer and Instructor of Photoplay Writing in The Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, also in the Y. M. C. A. of New York; Author of "The Photodrama" and "The Feature Photoplay" and many Current Plays on the Screen, etc.

Close-Views and Inserts

Then there is the newspaper dramatic critic who serves out caustic comment about photoplays. This man is ostensibly paid as an expert to report truth for the information and guidance of the public; instead we find him something of a dilettante ladling out opinion to the edification and misguidance of himself.

He dismisses the whole panorama of photodrama with a "But dont take them too seriously, for they are all a part of the silly-ass movies, you know."

I refuse to know any such thing.

In the first place, I'll warrant that nine-tenths of the intelligent readers of every newspaper in the world are more or less interested patrons of the photodrama and that fifty per cent. of them are photoplay "fans."

The province of a critic ought to be tolerant at least and encourage a new phase of artistic expression that largely patronizes the advertising columns of his paper, and he should pass over shortcomings in the knowledge that all beginnings are basically crude.

I'm afraid that some of our so-called critics are hide-bound. They refuse to accept the premise which we must all admit before we can enjoy the photodrama. It would seem that he visited the theater in a skeptical mood, and when "The Conquest of Canaan" was announced as the title of the current photoplay, he shook his head in sheer scorn. "'Conquest'? How absurd! I see only a series of photographs. I saw the stage-play, 'The Conquest of Canaan' and there was something that made me thrill!"

See how hide-bound this is! He refuses to accept the photodrama as a distinct drama by itself. How long will he continue to judge it by the standards of the stage?

And just where and how is stage drama more convincing, more appealing or more real than photodrama?

Let us assume that a person with a mature, intelligent mind should see a stage-play for the first time in his life—just as countless thousands of us have come to witness the photodrama in our middle-aged wisdom. Our imaginary-person's first impression of the stage-play would result in a mental revulsion against the theater's statement that this play is *Life!* Why, all that any one may see is a platform framed like an oversized picture and filled with obviously painted scenery. Amidst this artificial setting actors make their way and imitate some highly spiced fragment of Life. How preposterous! King Lear and Princess Cordelia indeed—why, they are none other than John Bunk and Lizette Hotair, a couple of half-starved actors!

Thus we may readily imagine the public's comments when stage drama was first presented.

Fiction is open to the same criticism that it is not Life but a printed page! And so is all Art—the marble statue, the painted picture, etc. Even the outward Man is but a counterfeit of Truth. How seldom do we really *know* what is going on within his soul and mind! Only under the stress of emotion do we ever truly find out. And there lies our whole problem in Fiction, in Drama, in Art—to portray Man in his moments of emotional Truth.

We sum it up in a few words: All Drama, Fiction, Art consists in an endeavor to express thru an outward and visible *symbol* some great inward and invisible Truth or spiritual struggle.

Art, therefore, is fundamentally pictorial and dramatic.

So then the printed page, the picture-frame stage and the animated photographs are all *symbols* by means of which we convey our dramatic message, story and play. We must grant that they are artificial—just as we accept the polite Man as artificial—but the soul of the Man or the Play must be Real in order to command our further serious and fair consideration.

Photoplays that are unreal merit scorn; but photodrama that is Truth deserves encouragement, praise and a place beside the fairest sister-arts of Fiction and stage Drama.

Plotting the Photoplay

By plot material is not meant a Complete Plot, but any data, facts or fancies that are capable of interesting expansion, dramatic culmination, effective characterization or scenic picturization.

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Plot material may consist of any fragment of dramatic action.

If ordinary material is employed it must be at white heat, or pathetically simple, or viewed amidst some extraordinary phase—be suggestive of more than the obvious.

Thus, thru plot selection, the commonplace becomes electrified when the trained plotter attaches his current of imagination to it. In fact, the highest art attainable in plotting is that which is capable of effectively utilizing the ordinary and the commonplace phenomena of life.

Plotting becomes easier in ratio as it deals with the extraordinary, but narration more difficult, because of the greater task of rendering the extraordinary material convincing.

Screenings from Current Plays

Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I have just seen one of my own plays screened. Again it has proved to be one of the sad hours of my life. Furthermore, I intend to lay the same heavy hand of the law upon its malefactions just as tho I had not been its parent.

Before we go further, I'll confess that I was responsible for the birth of this brain-child—its upbringing and début, however, are in the main the result of its screen foster-parents.

Who else could be responsible in the course of picturizing your idea?

Well, it is a case not unlike our old alphabet: A stands for Author's Child; B bit it; C cut it; D directed it; E edited it—and so on to the end of the alphabet.

I cant swear that Mary Miles Minter did not delineate *my* character of Millicent in my play "A Dream or Two Ago." Actresses—big or little—are supposed to obey literally what their directors tell them to do.

Nor can I say for a certainty that James Kirkwood was responsible for Millicent's change of front. Directors are supposed to abide by the working scripts that are given them.

Now we come to the writer of the working script. I am inclined to suspect him—yet, writers of working scripts are supposed to incorporate suggestions offered by scenario editors.

My Millicent groped her way out of my imagination just as tho her former life had happened a dream or two ago. But Mary Miles Minter romped upon the screen a vixenish hoyden, referring to the delicate matter of her lost memory with a "Gee, I guess I'm gittin' nutty!"

No, this was surely not the girl of *my* dreams.

If I were to ask why *my* play was not scenarioized as contained in my synopsis, I would probably be told because it was too long to include in five reels. This was true in a measure. But there is such a thing as selecting essentials

from among non-essentials. For instance, I had not the honor of numbering an organ-grinder's monkey among my characters. I still consider the little beast a non-essential. Yet the Monk stole the "lead" in several scenes in which he appeared *alone*. See how we writers have honors thrust upon us.

In defense of having submitted a crowded synopsis, I will ask why several hundred feet were wasted on captions, dialog inserts and the like that were perfectly covered in the action itself?

In one place we find Millicent's father and mother bickering on the screen. The screen was not made for bickering. Nevertheless, we find these two characters conversing back and forth for not less than seven or eight times. Screen art consists in saying *once* in the mouth of one character all that is necessary, but implying possibly what in literature it takes many "he said's" and "she said's" to cover. Captions or dialog are a last resort in photodrama when we have exhausted our ingenuity in trying to express the same thought in action.

Thus we see that even the selling author has his troubles—troubles which are not always necessities. Time alone will not remedy them. Protest alone will root out abuses.

It was not thought necessary, for example, to be particular about the precise name of the author of "A Dream or Two Ago." The posters outside said it was taken from the story of "Albert Phillips," while the screen had it "Henry A. Phillips," but my real trade-mark is

Yours faithfully,
HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS.

Lessonettes

There is no other way of setting down your ideas, expressing your thoughts and telling others what you mean, than the grammatical way.

Hence, we may examine briefly the specific photo-power of our nine parts of speech:

EXAMPLE: (1) *Noun,* tells us what or whom you are talking about; have no more nouns than you want objects, and no object that is not clearly visible; (2) *Pronoun,* use the Noun in preference if its repetition permits; (3) *Verb,* the action word; the dynamo of emotion and the most important word in photoplaywriting; (4) *Adverb,* the word of color, fine subtlety, charm and pathos; (5) *Adjective,* the quality word that visualizes the image and without which there is no description; (6) *Preposition,* the word of passing, the bridge; pause at it and you will have suspense; (7) *Conjunction,* joins qualities, objects and groups and may connect words and short statements or break long ones; (8) *Article,* is insignificant unless it singles out objects; (9) *Interjection,* represents the less artful way of expressing emotion.

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Film Fables

The Fable of the Scenario That Sounded Well

By JOSEPH F. POLAND

ONCE a Gink who sold ribbons in a dry goods emporium was seized with a Tremendous Idea for a Scenario. As he smelled off the yards of ribbon for the ladies, he saw, in his mind's eye, the people falling all over themselves to get in and see his photoplay at the movie theaters; he heard the thunderous roars of applause, and visioned the double-column spread that the newspaper critics would hand it.

For sixteen nights (consecutive nights, at that) he consumed the midnight gas, tearing off his masterpiece. When he had perpetrated the last page, he sat back and read with satisfaction, rumpling his hair just like a real author. It was most beautiful—he admitted so, himself.

It opened with a description of the breezes singing in the tree-tops, of birds caroling on the branches, of horses neighing and of cows lowing. The little brook gurgled over the stones, the motorboats chugged by. Horses' hoofs were heard in the distance, also the splash of the oars of an approaching rowboat and the whip-poor-will in the woods. And so on, at great length.

Having gotten all this out of his system at one fell blow, he picked out a company on which to inflict his offering, and mailed it, breaking his last jitney for postage.

The next day he overslept, arrived at the store late, and was reproved by the Grouchy Boss. Haughtily he resigned on the spot, and, going home, sat down to await the large and juicy check that would be forthcoming.

Several days passed, and anon several more, as the novelists are wont to chirp.

Then our hero received a bulky envelope in the mail. Surprised, and wondering if they had sent more than one check, he tore the thing open and beheld his scenario, sent back to father! Coming out of his coma, he read the brutal and unfeeling editor's comment:

"Your script *sounds* very good, but unfortunately, the Motion Picture camera is unable to portray noises. The only sound we can put in pictures is the Long Island Sound. We advise you to turn this into a book, or an orchestration, and bestow it upon some worthy institute."

Firmly grasping his superlative script in his little hands, our amateur scribe tore it from stem to stern. Next morning, at seven-thirty o'clock, he was endeavoring to grab his old job again.

Moral: A job in the fist is worth two (or more) tremendous ideas in the mail.

What Remained

The movie censors had registered their complaints and gave a sigh of relief. They felt the thrills which come with thoughts of work well done. "Now," they said to the director, "let us see what remains."

The operator was ordered to proceed. The censors settled back in their seats to enjoy the production. There was a click, a flash of a desert scene—that was all!

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This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, relationship, photoplay writing, and technical matters will not be answered. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies, or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn. Read all answers and file them This is the only movie encyclopædia in existence.

MARIETTA.—I liked your letter very much, but you dont ask any questions. Send a stamped, addressed envelope, and I will send you a list of the film manufacturers. You want a cover picture of May Allison?

EVELYN T.—Yes, I have read the novel, "Wild Olive," but I haven't seen Myrtle Stedman in it. Yes; Jackie Saunders and Roland Bottomley in "Grip of Evil." It is awfully sad, but paper is getting so scarce and dear that shoemakers will soon not be able to use it in our soles.

ESTELLE, ALTOONA.—Yes, it is true that Max Linder is now in America and is going to play for Essanay. Jewel Carmen has left Triangle and is playing for Fox.

CHARLES F. H.—Was glad to hear from you again. Yes, my beard keeps me warm in the winter, but I wish I had it on the top of my head.

EDNA MAYO ADMIRER.—Your votes were taken care of. You ask no questions, therefore I can tell you no lies.

VIDA E., SUGAR LAND.—Come, now; you dont mean that you want a description of Charlie Chaplin. Ask any two-year-old that. Arthur Ashley was John in "The Revolt." Ivy Close was Nell in "That Pesky Parrot," but she is in England just now. Surely, I am always glad to hear from you.

MARY JANE A.—You can get in touch with those players in care of the studio. Alfred Vosburgh has joined Thomas Ince.

MELVA.—See above. I have a letter here awaiting you. So you would mourn your loss if you were a player and had to ruin some of the wonderful creations. Yes, it does seem a pity.

PICKLES.—I dont know how to advise you. I think you ought to take your father's advice. You were fortunate to have the position offered to you.

JULIUS T.—Frederick Warde to appear in "The Vicar of Wakefield," also "King Lear."

IRENE.—The sequel to "The Diamond from the Sky" has been released. There will be four chapters, and the announcement of winners will appear in the film.

BETTY C. ALISON.—No, we have never printed the story "Mice and Men" (Famous Players), nor "Madam Butterfly." You have the wrong title on your third. House Peters and Beatriz Michelena in "Mignon." There are several "Impostors"—which do you mean? Norma Talmadge in "Battle Cry of Peace" opposite Charles Richman. Thomas Holding opposite Pauline Frederick in "The Eternal City." Harold Lockwood in "Wildflower." Charles Waldron in "Mice and Men." See that you keep your promise.

JACK J. P.—I dont understand this great demand for those new dimes—you cant buy anything for a dime nowadays, anyway. You refer to Jewel Carmen. You're right about the election.

MARION T. B.—That's right, Louise Lovely's name is, or was, Louise Carbasse. Since with Universal it has been changed.

WILBANKS E., TULSA.—Charlie Chaplin's latest is "The Rink." Billie Garwood will play opposite Enid Bennett for Triangle. The threatened railroad strike that the President drove away seems to have a return ticket.

CATHERINE OF ARAGON.—I am sorry you dont care for Mary Miles Minter. You are right about Theda Bara. Yes, indeed, let me hear from you again. Here are twenty Pickford photoplays which I suggest for rebookings: "In the Bishop's Carriage"; "Caprice"; "Hearts Adrift"; "A Good Little Devil"; "Tess of the Storm Country"; "The Eagle's Mate"; "Such a Little Queen"; "Behind the Scenes"; "Cinderella"; "Mistress Nell"; "Fanchon the Cricket"; "Dawn of a Tomorrow"; "Little Pal"; "'Rags'; "Esmeralda"; "The Girl of Yesterday"; "Madam Butterfly"; "The Foundling"; "Poor Little Peppina"; "The Eternal Grind;" "Hulda from Holland."

POOR PET.—William Farnum and Bessie Eyton in "The Spoilers." Potatoes are selling for less in Berlin than they are in Brooklyn.

CHIEF, MIAMI.—We very often have photos of Olga Petrova. Just write to Metro. With the way paved by the "divine Sarah," James K. Hackett, Mrs. Fiske, Henry E. Dixey, Lily Langtry, James O'Neill, Cecilia Loftus, John Barrymore and Cyril Scott followed in rapid succession, giving the movement of a great impetus against which those few who have already been named have stood firm. Frank McIntyre will play for Famous Players.

KNOW-IT-ALL IN MOVIELAND.—Thanks, but you must always sign your name. Yes, Bryan is trying to lead the Democratic donkey to water and make him drink. I doubt if he will succeed in his dry-cleaning process.

BILLIE F.—Thanks, Billie. And you want to come to New York. That's every country girl's ambition. "Achievement is a comparatively small matter, but the spirit in which things are done is the essence of the whole thing," and I agree.

MARGARET MCE.—We have forwarded your letter to Harry Myers. Look up his letter in the February Magazine in answer to the number of letters he has received since our publishing his article on "How to Get In."

BERTHA E. W.—Frank Elliott was with Lasky last. So you like George Walsh and want us to have an interview with him. I am intoxicated with your delicious flattery. Like wine, it goes to my head.

PITTSBURGH BLUES.—Come, cheer up. Life's too short. Yes, we had an interview with Douglas Fairbanks in the December 1916 issue, and a picture of him in the June 1916 issue. Yes, Page Peters is dead. Long "e" in Theda. That mustache of Stuart Holmes is the real thing—no make-believe. I know, too. Sorry, but I cant obtain that information.

HARRIET.—Bought popularity does not last long. June Caprice is a very young, new and equally pretty favorite. She was born in Boston, and is only 17 years old. The ability and beauty of Miss Caprice promise for her, I think, a dazzling future.

HONEYPIE.—No card for that old Biograph. Pretty old, you know. Dustin Farnum is with Imp. Pauline Starke was Columbine in "Puppets." Frank Losee was Uncle Josh in "Old Homestead." Denman Moley was Happy Jack. And you want a picture of True Boardman to appear soon.

M. E. B.—So you want Harold Lockwood to marry May Allison. I'll see if I cant oblige you. Wallace Reid is still with Lasky. Yes, Marguerite Clayton in "The Prince of Graustark." Bobbie Vernon with Powers.

EDITH F.—Here's a good one. Recently Marin Sais, the heroine of "The Girl from 'Frisco," received a broken nose when her horse, shying, threw back its head against her face. The bone has set perfectly, and her nose photographs better than ever: I mean Marin's, of course. The winner of "The Diamond from the Sky" series wont be known until the sequel is finished. Victor Moore in Klever Komedy (Paramount).

JOSEPHINE P., ST. LOUIS.—Ethel Barrymore was born in Philadelphia August 15, 1879. Her beauty, accomplishments, and talents have made her a welcome guest in the most exclusive society, both in this country and abroad. Yes, there was an Edward Elkas who used to be with Vitagraph.

ALICE E. B.—Mme. Petrova is still playing for Metro. The Colosseum at Rome was started A.D. 80, and seated 90,000 persons. At its dedication by Titus, 5,000 wild beasts were killed and the celebration lasted nearly 100 days. Of course, Fox release comedies.

LAURA T.—Address Harry Hilliard in care of Fox. Send for a list of film manufacturers. Theda Bara in "The Darling of Paris."

GLAD.—No, May Allison did not play in "A Fool There Was." Well, the first report we printed was incorrect—false rumor—at least, that is what they say. Second, correct; ditto, the third. You have got Whittier himself beaten for wit.

CHARLES H.—A "set" is a studio stage-set usually made of painted canvas. In the early days sets were like theater back-sets and represented only one side of a room. Later on, with the invention of the panoramic camera, two sides were shown, and then three. I understand several sets have been built recently depicting all four walls of a room. William Farnum in "The Price of Silence."

F. X. B. FAN.—They are stage stars, and, therefore, I have no record of them. On Jan. 6, 1916, Mary Pickford signed her contract with Famous Players retaining interest in the Mary Pickford Corporation. You want a picture of Norma Talmadge. Thanks for your good wishes.

RUTH E., PHILADELPHIA.—A bushel basketful of thanks for your kind remembrance. As Publius Syrius says, "I am not your friend unless I share in your fortunes as well as your misfortunes." Yes, Nell Shipman in "God's Country and the Woman." Constance Talmadge in "Intolerance."

JUANITA.—No, we have never had a picture of Antonio Moreno in the Classic. Thanks for your most generous fee.

ELSIE W.—Yes, Artcraft is the name of the brand of film Mary Pickford is producing. When you feel blue like that always compare past woes with present happiness.

MINNIE B.—You want Warren Kerrigan and Louise Lovely to play opposite. Yes, do write again. There are fifteen episodes to "Secret Kingdom."

AUDREY F.—Well, well! You refer to Viola Dana in "The Flower of No Man's Land." Of course. I have a weakness for marshmallow fudge.

TESSIBEL.—I seldom read stories, but I read yours. While it is very good indeed, I refer you to Shakespeare's maxim, "An honest tale spreads best when plainly told." Bessie Love was Mary in "The Aryan." Theda Bara was the vampire in "'A Fool There Was."

ELBERTA K.—Victor Trevarre was Fantomas in "Fantomas." James Cooley was Eugene in "Immortal Flames." Maude Fealy was Ada. Yours are pretty old.

GENEVIEVE.—Dont forget that "hell is paved with big pretentions." So you liked the picture of Pearl White on the last Classic. Picture of Harry Hilliard in the February Magazine.

MARION, PITTSBURGH.—Ah, ha! I see that "A word to the wise is resented!"

RETTA ROMAINE.—So glad to hear from you again. What about Henri? He's a friend of mine. Yes, I am always glad to hear from Anthony, but he never came to see me.

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GAY LEE.—"Is Francis Bushman any relation to Helen Dunbar?" What next, pray tell me? No. Yes, Frank Lanning. He was with Kalem. No, I have no correspondents from Africa. So you would like to go to Africa, would you? Yes, Mary Charleson in "The Country That God Forgot" (Selig), and also in "The Truant Song" (Essanay). She is with the latter now.

GERTRUDE C.—You forget that it is impossible for a national board to censor for any particular audience. Take that up with our Circulation Department.

MILDRED E. K.—Yes, surely we still have the piano and we have a dandy recreation room here. No, I have never had the pleasure of meeting Warren Kerrigan personally. Hope he comes in to see us when he comes East.

LUCILLE, TURNBULL.—Lottie Briscoe is not playing now. Yes, Mary Miles Minter has had a private tutor. So you are mad with me, are you? Well, friends, truly friends, can never long be foes, so you will soon get over it. Alma Hanlon is with Art Dramas.

PLUSIE.—Oh yes, Thomas Chatterton has a dark complexion and curly brown hair and brown eyes. He is a fine artist and is very athletic.

SOUTHERN GIRL.—No, I dont detect a resemblance between Virginia Pearson and Marguerite Clark. Victor Sutherland was Cliff in "The Sultana." But you must put your name at the top.

WALTHALL ADMIRER.—The birthstones are as follows: Jan., garnet; Feb., amethyst; March, bloodstone or jasper; April, diamond or sapphire; May, emerald or camelian; June, agate or chalcedony; July, ruby or onyx; Aug., sardonyx; Sept., chrysolite; Oct., opal or beryl; Nov., topaz; Dec., turquoise. Anna Leigh was the sister of Col. Whiting in "The Sting of Victory."

SCRANTON, 17.—Yes, William Hart has played on the stage. Dorothy Kelly is playing at Vitagraphville yet. The Bastile was not built prior to 1370, and was destroyed by the mob in 1789.

MELVA.—Creighton Hale is supposed not to be married. Irene Fenwick signed with Famous Players on Oct. 11, 1916.

BRUNETTA, 17.—Robert Vaughn was the doctor in "Still Waters." Now you think Anna Nilsson and Marin Sais resemble each other. Next couple, please. They are joined together afterwards. You're welcome.

NORA, PONCE.—Lillian Tucker is still with Pathé. Florence Reed was born in Philadelphia. She was starred on Broadway. That was an old Pathé with Andrew Arbuckle.

W. M. L. RADIO.—Yes, she is divorced. A divorcée is a female fugitive from injustice. No to your P. S. Just where Abbeokuta and Yoruba are I dont know, and I haven't time to scour a geography just now.

LILLAS ST. CLAIR.—So glad to hear from you again. June Daye is no longer with Lubin; sorry I cant help you. Nigel Barrie was Bert in "Play Ball." Charles Bartlett is with Universal and Robert Grey is with Universal. M. Maurice was the dancing-master in "The Quest of Life." Donald Hall was Barnett in "Hesper of the Mountains." Elliott Dexter was Gordon in "Public Opinion." Claire Anderson in "Jerry and the Blackhanders." Richard Sterling in "Ramona." Let me hear from you again.

BESSIE J.—Gene Gauntier was in Europe last. Marion Leonard is not playing now. Gertrude Robinson was with Gaumont some time ago. Muriel Ostriche was with Equitable last. Your letter was a gem; write again.

OTTOE F.—Harry Myers at Jacksonville, Fla. Many players put their salaries to work by engaging in business ventures. Cleo Ridgely has a poultry farm and sells eggs and chickens to the Lasky studio; Monroe Salisbury has a successful fruit-farm with a ranch near Mt. Baldy, Cal.; Tom Chatterton has a large stock and grain ranch in northern California, and William Conklin, Balboa, runs an automobile agency in Long Beach, Cal.

AMELIA.—Last photo of True Boardman was in November, 1914. Ethel Teare opposite Ham and Bud. Thanks for the interesting news.

ALOHA.—Thanks for your very kind fee. "Susie Snowflakes" was taken in Easton, Pa. That was Ann Pennington's first picture. She has been with Paramount since Jan. 22, 1916. She was born in Camden, N. J., and is twenty-four years old, 4 feet 10 inches high and weighs about 100 lbs. Give my regards to Hukahula.

SCENE FROM "THE HONOR SYSTEM" (FOX), A PRISON PROBLEM PHOTOPLAY

Charlie Chaplin fans, lend an ear! 'Tis said that Japan boasts a "funny man" quite as funny, according to Japanese standards, as Charlie is to America and Americans. Can it be possible?

American announces that the contest for a suitable sequel to "The Diamond from the Sky" has closed. The lucky winner of the ten-thousand-dollar check is Mrs. Helen O'Keefe, 3019 Eastwood Ave., Chicago. She says that the money will go to finish paying for her home and the education of her two small children.

Announcement is made that Mary Pickford's next picture will be in Eleanor Gates' stage-play, "The Poor Little Rich Girl." This is big news to her army of loyal picture fans.

Flora Finch announces that a company has just been formed, under the name of The Flora Finch Motion Picture Company, to produce comedies that are downright funny, with Miss Finch as leading woman and featured star.

Mary Miles Minter gave a Christmas-tree celebration to the little slum children with whom she became acquainted during the filming of "A Dream or Two Ago." A jolly time was had by all, for Mary as well as for her guests.

And now for some shiftings in the planetary system: Olive Stokes (Mrs. Tom Mix) from Selig to Horsley, to play leads opposite Crane Wilbur; Marie Walcamp from Universal to International, to play in "Patria" with Mrs. Vernon Castle; Mignon Anderson with Universal; Fay Tincher has left Triangle and is at present taking a short vacation before announcing her new plans.

Mary Fuller has returned to New York after an extended and much-needed vacation in the Virginia mountains. She is prettier than ever and in vigorous health. She will announce her plans early in the new year.

Lois Weber and her clever husband, Phillips Smalley, have left Universal and are now producing "on their own." Miss Weber says that now she will have an opportunity to do some really big things, such as she has always wanted to produce.

Leonore Ulrich begs for a part that is American. She says she is tired of wearing mantillas and woe-begone expressions of foreign innocence and unsophistication. Just one real, honest-to-goodness American-girl part, she begs. Scenario writers, take heed!

If you are inclined to star-gazing, it might be well to keep this list handy: Theda Bara will be seen next in "A Darling of Paris"; William Farnum in "The Price of Silence"; Mabel Taliaferro in "The Key to Possession"; Irene Fenwick and Owen Moore in "A Girl Like That."

Goldwyn Pictures Corporation, having signed Mae Marsh, announces the following scenario staff: Avery Hopwood, Margaret Mayo, Bayard Vellier, Irvin S. Cobb and Roi Cooper Megrue. Truly, with a staff like that we may expect great things of Goldwyn!

Ruth Stonehouse has at last achieved her greatest ambition—to be a director. She is directing and playing the lead in her first "self-made" picture, "Red Dick, the Good-Hearted Gunman," from a script by her husband, Joseph Roach. Quite a family affair, eh, Ruth?

Lois Weber's last Universal play will be "Even as You and I," which features Mignon Anderson and Ben Wilson.

We are sorry to announce the dangerous illness of Earle Williams, popular Vitagraph star. He contracted cold; refused to stop work and to nurse the cold, which, aggravated by exposure, finally confined him to his bed. He is doing fairly well, as this goes to press, and his many friends hope to see him back at the studio soon.

Anita Stewart is rapidly learning the dances of all nations. Strangely enough, in the last few months she has had plays in which national dances were necessary. So Anita is becoming, in spite of herself, a skilled exponent of the goddess Terpsichore.

A recent most satisfactory test of the efficiency of the fire-fighting staff of Essanay occurred when a fire breaking out in a small storehouse was controlled so successfully that the only loss was ten million feet of disused film.

Astronomical note: A shifting of the stars has been noted as follows: Anna Nilsson from Fox to Erbograph; Agnes Eyre from Essanay to Powell, supporting Nance O'Neil; Matt and Mary Moore to Artcraft; Charles Arling from Keystone to Fox; ditto Hank Mann; Violet Reed to Metro; Carl Stockdale from Triangle to Lasky.

"Features may come and features may go, but serials run on forever." Here are just a few of the newest: Francis Ford and Grace Cunard in "The Purple Mask"; Mrs. Vernon Castle in "Patria"; E. K. Lincoln in "Jimmie Dale, alias The Grey Seal"; Francis Bushman and Beverly Bayne in "The Great Secret;" Earle Metcalfe in "The Perils of Our Girl Reporters" (no, *of course*, Earle doesn't play the title part! The idea!); Mary Anderson in "Dangers of Doris." And so on, and on and on, like Tennyson's brook.

Little Billy Jacobs seems to have joined the shifting planets. Here he is, shifting again. This time it is from Lasky over to Selig, where he has an important part in "The Garden of Allah," opposite Helen Ware.

Victor Moore, Lasky's "Chimmie Fadden," is now in Jacksonville, Florida, producing Klever Komedies for Paramount.

Mabel Taliaferro recently gave another proof of her originality. She wanted to give a party, but she said it was too near Christmas to give a formal party, where people wore expensive gowns. So she called it a "Rag Party" and everybody came dressed in rags. Elsie Janis wore her "Cinderella" costume; Julian Eltinge was a pathetic figure as a girl of the slums, and the hostess herself was garbed in tatters. From all accounts, it was a most enjoyable party.

Prince Pierre Troubetzkoy, whom we loyal Americans know best as the husband of our own Southern authoress, Amelie Rives, has asked permission to paint Viola Dana as the Madonna. Pleased, Viola has bravely given up her Sundays to posing—only Motion Picture and theatrical people can appreciate such a brave sacrifice!

William Farnum recently played in a picture, in which he aided the children of America, as a Congressmen. But now he has done so again, this time in real life. Assisted by members of the Fox company, he gave a benefit performance of "Virginius"; the proceeds, among which were several generous checks, going to the Children's Hospital in Los Angeles.

Vitagraph has purchased the Motion Picture rights to the "Captain Barnacle" stories, and they will be done in pictures with Bobby Connelly and William Shea as the featured players.

Cleo Madison's first screen-offering, under the direction of the Cleo Madison Film Corporation, will be in a picturization of "Maid of Niagara."

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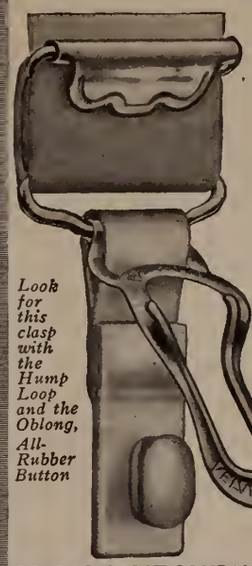

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Here's good news for admirers of Pauline Bush! She has returned to the screen and will be with you on January 13th, in "John Bates' Secret," supported by Murdock MacQuarrie.

Nell Shipman is making a tour of the Eastern theaters, at the request of various theater managers, who find her a huge drawing-card, in connection with "God's Country and the Woman."

If you watch closely, you will soon see your favorites in the following pictures: Sessue Hayakawa in "Each to His Own Kind"; Vivian Martin in "The Wax Model"; Lou-Tellegen in "The Black Wolf"; June Caprice in "A Modern Cinderella"; Virginia Pearson in "The Bitter Truth."

It is not generally known that Madame Olga Petrova is almost as talented a writer as an actress; she is the author of several books of poetry which have been distributed privately among her friends, as well as two recent scripts, "The Eternal Question," and, even more recently, "The Black Butterfly," which was written in collaboration with L. Case Russell. Madame Petrova has just joined Lasky and starts production in April.

Cleo Madison has a dog—that is, she says he is a dog, and her friends take her word for it—at any rate, there's a small bundle of fur in her dressing-room that barks at one end! So be careful—dont wipe your feet on the mat in her dressing-room—the mat might nip you.

William Sherwood, the Metro juvenile who made such a creditable showing in our recent Popular Player Contest, is quite a busy man these days. Daytimes, he works in pictures for Metro; evenings, he plays "Paul Lowell," a most lovable, juvenile leading rôle with the Bramhall Players, at one of New York's most unique playhouses.

If you are still interested in moving movie-folk, here are a few more roamings: Alan Hale from World to Fox; Willard Mack from Triangle to Famous Players; Helen Badgely, "The Thanhouser Kidlet," to Metro; Edna Flugrath from Edison and Vitagraph to Universal.

May Allison sends us this echo of Christmas: "In the afternoon, a party of girl friends and I went on a slum-tour, distributing some good things to eat among the people who could afford no holiday luxuries. In the evening, we had the regular Christmas dinner in Southern style at my house—and then the tree!" Quite some good time, eh, wot?

The Technicolor Motion Picture Corporation, at Jacksonville, Florida, are to make Motion Pictures in natural colors. They have engaged Niles Welch and Grace Darmond as stars for the new venture.

Albert Roccardi, one of the most lovable of Vitagraph's former character men, is in St. Mark's Hospital suffering from a severe attack of blood-poisoning. Two operations have been performed, and a third is threatened. The days are very long and lonely, filled with pain as they are, and Mr. Roccardi would be very glad to see any of his friends who care to call.

Marguerite Clark says that working in "Snow-White" was like taking a crowd of "kiddies" to the circus. The dwarfs who worked with her are all genuine midgets, and, this being their first picture work, they are like children over it. Needless to say, all of them fell in love with Miss Clark.

The prisoners at the U. S. Disciplinary Barracks, on Governor's Island, N. Y., have officially adopted Valentine Grant, the popular Famous Players star. She visits them every Sunday; carries five-reel feature films over to show them, and does everything possible to alleviate the monotony. They call her "Our Little Movie Mother."

"Christmas Week at Bushmanor" tells of a visit to a house-party given by Francis X. Bushman, for the Christmas week, at his country home, Bushmanor. It is a bona fide account of the man at home, and if you are a Bushman fan you'll enjoy it. Watch for it! Coming March number!

It is not generally known that Betty Howe, of International, and formerly of Vitagraph, is a descendant of that Elizabeth Howe who suffered martyrdom by being executed as a witch near Salem, Mass., on the 19th day of July, 1692. Accused by a half-witted girl, Elizabeth Howe, a model of piety and virtue, was executed, with Suzanne Martin and Sarah Wilde.

MARY MILES MINTER IN "DULCIE'S ADVENTURE" (MUTUAL)

"Donts" for Would-Be Playwrights

Good Advice in Twenty-four Tabloids

By HENRY W. SAVAGE

THE spoken and the silent dramas are so close of kin that whatever good advice applies to the would-be playwright will also apply to the would-be scenario writer. The difference is mostly in technicalities, and nowadays the wise scenario editors will supply bushels and bushels of technicalities, if the author will only come across with the real goods in the way of a good, clean and interesting plot.

Would-be playwrights, for the most part, seem to think that the theatrical producer is a veritable pirate—that he plays favorites, borrows their plots, and otherwise hands them their hat instead of royalties.

But those who know understand that this is so far from the truth that it isn't worth discussing. Mr. Henry W. Savage, who has discovered a great many playwrights, and produced a great many plays from writers who were previously unheard of, is still searching for good writers. He never lets an opportunity slip past to go thru a manuscript, and he answers all letters with almost religious promptness and sincerity.

Not long ago he received and turned down the manuscript of a play that came pretty close to being a poor paraphrase of "The Pirates of Penzance." The author promptly wrote him a letter of rather bitter complaint. Instead of tossing the letter in the waste-basket with a sigh, Mr. Savage replied to his man, and gave him twenty-four "Donts" for playwrights. The disgruntled author was a fortunate man. He may not realize it, but if there's any merit in him he will make good by following Mr. Savage's advice. If it isn't in him, all the "Donts" and all the "Dos" in the world wont help him.

However, whether you have a secret longing to write the spoken drama or the silent sort, or both, these "Donts" will help you immensely.

Here are Mr. Savage's twenty-four "Donts":

"Dont write about smugglers, pirates, or bandits.

"Write a clean love story—the kind that, when you were a boy, made you curl up in a corner and continue reading while the folks went to dinner.

"Write something new, even if you never saw it on the stage before. It might go.

"Dont select as a subject any current news topic.

"Dont attempt to write about anything with which you are not familiar.

"Make your characters natural. To be so, they must do only what men and women do in real life, and not what the story-books say they do.

"Make your characters speak good English.

"Dont use stilted words.

"Dont say, 'I have found the papers with the old man's will secreted,' etc.

"Dont give the villain whiskers, nor make the hero clean-shaven. Try it the other way for a change.

"Dont make your hero a black sheep returning from Goldfield with the wealth of a Havemeyer; make him a smart chap disinherited for marrying a chorus-girl.

"Dont make the injured husband seize the heroine by the wrist and fling the lady from him with a curse on his lips.

"Dont preach. The public can secure free seats in a church.

"Dont forget the audience has imagination.

"Dont forget the public reads newspapers and has real human intelligence.

"Dont use soliloquies. Monologs are for vaudeville and minstrel shows.

"Dont put too much in your play.

"Dont have one scene on an island, another at Herald Square, and a third in Chicago.

"Dont begin the first act in a cheerless garret in the winter of 1866 and then jump to the summer of 1909. Those forty-three years contain enough material for a thousand good plays.

"Make the action of your play take place all in one day, if possible.

"Dont think all managers are vampires. Brains are a common article. A dozen people may have thought your thought before you thought it.

"Dont expect a manager to produce your play this season. 'The Merry Widow' was in my office nearly eighteen months.

"Dont submit your first manuscript until you have written a second one. Then go back and rewrite the first.

"Before submitting a manuscript, go out behind the barn and read it aloud; then ask yourself if you would pay for a seat in the first row to see it."

STAGE PLAYS THAT ARE WORTH WHILE

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when these speaking plays appear in their vicinity)

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Harris.—"Our Little Wife." A fairly good farce, with lots of laughs, but Margaret Illington is rather miscast.

Playhouse.—"The Man Who Came Back." A strong, gripping drama that holds the interest from beginning to end; superbly acted by Henry Hull and Mary Nash.

Longacre.—"Nothing But the Truth." A clever farce which William Collier makes uproariously funny from curtain to curtain.

(*Continued on page* 69)

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Your story may be incomplete—lack dramatic interest, suspense, climax, surprise, novelty, characterization or any of the other elements that go to make up a salable dramatic story. If you think so you may submit it to us for criticism. For a fee of $1.00 we shall be happy to point out to you the defects in your work, indicating why certain things should not be done, and suggesting others that will materially improve your script. In other words, we shall be glad to collaborate with you in turning out a strong and appealing tale. This work will be done only by well-known scenario writers, who have had studio experience, including the editors of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and CLASSIC.

In addition to an honest, upbuilding criticism, we will mail you a list of producing companies, to whom you can submit your story in case you do not wish to enter it in this contest. You may enter your story whether or not it has been criticized, but under no conditions will we answer questions regarding the merits of stories. Thus we shall be treating all writers alike. CRITICISM OF YOUR STORY IS ENTIRELY OPTIONAL WITH YOURSELF.

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Pithy Paragraphs from the Pacific

By RICHARD WILLIS

Lloyd Ingraham, the Fine Arts director, once owned a nice Chandler car. He and Mrs. Ingraham were recently held up in Los Angeles, and the robbers added insult to injury when they took jewels and money and made the couple exchange their car for a badly used up Buick which in its turn had been stolen.

George Periolat has appeared in hundreds of photoplays. It is the American actor's boast that he has bought some article of apparel for every picture he has appeared in. His dressing-room is cluttered like a cleaner and dyer's establishment.

Antonio Moreno, Vitagraph artist, has joined the Los Angeles Athletic Club. He has taken to the West more ardently than has his acting partner, Edith Storey. Miss Storey longs for those Eastern friends of hers.

It rained four days and the newly formed Motion Picture Electric and Equipment Corporation did a land-office business with its self-generating truck and numerous studio lamps. Howard Hickman, president, and Henry Otto, vice-president, are smiling broadly and are considering just where and how to spend those dividends.

The little adopted daughter of J. P. McGowan and Mrs. McG. (Helen Holmes) will be one year old next month and no prouder mamma and papa could possibly be found. Both of them are wrapped up in the baby and a new manager of the McGowan home has come into being.

Ben Turpin, the Vogue comedian, has returned to work. His injured leg does not bother him any more. Every one is glad, for little Benny is a good-hearted, cheery chap.

No, Evalina; Charles Ray was not a chauffeur at any time. Charlie says emphatically that the only time he has chauffed, or chauffs, is when he is leaving the studio and his friends beg a ride home. They get it.

Mrs. Talmadge is here visiting daughters Constance and Natalie. Natalie keeps house and drives the car, while Constance draws down her big salary weekly. Norma is coming for a short stay to complete the family circle. Welcome, Mrs. S.!

Isidore Bernstein is preparing a fine studio for Cleo Madison, who will start producing for the newly formed Cleo Madison film concern in the new year. Bernie is wearing overalls at this time and is the busiest Issy in Los Angeles.

Did you know that Chester Conklin was an expert tennis player? He is, and, moreover, he is a bloated ranch-owner and lots of his earnings are going into farm machinery and what not.

William D. Taylor, director, late of the Morosco Company, has started producing for the Fox Company and has Dustin Farnum as his star. With "Dusty" and "Bill" Farnum on one lot, there is plenty of story-swapping; both are absorbing raconteurs.

William V. Mong, the Universal actor-director, made the hit of the evening with his sketch, "The Dyspeptic," when the annual "Movie Revue" was held at the Los Angeles Mason Opera House on behalf of the Hollywood Artillery Company. Mong gave them all a big surprise.

I was present at a pre-view of Clune's "Eyes of the World," and, believe me, it is a wonderful photoplay. It follows "Intolerance" at Clune's big Auditorum Theater and will hold 'em. Monroe Salisbury, Jack McDonald and pretty Jane Novak all stand out in a splendid cast.

Kathlyn Williams gave two fine performances in the features she appeared in with the Morosco Company, probably the best things outside of Cherry Melnotte she ever did. She enjoyed the direction of William D. Taylor.

Met Grace Cunard the other day. She had a worried look. Asked the trouble, she replied, "My new car has arrived, and gee! I cant get it until tomorrow night!" Dear, oh dear, what a lot of troubles we do have to put up with!

Margarita Fischer knows every concession man and woman on the Fair lot at San Diego. In "The Butterfly Girl" she made use of a large number of them, and of course they all fell for this charming little lady. Her ready smile was enough to assure that.

Bessie Love made a lot of cute little things for Xmas presents in between scenes at the Fine Arts. She is generally singing as she works. Li'l Miss Love is a happy young person; it is always good to meet her.

Mignon Anderson and Morris Foster are both busy at Universal City. They have caught on there and have rented a pretty Hollywood bungalow. Miss Anderson is playing leads for Lois Weber, a good start for her.

"Rich Man, Poor Man, Fireman, Tramp!"

Charlie, Like Dickens, Knows His Characters

WHEN a cowpuncher wants to show his regard for a former pal, he says, "Why, I kotched my fleas offen th' same blanket with that galoot!" Homely—vulgar, if you will have it so—but true to life, earthy, intimate, a rough man's term of endearment.

Charlie Chaplin, too, has walked the hard road—a Dickens road from the workhouse to printer's devil, from the buffets of a circus hand to "hitting the rails" as a tramp. He knows life because he has lived it, and his characters are his many-sided self.

Charlie's sense of humor, his happy-go-lucky spirit has conquered his frail beginnings; and, today, a rich man, his "The Tramp," "The Floorwalker," "The Fireman" are only the ghosts of early days coursing thru his veins.

Charlie is great because he has lain down under the blanket of adversity and has, with Robert Burns, drunk his sorrows and his joys from the common cup.

What's in a Name?

By W. E. DOLAN

"Poker chips!" quizzed the desk sergeant. "I thought you were playing euchre?"

"Well," answered the raided one, "I—er—that is, we were using them as counters."

"Very likely, very likely," sneered the D. S. "What's your name?" he added, pen poised over the blotter. "What's the name?"

"My name?" parried the luckless gamester. Then, after a moment's deliberation: "It's—it's—why, Charlie Chaplin."

"All right, Charles," quickly responded the D. S.; turning to the arresting officer, "Francis X., put him in the cooler. Next!"

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What Happens in the Audience

(*Continued from page* 56)

arguing for a new trial. The attorney contended that after the evidence was all in the jury was allowed to go to a local theater, where they witnessed a story depicting a thrilling train robbery in which one or two of the passengers were shot by the bandits. The attorney insisted that this picture influenced the jury to such extent that they could not return a fair verdict.

That a Motion Picture may often prove a tracer of lost persons is shown by the case of the young engineer whose wife left him after a youthfully tragic quarrel. For months he had searched for her in vain. He was living at a hotel, and he kept her picture on his dresser. Naturally, the maid became familiar with the features of the missing wife, and one day, when she happened into a Motion Picture theater, she thought she recognized one of the nurses on board a steamer leaving for the front with other American nurses and doctors. Returning home, she spoke of it to the engineer. He went to the theater and identified the nurse as his wife. Now he is on his way to France, determined that if she will not return to him she shall have the task of nursing a wounded soldier whom she once called husband.

In Corpus Christi, Texas, a traveling man happened into a theater between trains. This man had a secret sorrow in his life. Three years before, his motherless, stage-struck daughter had run away from home, and he had never been able to trace her. What was his delight to see her name flashed on the screen in the cast of one of the pictures and, when the scenes were shown, to recognize his young daughter playing a part in a California setting. He traced the film company that produced the picture and left at once for California to rejoin his child.

Among the German war novelties introduced at the front, the Moving Pictures play a prominent part. The men are shown pictures of the villages and towns they are supposed to capture on the morrow, and the hills, forests, ridges in the ground, the difficulties of the march, the existing trenches, and the best places to throw improvised bridges over streams. Incidentally, one cannot help but wonder what some of those soldiers are thinking, as they watch these pictures. Many of them know that they are gazing upon their probable burial place.

We will draw a veil over the countless loss of hearts when sweet sixteen sits in the audience and watches the dashing hero, or the picturesque villain, and make up their minds to write him about it when they reach home. It is all a part of living one's illusions, and surely this is a tribute justly earned by those conscientious actors and actresses who work so tirelessly for us. When they thus open, by their art, the gates to the Land of Eternal Youth, let us also enter, with a child's heart, and shut out, for a time, this sinful, war-racked world.

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Truthful Tulliver

(*Continued from page* 29)

"You came back!" sobbed Daisy Burton. "You *did* love me, after all! And I was afraid—afraid——"

Tulliver turned slowly to Grace, a great hope dawning in his haggard eyes.

"Then—it was your sister—I brought him back for——"

She touched his arm and led him a little aside from the two clasped in each other's arms.

"I cant thank you—there aren't words to do it in," she said softly; "but it meant everything to Daisy—and to me. You see"—a slow blush swept her face to the soft line of her hair, but her honest eyes did not falter from his face—"they had—been foolish—oh, very foolish and wrong; but I think he loves her, and Daisy worships him. When she found he had gone, she told me—everything, and I came to you. Oh, how can I thank you so you'll know how much I mean the words?"

"I dont want thanks, Grace," said Tulliver; "I dont want words——"

He lifted her face between his great hands, so that she saw and read aright the deep longing in his eyes. "There's just one thing I want in all the world," he said—"just one thing; but I want it with all there is of me—mind, body and soul. Will you give it to me, Grace—sweetheart?"

Slowly, eyes still on his, she came to him; slowly she laid her head upon his breast. And so Truthful Tulliver, wanderer thru life, came home at last.

What I Demand of Movie Stars

(*Continued from page* 41)

prepare the locale as well as the actors—the tasks of the landscape artist, and in some sense of the civil engineer, are before us. For a month the actors rehearse without the camera.

And now South Carolina, in Reconstruction days, is measurably before our eyes. Elsewhere the battle backgrounds of the Civil War are springing into being, helped by expert advice of old "vets" and modern West Pointers. The costumes, settings and documents are laboriously prepared for the facsimile historical scenes, like those of the Emancipation Proclamation, the Appomattox surrender, and the Lincoln assassination. By the way, twenty-four "Lincoln actors" were rehearsed before the right Lincoln was found! This was because I demand "soul" of the movie star, and for this scene Lincoln was the star part. The Blue and the Gray, the Southern white gentry and the colored contingent all have been drilled under their respective leaders. And then the film-making begins.

At an early stage of the work, after the rough outlines have been filled in, the scenario is thrown away. The building and rebuilding of the story, the piecing of intimate bits and the discarding of the useless go right on while we are living the history, so to speak, from day to day. Nearly twenty-eight miles of pictures—one hundred and forty thousand feet of film—are taken. And how much of these are used? At the finale we discover that we have thrown away eight-tenths of our product; we have remaining twenty-six thousand feet, or, say, five miles of consecutive story. But that is twice too long. We condense. condense, condense. At the end of two months more of hard labor we edited "The Birth of a Nation" to twelve thousand or thirteen thousand feet—two and a half miles—or, theater-wise, two hours and forty-five minutes' stage entertainment.

Naturally, a director must demand patience and sincerity as well as "soul" of his movie stars.

Congenial Occupation

By CHARLES H. MEIERS

PUNSTER: Movies furnish one of the most delightful occupations for sweethearts.

VICTIM: Why?

PUNSTER: If they quarrel they can go to the studio the next day and "make up"!

Something New Wanted

By K. A. BISBEE

Doctor—I'll tell you, Mr. Smith, medicine is not what your wife requires. What she needs is an entire change of scene—something new.

Smith—Thank you. In the future we'll cut out the serials and only go to one-reel comedies.

"Taking Off" Photoplayers

By K. A. BISBEE

Mr. Staylate—Would you like to see me mimic a celebrated Moving Picture actor?

Miss Sweet—No, I'd much rather see you take yourself off.

A Killing Retort

By K. A. BISBEE

Actor—Darn that scenario writer! I wonder why he kills me in the second scene?

Director—Perhaps he knew you'd get this part, and sacrificed you, instead of killing the whole play.

Seen on a poster: "'The Drunkard's Home' in five reels." H'm! How he must have hurried! Most drunkards we know cant reach home in a hundred and five reels.

Obliging the Censors

"We object to the young woman's costume in that bathing-scene," said the spokesman of the Board of Censorship.

"Very well," replied the director; "I'll have it removed."

(*Continued from page* 65)

Century.—"The Century Girl." The biggest musical show New York ever saw, and in its most beautiful theater. The talk of the town.

Gaiety.—"Turn to the Right." One of the big hits of the season. Review later.

Belasco.—"Seven Chances." A bashful young man has seven chances to marry and inherit $12,000,000. His efforts to get a wife are excruciatingly funny. An excellent cast, with Carroll McComas, makes this a bright farce well worth while.

Hudson.—"Pollyanna." A glad play after the order of "Daddy Long-legs," "Peg o' My Heart" and "The Cinderella Man"; intensely interesting and beautifully done. A big hit.

Eltinge.—"Cheating Cheaters." A thrilling crook-play, full of suspense, surprises and a few good laughs. Marjorie Rambeau and entire company are fine.

Punch and Judy.—"Treasure Island." If you like fairy stories (with fierce pirates as fairies) and the sea, and picturesque settings—including a real ship—and Stevenson's sea yarns, dont miss this elaborate production. It is exceedingly amusing. The young folks will be held spellbound, and the old folks will have a hearty laugh. It is handsomely and wonderfully done.

Booth.—"Getting Married." A Bernard Shaw play that sparkles with wit and Shaw philosophy, capably played by an unusually strong cast which includes William Faversham, Henrietta Crosman, Charles Cherry and Hilda Spong.

Cohan's.—"Come Out of the Kitchen." Ruth Chatterton is always charming, but her opportunities in this Southern play are not as winsome as those in "Daddy Long-legs," even with Bruce McRae to assist her.

Lyric.—"A Daughter of the Gods." Fox's "Picture Beautiful" with Annette Kellermann as the star submersible and dancing Venus. A very elaborate spectacle.

Liberty.—"Intolerance." David W. Griffith's gigantic film spectacle. Dazzling to the eye, but not as great as "The Birth of a Nation."

Loew's N. Y. and Loew's American Roof.—Photoplays; first runs. Program changes every week.

Rialto.—Photoplays supreme. Program changes every week.

Strand.—Select first-run photoplays. Program changes every week.

SUCCESSFUL PLAYS NOW ON THE ROAD

"Object Matrimony." Another "Potash and Perlmutter" and "Abe and Mawrus" comedy. Immensely pleasing to those who like this style of humor.

"The Flame." A remarkably beautiful spectacular drama satirizing President Wilson's Mexican policy. Disjointed construction, and plot is not strong; but, nevertheless, it stands out as a clever, artistic and entertaining play.

"Under Sentence." A strong, gripping drama which has been hailed as another "Lion and the Mouse." It should enjoy a long run.

"Rich Man, Poor Man." One of the most engrossing dramas that George Broadhurst ever wrote, and onc of the popular plays of the season.

"Mr. Antonio." A drama full of heart interest, in which the inimitable Otis Skinner plays the part of a picturesque organ-grinder splendidly, supported by Eleanor Woodruff and a good company.

"The Boomerang." One of the most popular comedies of recent years. Entertaining and laughable thruout, exquisitely acted and wonderfully produced—it runs along like the works of a fine watch.

"Paganini." George Arliss in a very clever characterization. A high-class comedy on the order of "Beau Brummell," "Garrick" and "Mr. Lazarus."

"His Bridal Night." A farce in which the Dolly Sisters, famous dancers, get so mixed up that the bridegroom cannot tell them apart. Result, several highly interesting situations, as you can easily imagine.

"Somebody's Luggage." A farce that is different, in that James T. Powers plays a "low comedy" part. He seems a trifle out of place at first, but when one gets used to him he wins a roar of laughter. In this particular line he has no superiors.

"The Silent Witness." A virile drama on the order of "The House of Glass" and "The Co-Respondent," and quite as good, containing some tense and thrilling moments. A play that holds the interest from start to finish, giving a fine cast some excellent opportunities.

"Sybil." One of the hits of last season. A very pleasing musical comedy with Julia Sanderson, Donald Brian and Joseph Cawthorn.

Every member of your family and your friends will enjoy this wonderful sport with you.

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Gymnastic Finger Training That Doubles Typewriting Speed

A wonderful new method of acquiring speed and accuracy in typewriting; 80 to 100 words a minute now easy for anyone; how it has doubled and trebled stenographers' Salaries

By FRANK J. SIMMONS

IN Europe, and in America for many years it has been a regular part of every musician's training to take special gymnastic finger exercises. Teachers would no more expect their pupils to become good pianists without special finger exercises, than they would expect them to play without first learning to read notes.

Now for the first time has this principle of gymnastic finger training been applied to typewriting. Its necessity is proved by the fact that the one great difficulty which handicaps ninety-nine out of every hundred stenographers is their inability to gain full control of their *finger movements.*

Strengthening the finger muscles

The average stenographer typewrites thirty to forty words a minute. A "trained finger" operator can typewrite eighty to one hundred words a minute, without errors and with amazing ease. There you have the reason for the difference in salaries paid to stenographers. A fifty-word-a-minute gain in typewriting speed must mean a vast increase in the amount of *finished work* turned out in a given time.

And since employers pay for nothing in the world except quantity and quality of work produced, it is obvious that no matter how good a stenographer may be at shorthand, he or she can never expect much increase in pay until *speed, real speed and accuracy* on the typewriter are acquired.

Simple exercises practised away from machine, that double typewriting speed

The New Way in Typewriting

Making each finger independent

The trouble in the past, from the stenographer's standpoint, has been that there was no successful method of training the fingers to secure high speed and accuracy in typewriting. Piano exercises were useless for typewriting needs—they were designed to secure a different kind of result—and they were too hard—took too much time and required too much effort.

It remained for R. E. Tulloss, who is known the country over as among the greatest typewriting authorities of the present day, to invent a marvelous system of finger exercises which can be learned in only ten remarkable easy lessons, and which with amazing quickness bring this wonderful flexibility, speed and control of the fingers.

Already thousands have adopted the new method with results bordering almost on the miraculous. Many of them were so-called "touch writers," others, after years of fruitless effort, had practically given up hope of ever attaining more than merely average typewriting ability, many had taken other courses, with no marked increase in speed—yet, by the New Way practically without exception, they all have developed the remarkable speed of eighty to one hundred words a minute.

Raising Stenographers' Salaries

That this New Way in Typewriting raises salaries of stenographers is shown by actual figures given in the letters written to Mr. Tulloss by hundreds of stenographers. For example, Mr. John H. Marquette of Smith's Falls, Ont., never averaged more than forty to forty-five words per minute until he began to typewrite the New Way. His speed quickly increased and soon he was typewriting at the phenomenal speed of 85 to 90 words a minute from shorthand notes and as a result of this increased speed in typewriting, his salary was raised 20 per cent and within a few months 20 per cent more. As Mr. Marquette says, he is now earning about twice as much as any of the other 14 stenographers in his office.

In a few days you notice the difference

Then there is the story of Miss Anna S. Cubbinson of Harrisburg, Pa., who writes—"I am today filling the position of Chief Clerk to the Department of Parks in this city, my salary being exactly double what it was when I took up the study of the New Way in Typewriting."

A. H. Gardiner of Madison, Wis., was getting $70 per month when he began the study of the New Way in Typewriting. In a remarkably short space of time he increased his speed from 50 words a minute to 80 words and his salary jumped to $150 a month—*more than double what it was.*

I could go on and give hundreds of other instances of the remarkable results achieved through the speed and accuracy acquired by typewriting the New Way. But the school has prepared a remarkable book, for free distribution, which goes into detail and reproduces many other letters which bear out the claims made for Mr. Tulloss' system.

Amazing Book Free

This interesting book is brimful of eye-opening ideas and valuable information. It explains how this unique new method will quickly make your fingers *strong and dextrous*, bring them under *perfect control*, make them extremely rapid in their movements—how in a few short weeks you can transform your typewriting and make it *easy, accurate* and *amazingly speedy.*

For speed in striking the keys

If you are ambitious to get ahead—if you want to make your work easier—if you want to get more money in your pay envelope—don't wait a single moment before sending for this book of information and proof.

This new method is bringing such marvelous results to others—is proving itself to be so sure a means of quickly increasing salaries—that you will be doing yourself a big injustice if you fail to write for it *at once.* Just send a postal card request *now* to The Tulloss School, 1922 College Hill, Springfield, Ohio, enclosing 4c in stamps to cover wrapping, mailing, etc., and your copy will be sent by return mail without cost or obligation. Do this now, before you turn this page.

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A "CHEAT" ON THE FACE OF IT

Fannie Ward—"The Little Cheat"—Wins Our Readers and the August Classic Cover. Bessie Barriscale at Home, in a Painting without Lettering, on the Back Cover

ALL ABOUT

Anita Stewart
Bessie Barriscale
Howard Hickman
The Sidney Drews
Margarita Fischer
Pauline Frederick

MORE ABOUT

Douglas Fairbanks
Grace Cunard
The Triangle Players
Shirley Mason
"Little Mary Sunshine"
Hundreds of Others

Twenty years ago Fannie Ward was the comedy Princess of the two Continents—the craze with English "Johnnies" and American "Charlie Boys." She married and retired. Then suddenly she performed a miracle—went into pictures and made an instantaneous hit in the highly emotional "The Cheat." Actors and managers said it couldn't be done, but "The Little Cheat" came back with a vengeance.

THE AUGUST CLASSIC

reproduces a stunning painting of Fannie Ward, by Leo Sielke, Jr., on its cover, and contains a profusely illustrated biography—the strange career of the Perennial Fannie.

The Beautiful Bessie Barriscale at Home Painting is a charming home-study of the "Little Colleen," is suitable for framing and well worth the price of the entire Classic.

"Here Comes the Bride!" Every gossip now knows that Grace Cunard was recently the star performer in a most romantic marriage—that she is now Mrs. Joseph Moore. The inside story of how she came to be led to the altar is as interesting as a thrilling feature picture. H. H. Van Loan discloses the facts in a charming news-story surcharged with the Los Angeles studio atmosphere.

"The Screen Kiss" was so lasting that we thought it would keep without spoiling, and lots of other good things crowd it out of this month's issue. Edwin M. LaRoche, the veteran actor, author and playwright, is at his best in this highly amusing and instructive feature article on just what the Screen Kiss means and how it is expressed. Illustrated with fifteen kissing pictures—some especially posed.

Kings and Queens Contest—which made its bow with the Bigger and Better June Classic, was a hit from the start. A new and taking idea in Players' Contests. The votes for the screen's most beautiful, most charming and most finished player—both actor and actress—are pouring in with every mail. Each voter shares equally in the prizes. The August Classic will tell you lots of news about the Kings and Queens Contest and will give a tabulated list of the player's standing up to date.

The Classic Extra Girl Plays with Theda Bara—Miss Ethel Rosemon, our extra girl, has just finished playing in a picture with the one and only Theda. Her extra work was finished too late to appear in this issue, but the story holds the same absorbing and human interest as her tale of Vitagraph experiences with Peggy Hyland in the June Classic. Miss Rosemon's "Camille" story in the August Classic tells us all the hazards and chances of the extra girl.

Via Camera, Wire and Telephone presents itself with this issue and promises to grow bigger, better and more newsy in the August Classic.

All the Regular Departments Are There—A superb Rotogravure Gallery of Players, Greenroom Jottings, the not-to-be-imitated Answer Man. And, for good measure, look forward to a heart-to-heart Chat with "Polly" Frederick; the "Confessions of a Scenario Reader"; "At Home with Beatriz Michelena"; "The Home Life of Howard Hickman and Bessie Barriscale"; eight beautiful portraits of Anita Stewart; "Filmdom's Tiniest Star—Little Mary Sunshine," with the "cutest-ever" illustrations; "Kid Love Affairs," in which Margarita Fischer "'fesses up" her youthful indiscretions; Shirley Mason in a new "Daughter of Eve" dance, beautifully posed and illustrated; "Roping Douglas Fairbanks Into an Interview," some brand-new slants at the famous comedian. But why continue? Enough is as good as a feast—and the August Classic is the richest feast of Motion Picture news, views and stories ever set before a hungry reader.

Vol. IV JULY, 1917 No. 5

CONTENTS OF MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

THE GIRL ON THE COVER

Grace Cunard is one of the best-known screen stars now appearing in films. While still a very young woman, she was among the first to become famous in the films many years ago. Her appearance in several serials with Francis Ford made her face familiar to all film patrons the world over. The beautiful picture on the cover is a characteristic pose and excellent likeness, from a painting by Leo Sielke, Jr.

	PAGE
Our Gallery of Eight Popular Players (rotogravure process)	7
Four American Beauties. Photos	15
Ready for the Splash. Photos of prominent players in their favorite bathing costumes	16
The Latest Studio Capture from Broadway (Olive Thomas). Photo	18
Hustling for the Movie Fan. Describing the process of making a picture and the expense attached thereto — *Jay Edwards*	19
A Modern Jekyll-Hyde. A chat with Stuart Holmes, famous villain of the screen — *Roberta Courtlandt*	24
A Flower of the South. A short talk with May Allison — *Rose Chester*	26
The Land of Sunshine and Flowers. Photo of Vivian Martin	28
The Danger Trail. Short story from the Selig film featuring H. B. Warner and Violet Hemming — *Dorothy Donnell*	29
Expression of the Emotions — *Ruth Roland*	35
A Half-Hour with Nazimova — *Lillian Montanye*	36
Corinne Grant, neglected wife — *Carol Lee*	38
Ham and Hamlet. A humorous story of the experiences of a would-be actor trying to break into the pictures — *H. H. Van Loan*	39
A Girl Whose Feeling Changed Her Face. Valentine Grant gives some valuable advice which she follows herself — *Ethel M. Nelson*	46
Animal Actors Are Susceptible to Applause, says Mary Pickford — *Peter Wells Gridley*	49
The Language of the Silent Drama — *Maud Waters Dittmar*	52
Anita Stewart One-Step. Music — *Muriel Pollock*	53
What Money Cant Buy. Short story featuring Jack Pickford, James Cruze, Hobart Bosworth, Louise Huff and Theodore Roberts — *Gladys Hall*	54
Tottie Limousine. A satire — *Joseph H. Valise*	59
The Kings and Queens Contest, in which all readers may vote for their favorite players	60
Four Prominent Leading-Men of the Month. Photos	61
The Photodrama. A department for photoplay writers — *Henry Albert Phillips*	62
Via Camera, Wire and Telephone. Illustrated news of the players, told by the lens, 'phone and night-letter	65
Sob Stories of Sammy Screen — *A. L. Handler*	67
Answers to Inquiries	69
Our Pacific Coast News-Letter — *Fritzi Remont*	71
Greenroom Jottings. Little whisperings from everywhere in playerdom	74
Pithy Paragraphs from the Pacific — *Richard Willis*	76
Guide to the Theaters. Stage plays in New York that are worth while — *"Junius"*	77

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Rubye De Remer

The footlights bow down to the arc-light as time and again the studios ravage the stage of its beauties. Ivan Films made a sad hole in the front row of the Ziegfeld "Follies" when they recently captured Rubye de Remer.

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Anna Little

Anna Little, the latest Selznick star, is a true product of the golden West. She literally drove, shot and rode her way into pictures. Her recent marriage to Alan Forrest is the culmination of a fine bit of studio romance.

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Vernon Steele

Not content with playing leading man for Mme. Petrova and Marguerite Clark, Vernon Steele has at last found his "screen mate" in Mae Marsh of the Goldwyn Company. Altho born in Chile and surnamed Steele, Vernon is an ardent Englishman.

© APEDA, N.Y.

Anita Stewart

Anita Stewart is an example par excellence of the screen star who has no stage career back of her. Solely thru her silent voice and her shadow self has she achieved her world - wide popularity.

Nell Craig

Nell Craig, Essanay leading woman, is a fine example of the type that the stage could not create and the studio found a way to create—a fearless feminine athlete. The rich browns of gravure hardly do justice to the shade of her hair and eyes.

© MOFFETT

Santa Barbara needed a particularly bright star for its shaded streets, so Gail Kane joined the American Company and now all's serene. Her six years of stellar honors on the stage and screen have placed her firmly among the Who's Who.

Gail Kane

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Pauline Frederick
If there is a Clara Morris of the Camera Stage it is rightfully Pauline Frederick. In her many and varied voiceless roles she has run the entire gamut of human emotions.

Douglas Fairbanks

Douglas Fairbanks needs no introduction—his smile has made him famous. The electric comedian's pet motto reads: "Smile and the world smiles with you; cry and you get the gate."

Four American Beauties

ELIZABETH BURBRIDGE,
TRIANGLE'S "JACK ROSE"

Photo by Witzel

Photo by Hoover

DOROTHY DAVENPORT,
UNIVERSAL'S BRILLIANT
"POPPY"

MINTA DURFEE, PARA-
MOUNT'S PENSIVE
"PANSY"

Photo by American

CHARLOTTE BURTON, THE VAMPIRE "ORCHID" OF SCREENLAND'S
CONSERVATORY

Ready for the Splash of

FROM Venice to Santa Monica; from Manhattan Beach to Narragansett, the silver sands of the West have sent the call to the East to summon forth its denizens, those beauteous creatures of form and face who are raised by artificial light in glass houses—the studio Naiads. The heat of the sun-baked glass and the thousands of banked

BILLIE RHODES

MAUDE GEORGE

Photo by Witzel

LOUISE FAZENDA

HELEN HOLMES

CLARA WILLIAMS

the Oncoming Waves

"overheads" is unbearable in summer, and a bathing-suit is the camera-player's readiest relief. Most of the fair players' water-toggery is built for business—they've had enough of the hot-house kind that "hangs its clothes on a studio set and wont go near the water." And please remember that when stars and starettes take to the water they are "Little Dippers."

SYLVIA BREMER

ANN PENNINGTON

RUTH ROLAND

MARCIA MOORE

LILLIAN WALKER

The Latest Studio Capture from Broadway

"Senorita" Olive Thomas's perfectly proportioned classic Greek features shaded by a broad-brimmed Mexican sombrero, with the "come hither" expression of her eye, register a defiant challenge to combat. She doesn't know just what she wants to fight about any more than the "greasers" do; it may be merely a hint to start an argument—not for the sake of the cause, but just for the sake of the argument. She makes her entrée into filmdom, via "The Follies" beauty show in N. Y., in an Ince-Triangle play as a débutante in a college dormitory. A pajama party, scenes in a gymnasium, on Fifth Avenue and at Palm Beach, give unlimited opportunity for bewildering changes of apparel.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE FINE ARTS-TRIANGLE STUDIO

Hustling for the "Movie Fan"

By JAY EDWARDS

EDITORIAL NOTE: These figures were secured from three widely separated producing companies. That each company agreed within $1,000 as to cost and within 1,200 as to number of employees, while no one company knew any other was making estimates, is really remarkable. It is true that over 99% of our 28,800,000 movie fans haven't the least idea of the amount of work necessary to keep an ever-changing variety of pictures on the screen for them. This article gives a clearer insight into just what is going on "behind the scenes" in the world of Motion Picture production than any hitherto published.

THE "movie fan" is the biggest proposition to amuse in the United States. Collectively there is almost twenty-nine million of him to be entertained every day—more than a quarter of the country's population.

What he *sees* is the picture on the screen and the little projecting-box up back. What he *knows* is that a group of actors stand before a camera-man who turns a crank and makes the picture. Beyond that, in the minds of at least 99 per cent. of the movie fans is but a vague idea that the pictures the camera-man takes must be developed and sent around to the picture-houses.

Few are the movie fans who have accurate knowledge of the almost unbelievable amount of hustling that is necessary in order that they may go weekly or nightly to be entertained in their favorite picture-house.

That there is a scenario, which is to the Motion Picture what the play manuscript is to the spoken drama, is generally known, but the opinion seems to prevail that a director merely takes this in his hand, reads the directions and gives his orders.

All this is but an infinitesimal fraction of the actual hustling that is necessary in order to provide our 28,800,000 movie fans with their money's worth of amusement. To begin with, some one must originate the plot, whether a single-reel comedy, a five-reel drama or a sixteen-part serial of five reels each.

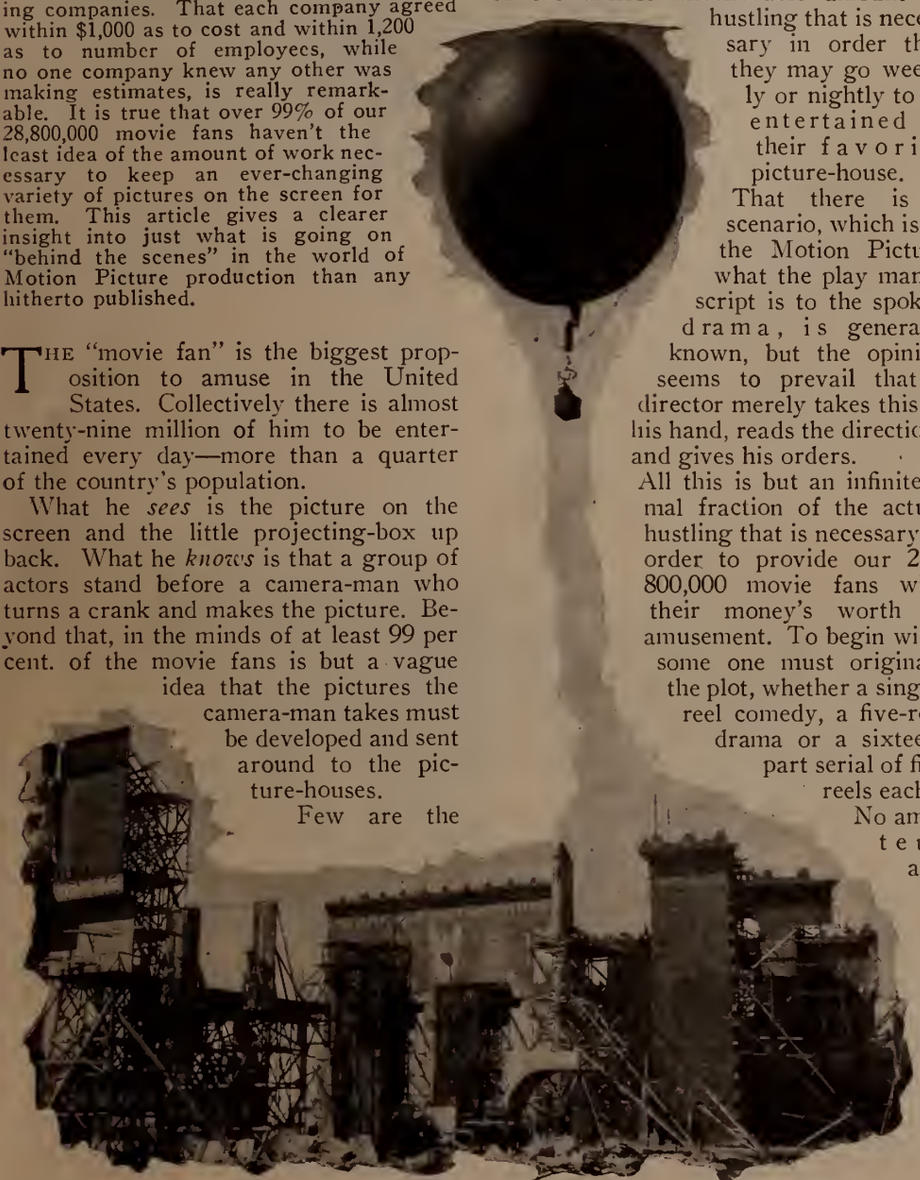
No amateur and few professional writers of Motion Picture plays can turn out a scenario that will be produced as it is written.

While all this hustling is going on to produce the pictures, some one is constantly paying out great quantities of money. It is no exaggeration to say that a number of big features have actually cost as high as $800,000 to produce. Some are advertised as million-dollar productions, which really come within a hundred thousand of that figure.

The first work for the movie fan is done with paper and pencil—the scenario. Nowadays a synopsis of the story is preferred rather than a detailed scenario. Anywhere from $200 to $1,000 is paid for a good 3,000-word synopsis. In some instances $10,000 has been paid.

The best producing companies now pay from $50 to $100 a reel for scenarios or synopses. A "reel" is a thousand feet of film. After this is purchased it goes to the editorial staff. These men are on salary—the chief editor receives from $5,000 to $10,000 a year. Others receive good salaries, or work on piece-work. It will cost about $300 to have the story put in workable scenario form. These skilled men know all about their actors, their studio, their possibilities—I was going to say "limitations," but in these days the prosperous producer of photoplays must have no limitations—and so they work up the story, cutting down a long series of scenes into one and building up a single scene into a full reel or more.

The scenario is now presented to the manager for his approval. His word may be final, or he may have to put it up to the "Big Chief," president of the corporation, as is done in many firms. If the play is approved, it goes back to the editors and the experts who make titles and "leaders"—that is, the reading matter between the scenes that explains where pictures cannot. The scenario is then ready for production. But the company



TAKING PANORAMIC VIEWS, FOR "INTOLERANCE," FROM A CAPTIVE BALLOON

A HASTY LUNCH BETWEEN SCENES AT THANHOUSER STUDIO

has to pay its general manager anywhere from $10,000 to $25,000 a year for his services.

It would seem that the actors might now step before the camera and produce the story in animated pictures, but much yet remains to be done. A copy of the scenario goes to the director. He studies it thoroly and decides on the scenes. He must go himself, or send out intelligent, high-salaried "location men" to select the exterior or out-of-door places for the making of the pictures. Permission must be secured to use handsome residences, sweeping lawns, the grounds of great estates and many other such places, or wild scenic beauty spots.

For the interiors, special scenes must be made. The ever alert movie fans would soon become disgusted if the same settings were used over and over Suppose a great drawing room was used in one picture as the home of the heroine, and in quite another picture was used as the home of the aged rich uncle, and in still a third as the home of a diplomat. The movie fans would exclaim, "Oh, they cant fool me; I saw the same room in half-a-dozen other pictures!"

"New settings" is the constant cry. Carpenters, scene-painters and property-makers work under the directions of the producer, and make the three walls of a dining-room, a chamber, a library or any other room. Or it may be a dance-hall, or a café, or a squalid kitchen, or a factory interior. Real plush hangings are used, or real wall-paper and real wood-work, with real wooden doors. Nothing shows up so quickly as flimsy, make-believe scenery. The scenery that looks good on the stage of the spoken drama would show up in the Motion Picture for just what it is—painted canvas.

All this work must go on before a picture is taken. The scouts find the out-door locations and bring back pictures for the approval of the director. The chief carpenter, property-man and assistants—men who work under good union wages—may spend

THEODORE MARSTON DIRECTING NANCE O'NEIL IN "GREED" (MC CLURE)

THE ASSEMBLING DEPARTMENT OF THE FINE ARTS STUDIO

weeks getting the scenery ready. And now, before an actor has appeared, the cost has piled up. The $1,000 for the original scenario seems a paltry sum. Overhead expenses in the studio, in the making of scenes, the rewriting of the play, the salaries of the heads of departments and the scouts, all pile up, until from $10,000 to $25,000 is expended before a single inch-long picture is taken.

Next come the actors. One or two stars are necessary. They are under contract, and their weekly salaries range from $5,000 up to $15,000—Douglas Fairbanks was getting that at the time he decided to form his own company.

It is difficult to estimate the number of actors; some plays need no more than a dozen, but most five-reelers need about sixty people. In spectacles two or three thousand are needed. In one big spectacle taken at Jamaica ("Daughter of the Gods") 1,500 natives were used at a "salary" of from $0.48 to $1.50 a day, and two hundred real actors on a salary of from $5 up to $10 a day, with the stars getting several thousand each week.

Sometimes a trip across the continent is necessary; sometimes a trip of only a few hundred miles. Again, trips to Florida, Arizona, Bermuda, Canada, Alaska, etc., are necessary.

In the studio other pictures are made. It may cost as high as $11,000 (as it did in one instance) to put on a café scene with many people at the tables, and yet this scene did not run over three minutes on the screen.

It is seldom that some scene does not have to be retaken because of trouble in developing—with the film, or in the work of the people before the camera. As each scene is made, a number is written on a slate and held in front of the camera. These numbers are guides for putting the film together.

Suppose, for example, that a girl meets a young man by a waterfall (in the film story). He is called back to the city; she goes to another city; and finally, a year after, they meet by accident back at the same waterfall. The first waterfall scene may be No. 8 in sequence in the play, and the next one will be No. 119. But both are taken at the same time. The players merely change costumes; and while a year may elapse in the story, in the taking not ten minutes will have elapsed. Pictures finally made, the hustling is only started. Each camera holds two hundred feet of film. Five thousand feet are needed when the picture is perfect. Probably ten thousand feet are taken, because parts have to be cut out or "edited" with the shears, just as an editor will cut down copy with a blue pencil.

Into the dark-room go these light-proof cases holding the films. High-salaried men, expert chemists, work in this darkness; only a glimmer of light is there. The films are so sensitive that the ruby light safe for the amateur photographer's developing would fog these films.

Into the great vats of developer they go—and this war has made developing chemicals about as precious as gold. Then they come out and are put in the fixing-bath, then wound on giant reels which will hold about eight hundred feet.

In a room of proper temperature, cooled by electric fans, these developed films, now negatives, are placed. When dry they are taken into another sort of editorial room, where experts go over them, holding them to the light, looking at each one of the tiny pictures. If there are flaws the scene has to be done over. When the films are perfect, the story editors go in and cut out here and cut out there, and order another scene in this

TECHNICAL DIRECTOR O'NEIL (UNIVERSAL) AT WORK ON MODEL

THE MAGNIFICENT CORONATION SCENE IN "JOAN THE WOMAN"

place, until finally one film—the master film—is just right and passes the National Board of Censors.

From this master film other films are made. A corps of men and women work in the cutting-room, cutting, trimming, and patching together these films. These are rolled in fire-proof, numbered cases ready for shipment. The work is dangerous. Only a few weeks ago a fire started amid the inflammable celluloid in a cutting-room in a studio on Eighth Avenue, in New York City; the actors barely escaped with their lives, and half-a-million dollars' loss resulted in an hour.

The films are then shipped to the various distributing agencies and released all over the country—and the life of the average moving picture is about three months. Some last a year, and a few, like Shakesperian plays, "Quo Vadis?" and the like, will run on and on indefinitely.

For every sixty people who attend Moving Picture theaters there is one man who earns his living hustling for them—or one woman. More than six hundred thousand people earn a good living, many a luxurious living, in the Moving Picture business.

And for every Moving Picture actor or actress there are twenty men and women working in the business who never step before the camera.

A list of the employees in one concern, totaling more than 3,000, is astounding. First come the officials of the corporation, the clerks and stenographers, then the general managers, advertising-men, editors, actors, camera-men, developers, camera-assistants, scene-setters, driers, cutters, packers, shippers, animal-keepers, wardrobe-keepers, carpenters, scenic painters, printers, property-makers, electricians, engineers, location-hunters, agents, publicity men and many others. A great many Moving Picture producers have found it advisable to combine for distributing purposes. Four or five big producers will have one general company thru which they release their combined productions, such as the K. E. S. E., Paramount, etc. One big combination, Kleine, Edison, Selig and Essanay, has a set program of two short comedies and one five-reel picture every week, a super-feature of eight reels and many series and two-reel features every month. They produce, by actual measurement, five hundred miles of film every month. They duplicate their weekly features ninety times and their monthly features one hundred and fifty times. These pictures, or "releases" as they are technically called, go to all parts of this and other countries. One of these combinations will employ fifteen thousand people. They receive four hundred scenarios each day, and purchase about five in a month, creating the others in their own offices.

Striking an average of expenses during the time it takes for production, here is a conservative estimate of the cost of one five-reel picture:

BEHIND THE SCENES	
Salaries of corporation officials	$5,000
General manager	3,000
Director	2,500
Two assistants	1,300
Three camera-men	1,200
Three assistants	600
Three stage-carpenters	250
Twenty other employees	1,800
Overhead expenses	900
	$16,550

ON THE STAGE	
Two stars	$12,000
Three near-stars	5,000
Three prominent characters	2,500
Forty other players on salary	3,000
Supes, by-day actors and dummies	1,100
Transportation and expenses on location	1,200
Total	$41,350

These figures are based on careful estimates from three big producing combinations. The figures of each did not vary more than a thousand dollars, and none of the three knew that any other producer was to furnish figures.

Some very successful five-reel pictures have been produced at a cost of no more than $15,000. Others have cost nearer $100,000. But both cases were exceptions.

The incidentals are enough to make Rockefeller worry. Wardrobes must be furnished—uniforms, hats, shoes, all sorts of costly garments. The real goods must be used, because the camera will make cotton stockings look quite like cotton; and if wigs are used, the very best, costing $50 or more, are necessary, since cheap wigs look exactly like—cheap wigs, in the pictures.

Furniture must be

DEVELOPING-ROOM OF THE FINE ARTS STUDIO

made or bought—costly "props," flowers, bric-à-brac, and all such things. In making the interior of the home of a wealthy character in the play, the real thing must be used—costly rugs, pictures, books, draperies, hangings, mantels, pianos. Boudoir scenes must show modern furnishings. No cheap, painted furniture will suffice.

In the studios the great mercury-tube lights are used. There are dynamos, skilled electricians, costly apparatus and experts to handle the lights in the studio.

Stock is expensive. Raw films cost four cents a foot. With the greatest of luck, four hundred feet will be wasted before a thousand-foot reel is perfected, which means a cost for the raw film alone of $56. Add to this the cost of developing, taking, etc., and it mounts up so rapidly that it would need an adding-machine to keep pace.

Of the greatest importance is the shipping—the distributing of the pictures. Otherwise, none of the thousands of dollars spent is recovered. Most big combinations have a central office which manages from twenty to thirty branches. These films, duplicated, are carefully packed in fire-proof, dust-proof cases and shipped to the thirty branch offices. From there they are sent out by men afoot, or men on trains or in automobiles, to the various picture-houses. The bookkeeping alone is enough to distract an expert accountant. The big houses get them first, the smaller houses next, and then the very cheap places, "nickelodeons" and the like. After that they are sent abroad, and then about all the money in them is extracted.

In all big cities, men have built up a new and profitable business acting as delivery agents. They call at the branch distributing office and get a load of films; then set out thru a certain territory, delivering these films. They go back and get those already shown and take them to the office, and so on, day after day.

Nearly a billion dollars is now invested in the business. An army of half-a-million are hustling for the 28,800,000 movie fans, and the little twenty-minute picture you see on the screen kept at least three thousand people busy for several weeks.

A statistician, who would rather juggle with figures than go to the opera, has declared that if all the movie fans of one day were crowded into one audience they would occupy an area of six square miles, that you would have to look thru a telescope at the screen three miles away, and that there would be a mile or more of people on all sides of you.

He is safe, since any one who doubts him will have to prove him wrong. His statement is based on the fact that there are sixteen thousand Moving Picture theaters in this country giving three performances daily to an average audience of six hundred. A matter of simple multiplication, as follows:

$$16{,}000 \times 3 \times 600 = 28{,}800{,}000.$$

Figures concerning the length of films used are interesting, even tho few can really grasp them understandingly because of their magnitude.

Take all the films used in the sixteen thousand theaters in a single performance and stretch them out in one ribbon, and they would almost reach around the earth at the equator. Take the films used in the three daily shows and they would wrap old Mother Earth in criss-cross fashion, around the equator, and around at the poles, and leave twenty thousand miles over for tying a pretty lovers' knot.

At the same time there is an equal amount of film always in transit.

What a fine tangle that film would make if it once became snarled up!

And all these figures do not include the men in these sixteen thousand theaters who act as owners, managers, doormen, ticket-sellers, ushers, publicity men, musicians, projection-men and others who do various work.

Hustling to amuse the movie fan has become the one greatest industry in this busy world.

The Pickford Piper of Summertown

By HI SIBLEY

I LIVE at a summer resort. In the summer, that is. I have relatives who own a cottage. That is why I live there. At this summer resort is a lake—a beautiful, large lake; a lake large enough to cover the State of Maine to a depth of—oh, ever so many feet, in spite of the drought.

There is a beach adjacent to this lake—a wide, clean beach with shimmering sands. The shimmering sands slide out under the large lake so gently that the most timid bather can wade almost out of sight before the water comes up to his tummy. For bathing one could not find a better or wetter lake, large or small. There are boats on this lake—little boats, big boats, sail-boats, motor-boats, row-boats—flocks, squadrons of boats.

All around this summer resort where I live are wooded glens and bosky dells, except on the lakeside. These wooded glens and bosky dells are lovely retreats where coodlers may coo and communers may commune with Nature.

Beyond the wooded glens and bosky dells are vast orchards where ripen the choicest of fruits—in season. There is a dog or two in these orchards; some say rock salt in the owner's shotgun. But the fruits are there for the spry.

There are beautiful summer homes at this summer resort—artistic summer homes with architecture ranging from Kickapoo to Cuckoo Clock. There is an airy, spacious inn, with much cuisine—unexcelled cuisine. There is a Pally de Danse pagoda hung over the large lake. Moonlight sparkles on the wavelets lapping the feet of the pagoda—sparkling, lapping synchronously with the dulcet thrum-tum of the ukulele.

There is a golf-course at this summer resort where I live—a velvety, undulating golf-course, swept by the gentle, cooling zephyrs from the large lake. There are tennis-courts of virgin clay torn from Mother Earth. There are croquet arenas for the lame, the halt and the blind.

There is a mighty river gnawing at the off corner of this summer resort. There are great fishes in this river—many fishes—voracious, aggressive fishes. One has to stand behind a boathouse to bait his hook.

It is an alluring summer resort—a delightful, captivating summer resort. From the murky, madding city come the throngs—tired men, nervous women, obstreperous offspring. Some one else's offspring, that is. Here is peace, here is rest, here is surcease from the noise-bound, nerve-racking, soot-begrimed city—surcease from the tawdry, vapid amusements of the city. Here is beautiful Nature in her best duds.

But—

Near this summer resort is a village—an ancient village, a decrepit, ingrowing village. In the ancient village is a street. In the street is a cow—a leisurely, cogitating cow; a dog—a somnolent, flea-pestered dog; grass—grass here, there, everywhere in the street. There are buildings on the street—one, two, six, nine buildings. They are dejected buildings—feeble, frame buildings with lean-to's. Here and there the main buildings lean, too.

There is paint on one of the buildings that does not lean on the street, or one of the buildings on the street that does not lean. There is a sign on the painted, leanless buildings. The sign on the painted, leanless building reads:

FRANCIS X. PICKFORD
Three Reels
Change of Bill Daily
Matinée and Evening All This Week

It is morning at the summer resort. Three hundred souls are in the summer resort. It is morning in the village. Twenty-seven souls are in the village.

It is afternoon at the summer resort. Nought souls are in the summer resort. Three hundred and twenty-seven souls are in the village.

Evening, same.
Tuesday, same.
Wednesday, same.
Thursday, same.
Friday, same.
Saturday, same.

A Modern

In Which Stuart Holmes, Master-

By ROBERTA

IN real life he is a sweet Christian gentleman, educated, polished, courteous—a typical American gentleman of the twentieth century. But on the screen he is so wicked that he positively writhes. Thru one hundred thousand feet of film, approximately twenty miles of celluloid, Stuart Holmes has practiced his villainy on everybody in the Fox studios, from June Caprice right on thru the entire list of Fox stars. Perhaps you think so much villainy is bound to result in a bit of it in real life. Oh, dear, no! His home is twentieth-century Manhattan, you know!

Thinking it would be interesting to know his own opinion of his iniquities, I journeyed to the Fox studios and interviewed him on the subject, finding that his opinion is really quite as interesting as I had imagined it would be.

"A 'heavy'," he explained his idea to me, "is a man above the plane of the hero or leading-man. His is a stronger nature. He is the stronger. He has more aggression. In one sense he is the victim of circumstances. When the 'heavy' loses the love of the girl—to whom he has an equal right with the hero to give his love—he becomes temporarily unbalanced. He displays aggression and force that is lacking in the hero."

"Well!" I gasped, inwardly, "this is refreshing—this candor—to say the least of it!"

"If you will investigate," he went on, warming to his subject—it's evidently a pet one with him—"you will find that practically all great men of history were 'heavies.' Napoleon in the past, Rockefeller in the present, and all between, the men who have gone to the front in their calling are practically 'heavies,' displaying an aggression that has put them where they are."

At this moment an assistant-director—may his tribe never increase!—rushed up and informed Mr. Holmes that he was wanted in the "set" where he was working opposite Theda Bara. He excused himself and left me to meditate his novel and somewhat startling ideas as to "heavies."

When he returned I had an opportunity to put a question that had been tantalizing me for some time.

"How does it seem to play opposite Miss Bara?" I questioned

He laughed a bit.

"She throws herself into her part so forcefully, and puts so much of her whole nature into the rôle, that it is like reality to her," he answered my somewhat impertinent question. "When she throws herself into my arms, in a scene, it is real. I have to brace myself, she comes with so much force."

During the course of our chat I discovered that the least of Stuart Holmes' accomplishments is his Moving Picture work. He is most versatile and has developed his other talents as well as his acting. He studied sculpture under

Jekyll-Hyde

Villain, Discusses and Is Discussed

COURTLANDT

Photo by Mishkin

Rodin, the famous French sculptor; and his works, which are on exhibit in several cities, bear a marked resemblance to the works of his great tutor, both being marked by the same awkward poses and the same muddy, indefinite outlines. Mr. Holmes is a member of the impressionistic school, the recently so much discussed cubist art, and he has several examples of this type of work. At present he is at work on a bust of President Wilson, which is to be used in the publicity work of the Fox Company. Others of his works, well known to art devotees, are: "The Voice of the Winds," "Man of Woman Born," and "Death."

Besides sculpture, he also follows his impressionistic art into the field of poetry, having written several poems that have been published both in America and abroad. His sketches follow the same type. It is interesting to note that while poetry and drawing have both been worked before with this impressionistic touch, this is the first time an American artist has ventured into the field of sculpture with cubist notions, and his success has been very flattering.

While screen-work is his vocation, art his avocation, animals are his fad. He has a large collection, and only recently tried to purchase several specimens from the Barbee zoo, but the owner was unwilling to sell.

So you see, my statement that he is a most versatile man has been proven by this, hasn't it?

And, by the way, he has earned for himself a nickname that deserves explanation. He is called, about the studio and by his intimates, "The Banshee of the Films" 'Cause why? 'Cause he's superstitious! Honest Injun! This fact was discovered when he was asked to explain the curious circular bed, the only one of its kind in America, and designed by himself, that occupies the exact center of his bedroom. "I had the bed made in its rather bizarre form," he explained, "because I am superstitious. I admit it. It's a habit of mine, just as eating is a habit with many people I have met."

"But what has superstition to do with a circular bed?" I inquired, gazing at the picture with some amazement.

"Simply this," he elucidated—"I never felt happy as long as I had to take a chance on getting out of bed on the left side. That means bad luck, you know. Often I would forget myself, and before I knew it I had set my foot on the dreaded left side and my spirits were down to zero minus for the day. Something bad would always happen on that day, and I was in a bad state until I happened to think of a circular bed. So there it is," and he indicated the photograph in my hand of the bizarre, freakish bit of furniture.

No doubt he would never have confessed to this bit of superstition and the result of it were it not for the fact that recently, when at work on "Love and Hate," he suggested to his harassed director that his own rooms be used as a model for the apartment of the "heavy" in the picture. Director James Vincent leaped at the offer, and immediately Technical Director William Bach and his

(*Continued on page* 66)

A Flower

By Rose

BEAUTY and grace are only two of the exploited assets possessed by charming May Allison.

In our histories we find a number of great heroes—some even greater than others; the same applies to the film-acting profession. We have a number of excellent actresses, but a few whose work stands out like monuments, and included prominently in this category is the impressive screen artist, Miss May Allison, who, with Harold Lockwood, has been co-starring in a series of delightful Metro-Yorke plays.

According to Dame Rumor, a few years ago, after closing a season at the Maxine-Elliott Theater in "Apartment 12," a dainty Southern girl, attracted to Motion Pictures, made application at the Famous Players' Eastern studio, and, similarly to cases experienced by David Wark Griffith, the studio manager realized he had discovered in his applicant a "find," and immediately engaged her to play with William H. Crane in "The Old Homestead."

"It was at this time that I first met Mr. Lockwood," spoke this same Southern girl. "We both played with Mr. Crane in 'The Old Homestead,' and this being my first screen-work, the various bits of information volunteered by Harold Lockwood proved to be of invaluable assistance. He taught me the necessity of certain screen tricks, the advantage of shading my eyes with light-blue make-up instead of dead-black, never to wear white dresses on account of refraction, and oh, so many other useful hints that I have since found to be very useful. I think that incident is responsible for our present association in pictures. A splendid part with Edith Wynne Matthison took me back to the stage for a season, and how I did yearn all during this time to return to the films! The lure of pictures evidenced itself so strongly that I canceled a perfectly good speaking-stage contract and became as determined as a schoolgirl that I would seek my fate in screen-work. I was engaged by Lasky to do a picture for them in California, and during this time I was approached by the American Company with an offer to play opposite Harold Lockwood in Mutual pictures. My happiness then could only be compared to a boy being presented with his first pair of long trousers.

"Immediately after finishing at the Lasky studio, I departed for Santa Barbara, where I remained until Harold Lockwood and myself were engaged as a co-starring team by Fred J. Balshofer, who then started the Yorke-Metro Company. I love Motion Picture work. It is all so fascinating. There is so much excitement when out on location—eating our lunches in funny

Photo by Hartsook

Of the South Chester

restaurants wherever we might be working at that particular time. If we are doing mountain pictures, we usually carry our lunches and make our own coffee. Mountain stream water is so refreshing, and this California air makes one so hungry. I'll let you in on a secret. I started to diet yesterday. Dont you think I'm growing awfully stout? You cant expect a screen hero to worship, all thru five reels of film, a stout and uninteresting heroine. That is not true to life, therefore my diet," she said smilingly. I concluded mentally that May Allison treats her work seriously.

"As a young girl I nursed an ambition to be a grand opera prima donna. I had just finished my education in Tennessee and came to Philadelphia to a finishing school. Some of my associates told me I possessed a rare, lyric soprano voice, and I had my voice cultivated. A few years later I tried to write a light opera, 'The Life of Moses,' and we produced it at my home town in Georgia, with neighbors as the players. This was the turning-point in my career. I was determined to come to New York and become an actress. Despite the protests of my family, my mother came to the big city with me. I was directed to the Savage office by a friend of mother's, and, to my startling surprise, I was engaged to play the part of 'Vanity,' but soon afterward I was entrusted with the character of 'Beauty' in 'Everywoman.' Next I joined Ina Claire in 'The Quaker Girl' and became her understudy. Very often when out on the road I played the principal part. The ingénue lead in 'Miss Caprice,' with De Wolf Hopper, was my next engagement, and then I played my first leading rôle in 'Apartment 12.' Motion Pictures appealed to me, and I, on the impulse of the moment, decided to try my fate."

We all know of May Allison's brilliant career from this point. "Good books and the world have been my two best tutors, which has been the case with several of my girl friends. Books like Flaubert's 'Salammbo' are very interesting to me. I remember so distinctly the vivid character of Salammbo's father, who proved to be the hero of the day with his ingenious methods of combating with the barbarians," and she smiled girlishly.

We talked of precious stones, this being suggested by a pigeon blood ruby that she wore on her ring-finger.

"I love people, especially fascinating people, for they usually know something interesting, altho at times I have been deceived. Life to me is a beautiful adventure, with its human treats and sights of interest. I have no worries. My work is pleasant, the environment is very congenial, and oft-times I have repeated to myself: 'May Allison, you are pretty lucky. What of the poor girl that slaves daily in the factory for a small salary, who is perhaps just as talented, but lacks the opportunity fate ordained for

(*Continued on page* 66)

THE LAND OF SUNSHINE AND FLOWERS

DONT BE DECEIVED INTO BELIEVING THAT CALIFORNIA IS ENTIRELY THE LAND OF SUNSHINE AND FLOWERS—HERE IS VIVIAN MARTIN (MOROSCO) IMPERSONATING AN ESKIMO WHITE-WING NOT FIFTY MILES FROM HER OWN HOME IN LOS ANGELES. SHE IS STARRING WITH JACK PICKFORD IN "THE GIRL AT HOME" (LASKY)

The Danger Trail (Selig)

By DOROTHY DONNELL

This story was written from the photoplay entitled "The Danger Trail," based on the famous novel of that name by JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD — copyright, 1910. This abbreviated version is issued with the special permission of the publishers, the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

"DEAR GOD, NOT *THEIR* WAY!" SHE WHISPERED

VIOLET HEMING AS MELEESE

THREE they had set out from Wakuska, and the snows five days behind them bore the tracks of but three, yet Meleese knew that, forever with them, unseen, unheard, but close by her side strode a fourth presence that her brothers did not recognize. The nearer they came to the settlement the more plainly she felt it, and once, in a pattern of bony larch-boughs flung across the snows, she seemed to see the skeleton shadow of the Fourth Traveler, whose name was Death.

On the lurid dawning of the sixth day her sled, which was a little in advance of her brothers', swept from the dimness of the forest into open daylight, sharp, glittering from a million diamond facets of snow. At her feet lay Hudson, the outpost of the North, indescribably sooty and mean on the eternal whiteness that lay virgin to the sky's embrace as far as the eyes could see. The girl stared down at the huddle of roofs, with a veil of smoke drawn across them as tho to hide their ugliness, and her breath rose in her throat on the tide of a great sob. She lifted her hands, appealing to the Ear that hears the sparrow's silent fall.

"Dear God, not *their* way!" she whispered thru quivering lips. "Not *their* way—but Thy Son's——"

"Yoho!" Pierre's deep call boomed behind her. "The end of the trail, Meleese! What—tired, girl?"

She turned a pale face to the two men who came up in a flurry of loose snow and sleigh-bells.

"Pierre! Max!" She pressed her clenched hands to her round girl-breast, fighting for control. "Do you still mean to do—what you meant when we started? You've changed your minds, haven't you? Yes, yes—of course you have."

Pierre Thoreau flung back his head in a great bellow of a laugh that jangled along the sky with the sound of a pack of wolves sighting their prey. "You are a soft little fool!" he said with rough tenderness, "but it is as it should be, I suppose, for a woman to shudder from blood. We would not have you otherwise, eh, Max? Fear not, small bird, your part is simple. Only to flutter, flutter, with a broken wing, luring the prey into our trap; then you can spread your pinions and fly beyond hearing or seeing."

"But God will hear. God will see," Meleese said slowly. In the white oval of her face her black eyes seemed too large for their setting. "No, no, Pierre! Dont, ah, dont kill him—take him prisoner; yes, fight him like a man, yes, but not murder! Not *that*——"

"Think of our mother, and his father frying in hell for what he did to her, spawn of the devil!" Max raised his heavy fist on high in a gesture frightful to see. "You were too young then, barely three, when we came home that night to find you asleep in the circle of her dead arm. You cannot understand the hatred we feel, we who buried our dishonored dead that night, and swore over her grave never to rest till the whole breed of the beast who had done it was sent to hell!"

"I will have nothing to do with it!" the girl spoke defiantly. "The son was only a boy, playing in the yard with me, when *he* came out of the cabin and carried him away. He was not guilty; why should he be punished? If you do it I will stand by without raising a finger to help."

Pierre spoke to his brother in a low voice, evidently arguing. Presently they turned to her.

"Very well. Have it your own way, then. We will not kill him, but he must fight us. You will not refuse us that?"

Meleese sighed. She turned to her sled and clambered upon it in a silence which consented to their words. The dogs strained at their harness, flinging rainbows of snow before their eyes, and the streets of Hudson rose to meet them, with their dingy hotels, restaurants and trading stores.

It was a different Meleese, all feminine charm and daintiness, who sat, three hours later, alone at a table in the Grand Mogul chop suey restaurant, apparently enthralled with the lights in their garish sheathing of crimson and saffron lanterns, the clang and clatter of the mechanical piano, the laughter and chatter of the crowd. For the moment she had almost forgotten the dreadful errand that had brought her thither, in her purely feminine delight in the silken sheen of the dress she had bought an hour ago and the joyous memory of her image in the mirror, repeated in the admiring glances cast on her now. She clutched at her moment of girlish triumph with swiftly beating joy, the stares of the men going to her head like wine. Then, all in a moment, the bubble of her pleasure was pricked. She caught a glimpse, across the restaurant, of her brothers standing in the doorway, watching a tall young man making his leisurely way among the tables in her direction.

Meleese cast a swift glance at the lean, attractive face which was the target of their hateful regard. The man was very young, dark, with a clear, wholesome skin and a firm jaw. She liked the way his hair swept back, boyishly, from his forehead; liked his mouth, and his square chin with the little cleft in it. A white pallor ran across her face like the lividness of Death. *What was she thinking?*

YEARS BEFORE JEAN CROISSET HAD TRACKED DOWN HIS MAN

Dear God! And this was the man they had come five hundred miles to kill——

John Howland, casting a casual glance about for a vacant seat, caught a girl's face lifted to his with such a look of agony that he was actually startled. He saw that she was young, lovely, alone, and in trouble, and for these four very good reasons he dropped down into the seat opposite her with a disarming smile of apology.

"Do you mind my sitting here? There seems to be a stiff crowd tonight." His frank eyes rested on Meleese with open admiration and concern. She certainly was far and away the loveliest girl he had seen in this forsaken country; for that matter, Broadway couldn't beat her; and she certainly was in some sort of trouble. The breast of her dark-blue silk gown was rising and falling with her quick breathing, her lips were quivering, and—yes, her eyes were full of tears. Impulsively, Howland leaned forward.

"You'll have to excuse me if I sound fresh," he said ruefully; "truly, I dont mean it that way. If you'd rather I'd beat it this minute I will, but you look—you seem to be worried about something. I'd be mighty glad if I could be of some help. Maybe if you looked on me as a sort of brother you could tell me what was wrong, and I'd see what I could do. There aren't many troubles that cant be patched up one way or another, you know."

Meleese looked involuntarily beyond him to where, tall and grim, Pierre and Max stood in the doorway talking to the half-breed, Jean Croisset. Even as she saw them they caught her eye and made a sign that she could not mistake. She shuddered and looked down at the melting ice on her plate. A dank breath of air seemed to have blown suddenly across the room, and the scent of the food to become the charnel odor of tombs. And again she knew that Another, grisly, unseen, sat at the table with herself and the man she must betray.

"I am—in trouble," she said, in a low tone, not meeting his eyes. "But I cannot tell you what it is. There are others concerned more than I."

"I see." Howland nodded gravely. "I'm sorry. It's a queer thing, but I hope you'll believe me when I say I'd give a lot to help you. Somehow I feel as if I'd known you before! Of course, that's absurd, but the moment I saw you I had an impression we were old friends."

He turned the menu-card over absently. Meleese saw, under the fringe of her lashes, that his hands were firm, yet sensitive, with tapering fingers and well-kept nails; with a flash-back of memory she saw childish hands like his building a fort of wood-chips in a snowy yard. She grew suddenly sick and faint, and rose to her feet, groping blindly for her cloak over the back of the chair. Hardly realizing what was happening, she felt his hand on her arm steadying her, felt him place the cloak about her shoulders, and guide her from the dizzy lights and sounds into the night air.

The stinging cold revived her like water flung in her face. She lifted grateful eyes to his anxious gaze.

"Thank you—it was so hot in there; I'm not—used to it," she faltered. "I'm all right now. You must go back to your dinner."

"Dinner can wait." John Howland spoke contentedly. "I'm going to take you home first. Which way do we go?"

Meleese caught her breath. There was an imperceptible pause. Her head went up resolutely.

"I will show you the way," she said in a voice that cut like a fine blade. "But if you come it is because you want to come, not because I ask it."

Howland laughed out amusedly. What a tragic little person it was! He was actually aware, as they passed down the street together, that a certain unused organ, located under his watch-pocket, was behaving in a strangely erratic manner, and tho he had all the sensations of talking, he did not have the least notion what he was saying.

But Meleese listened; Meleese heard. And the heart of Meleese was cold and heavy like a stone, in her young breast. On the outskirts of the town she paused. Before them the squat bulk of the Prince Albert Hotel loomed against the sky. The stars looked down with cold, passionless eyes. Ahead, in the thicket of firs, waited her brothers and Jean Croisset. She had seen their shadows always on the road as she came, moving silently ahead of them. Suddenly she clutched Howland's arm, rigid with horror.

"No, no further"—she spoke in a strangled tone. "Go back! I cant bear it—oh, dear God!"

For even at that moment a slim, lithe form sprang from the thicket and bore down upon them. The moon, which had been hidden by a cloud, glided out on the blue floor of the sky, and the world grew silver. Gasping, moaning, Meleese saw the two men clinch and fall struggling to the ground with little grunts and hissing spurts of breath, then she turned and fled, stumbling, into the firs where Pierre and Max stood grimly watching.

"You promised!"—she beat their breasts with frantic hands—"you promised not to kill him!"

The men laughed harshly. "Well, are we killing him?" Max mocked her. "Jean did not promise. Faithful Jean, who sent us word when he found our enemy that we might come and watch his punishment!"

Meleese stared from under the low-swung branches with wide eyes. As the men's bodies rose and fell a gleam of something like triumph crept into them.

"A man!" she whispered. "He is a *man*——"

John Howland brought one sinewy arm about the half-breed's neck, drawing it closer and closer in a strangle-hold. A pistol-barrel flashed in the silver light. Contemptuously he bent back the arm holding the ugly thing, gave a final twist of well-knit muscles, and rose, tossing the weapon into a clump of bushes.

"Get up and get out!" he said succinctly to the prostrate figure on the ground. "I dont know what your idea is, but I dont like your way of expressing it."

He dusted his hands fastidiously, rescued his fur cap from the path, turned on his heel, and was gone. Jean Croisset groaned, stirred experimentally, and wavered to his feet. Pierre and Max hurried to him, snarling like dogs who have been deprived of their prey.

"He shall pay dearly, curse him!" the half-breed said, baring his square, yellow teeth in a grin of pain. "Another score to settle, eh, friends? Bone of his bone, blood of his blood—break the one, spill the other! Is it not so?"

Meleese faced them sturdily. "It was a fair fight; dont whine, Jean Croisset!" she cried. "No coward blow in the back, remember, or, as my mother hears me say it, I will turn you over to the law!"

She whirled about and ran, blood thudding in her ears, till she gained her own room at the hotel. With tremulous fingers she unbuttoned the pretty blue dress and drew it off. In her scant, coarse night-dress she faced her telltale face in the mirror, and read in its blushes and quivering a confession she feared, yet exulted to see. Out of that night of dread and terror it had come, the still, clear voice that summoned her to her woman's heritage. Perhaps, after all, the unseen presence who had walked beside her on the long journey had not been Death, but Love.

She dropped to her knees and clasped her hands like a child.

"I pray the Lord," she whispered solemnly, "*his* soul to keep."

As John Howland was bending above his blue-prints and engineering books in his cabin the next morning, he heard a rustle at the door, and looked up to see Meleese standing in the doorway. For a long while they faced each other silently, the man's face grim and questioning, the girl's pleading and wretched. With a half-sob she pushed the door shut and crossed the room till she was standing close to him. He saw the tiny, blue pulse-beat in her white temples, saw the soft bloom on her flesh, felt the warmth of her breath on his hand.

"You must not stay here in Hudson Bay," she said simply. "You must go back to the States."

"But I have a railroad to build." He spoke curtly, remembering the strange happenings of the night before. "A mere detail, of course, but it interferes with my complying with your request. If you could furnish any further reasons——"

"I cant explain"—her fingers twisted and untwisted—"but the laying of the railroad will be a danger trail for you. If life is precious to you, to some one back in the States, perhaps, you will not question me, nor hesitate, but go quickly while there is still time——"

Her voice caught on a jagged sob. A light leaped to his face. He leaned forward, touching her fingers gently with his blunt man-ones.

"Little girl of the North, why do you care what becomes of me? *Why?*"

Meleese drew her hands away and stepped back slowly, eyes held in his, till she had reached the door. A strange hush held the world, outside, inside. For one instant spring was in the room—spring with its flowers and folly, its madness of moons and May-days, its youth and love and magic mating urge.

"Because I think—I love you," said Meleese, faintly. At this moment wom-

JOHN HOWLAND BROUGHT ONE SINEWY ARM ABOUT JEAN'S NECK

anly modesty and convention, and even the dreadful facts of reality, were filmy, unsubstantial things.

Howland gave a little cry and took a step toward her, arms outstretched, when something checked him. Her eyes were not on him, but on the window, with dilated pupils that seemed to gaze at some unimaginable horror. He followed their sick stare to the pane and caught a glimpse of a face, bloated with rage, flattened against the glass, watching them. There was something in the instant's vision of the face that made Howland think of a swollen spider, hairy, warty, watching a fly struggling in its web. It fascinated him; when he could tear his gaze from the window Meleese was gone!

Oddly weak and unstrung, the man sank into a chair. He felt as tho some invisible web of mystery, danger and horror were enmeshing his power of clear vision and his strength of will. For a moment panic swept him—primitive, unreasoning panic—and he wished himself safely back in the cheery commonplace of the New York office, with typewriters clacking about him, and Broadway roaring below the windows. Then he thought of Meleese, and all fears or doubts were gone like miasmas under the healthy sunlight.

"And to think I always laughed at the notion of love at first sight!" he cried aloud, eager as a boy. "Why, I dont even know her name or where she lives, but I know *her!* I couldn't be mistaken—she's my woman, and I'm going to find her. I'm going to love the trouble out of her heart, and kiss her lips till they stop quivering and *smile.* That's what I came North for—now I know!"

He could not guess, when he uttered those brave words, the weary months that must pass before they could be fulfilled. When he went thru Hudson Bay the next day all trace of Meleese and her brothers was gone; it was as tho she had never been—as tho his strange night and morning had been an exotic dream, builded of impossible joys and improbable dangers, as is the way of dreams. Only in his own heart did Howland cherish the proof of its reality, his love for the girl who had come and gone so suddenly and silently.

Then, four months later, passing along Victoria Street one morning, when even the world of the Northland was flavored with June, he met Jean Croisset face to face.

The half-breed stared at him defiantly, and would have passed on, but Howland stopped him with a stern gesture.

"Where is she?" he demanded. "It was you at the window that day. I can see in your face you know. Dont lie to me—*where is she?*"

"She's safe from you, anyway, thank God!" sneered the man. "Yes, I could tell you where she is, and if I told you that you would know where your grave would be. Yes, I could tell you how to get there and how many days it would take, and from that you could reckon the very day when you must die!"

"Stop that nonsense." Howland's jaw commenced to ridge under the dark skin. "I dont know what you're driving at, and I dont care. If you think you can frighten me by your voodoo gibberish, you're mistaken. If you dont tell me everything you know, I'll lick you till you're half dead, and *then,* if you still dont, I'll finish the job. But take me to her and I'll give you a hundred dollars! How about it—will you go?"

"GO QUICKLY WHILE THERE IS STILL TIME——"

Jean Croisset's lips twisted in an evil smile. Let those brothers of Meleese find this man seeking her out and they would kill him, vow or no vow. Then, with him dead, perhaps Meleese would smile on the friend of her father who had loved her since she was a baby.

"Very well," he told Howland, with a shrug of his shoulders, "I will guide you to her cabin, but I have warned you, and I warn you once again. The trail that takes you to her will end in death for you, mis'eu. What say you—will you go?"

Into the silent forests of the Northland went two men that afternoon; out of the silent forests they came five days later, and there before them in the clearing stood a tiny cabin formed of mortised logs. At the sight, flames leaped to the eyes of the two, the flame of exultation, the flame of hate. Jean put two fingers to his lips and gave a barbaric call. The door of the cabin opened, and Meleese appeared, gazing at the approaching travelers with wonder that was drowned in the red tide of joy as she recognized Howland. But before he could speak he felt himself seized from behind in a grip not to be shaken off, and turned his head to find Pierre and Max Thoreau holding his arms, while Jean Croisset stood by, smiling a bland and oily smile. Howland glanced at Meleese, to find her white and trembling against the door-frame. He managed to control his anger for her sake.

"Come now, friends," he said coolly, "suppose you tell me what the trouble is. This is an unfriendly reception you give callers, I must say!"

Pierre broke forth into blasphemy, but Max silenced him. "Let Jean tell him why we hate him," he said; "it is only fair he should know why he is going to die."

"Son of the father!" snarled the elder brother between clenched teeth, "we can save our womankind from you, at least. Get you in! Meleese, come away!"

The slamming door erased Howland's last vision of the girl, piteous with tears, arms outstretched to him. With a deep breath he sat down beside the table in the center of the cabin, and indicated the chair opposite to the half-breed.

"Let's have the story, whatever it is," he said quietly. "There's some mistake, of course; perhaps we can find out what."

"The mistake was in coming here, mis'eu," said Jean Croisset blandly, "but if you wish it, here is the tale.

"Ours was the happiest trading-post in the Northwest years ago, and the reason?—the Factor and his young wife and little ones, a daughter, two sons. She was the light of God's sunshine to us all, and we would have died to serve her.

"Then the stranger came, he and his young son, on a sled out of a red sun-

"I FORCED HIM TO TELL US WHERE *YOU* WERE"

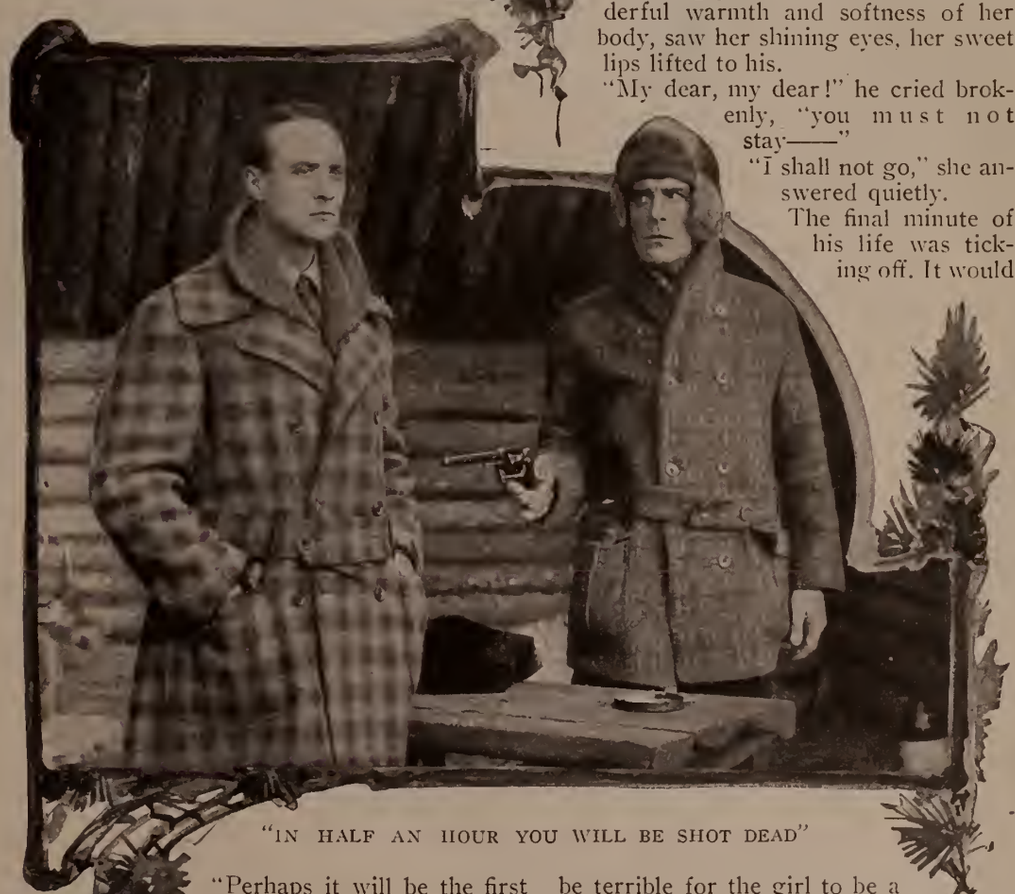
trapping trip to find the poor, pretty lady dead on her cabin floor, and the cur that had betrayed her fled with his young whelp. Then and there the Factor and his young sons and I swore to find both of them, and slay them very slowly, so they might know they were dying, but very surely.

"The Factor died soon, but his sons live, and his little lass, too. The first part of our vengeance was performed ten years ago, when I slew your father—I, with my bare hands. Eh! How prettily he died! It was quite a treat to watch his face as he felt the first flames of hell lick his feet! And before he died I let the life back into him long enough to force him to tell us where *you* were."

Jean Croisset rose to his feet with a bow, mocking, derisive, like a jester making obeisance to Death. "And now the second part of our vengeance is about to be performed. In half an hour precisely as the clock ticks you will be shot dead thru one of the cracks in these walls. Till then, friend, farewell. And carry our regards to mis'eu your father, frying merrily below!"

John Howland opened his lips as if to speak, then closed them firmly. Without stirring in his chair he watched the half-breed glide out of the room, and heard the stout bolt slide into place behind him. Then he took out his watch, opened it and laid it on the table. Half an hour and the world would be blotted out in one cataclysmal moment—half an hour and he would be wiser than the wisest *savant* in the universe, for he would know what lay beyond the Last Breath.

set. He stayed a night at the Factor's house, and then he stayed a week, mis'eu. One evening we came home from a



"IN HALF AN HOUR YOU WILL BE SHOT DEAD"

"Perhaps it will be the first breath of another life," he mused. "Gee! I wish I could have built that railroad! But it cant be helped now—five minutes gone! How many five minutes I've wasted in my life! But I'm not afraid, not yet anyhow. I sort of think God will give me a square deal——"

Twenty minutes later he was still unafraid, but a bit impatient. It seemed ridiculous to be sitting here waiting. He glanced about, half rising, then sank back in his chair. Escape was impossible. It would be childish and undignified to attempt it. Explanation—argument—would certainly be of no avail. He glanced at his watch. Two minutes more!

With a steady hand he filled his pipe from a tobacco-pouch, but he did not light it. For suddenly, as pictures of the past flash before a drowning man, a picture of the future filed before his eyes — the future he would never know: Meleese's face with the bride-wonder in it; a fireside; a child in her arms——

"If I could have kist her just once," he said aloud, with infinite longing, "then it would be easier to die——"

A step sounded at the door. John Howland rose as if at a summons and stood proudly erect, waiting for what must come. But it was not Death yet, but Love that opened the door.

"If they kill you, they shall kill me!" cried Meleese, and ran into his hungry arms. He felt the wonderful warmth and softness of her body, saw her shining eyes, her sweet lips lifted to his.

"My dear, my dear!" he cried brokenly, "you must not stay——"

"I shall not go," she answered quietly.

The final minute of his life was ticking off. It would be terrible for the girl to be a witness of his death, yet he hated to force her to leave. He pictured the jagged streak of flame thru the cabin wall, the crash of the bullet into his body, the red blood flowing freely, and Meleese moaning over his body.

"Good God!" he cried, "I am no coward, but give me one hour more—my lifetime!"

Meleese sprang away from him, the terror of the awful ending in her eyes.

"Cannot you speak?" she said hoarsely. "Lie, lie—tell them anything to gain time!"

"Why should I lie?" he said. "Cant you see that they are drunk with blood?"

She shivered as he took her hands gently in his.

"You alone shall know my secret," he whispered—"you and my Maker. I am not the John Howland whom your brothers seek to kill."

The girl closed her eyes and moaned softly. "Oh, the pity of it, the pity of it!" she sobbed.

"Can I tell them this," he went on quietly—"that I am an American, born and bred, who never saw the Factor, your father, nor heard of your tragedy before?"

"They would not believe you," she said softly—"the blood-lust is heavy upon them."

For a dreamy moment they sat silent, her hands gently held in his. "You will some time see my shadow on the snow," he said at last, "and will know that I am always near you."

"Always, always your dear face will fill my eyes," she crooned.

"It is as it should be," he said humbly. "Our love was a very beautiful one."

They sat silent, listening to the slow approach of feet from the dry forest.

HE PICTURED THE FUTURE HE SHOULD HAVE HAD

"They have come," he said—"kiss me!"

They who say the day of miracles is over do not know whereof they speak, for it was a miracle indeed that brought the truth to the three avengers in time to save John Howland's life. Afterwards they marveled over it together, Meleese and he, that the letter telling of the death of the other John Howland should have come just when it did, breathless over sea and land, to save an innocent man from the grip of coincidence. But now they hardly heeded Pierre's stammered words of apology and explanation, and he, seeing that their thoughts were far from things of Death and Life, went away and left them together, knowing only that all dangers and shadows had passed away. Love is the greatest miracle in the world, and those who have found it know no wonder at lesser marvels and mysteries. For Fate and Circumstance are only juggling necromancers working tinsel tricks and sleight-of-hand, but Love is an inexplicable miracle worked by the hand of God.

As for Jean Croisset, he had been good after his kind, too. His love of Meleese was elemental but true; his hate of Howland just the same. And so he smiled thru his tears.

The Optimist and the Pessimist

By HARRY J. SMALLEY

DEAR readers, our lesson today consists of a study of those two familiar, but easy-to-get-tangled words, "Pessimist" and "Optimist." And to get over the worst part of our lesson first we will consider the Pessimist.

Never you mind what the dictionary says. Mr. Webster came before Motion Pictures; and as the Pessimist and Optimist came in *with* the pictures, Noah W. didn't know anything about them.

The Pessimist is an awful thing! And ornery—gracious! You first notice him at the ticket window, where he has just been caught trying to sneak a lead dime to the cashier. That wistful but watchful blonde chases it back at him and he digs up a nickel and five pennies. Then he hollers about the cost of admission. Says a nickel is enough for *any* show.

Then he goes grumbling in and walks on thirty or forty feet, and bruises corns and shins of perfect strangers who are perfectly willing to murder him. He is looking for something. He finds it and is happy. It is the only broken seat in the theater!

He stands up and calls the usher and loudly rebukes him! He also denounces the management, the audience, the mayor, the Army and Navy, and the Kihoo of Dingbatt! He is finally suppressed and sits glowering at the screen. Be the scene pathetic, he sneers. If it is a love scene, he snarls. If it is a comedy, he grunts. Nothing *ever* pleases a Pessimist!

And you needn't blame old Jasper T. Indigestion! No, sir! It is not because his food doesn't agree with him that makes the Pessimist act so. Food agrees with everybody. It's because the Pessimist is so doggone mean that *he* dont agree with his food! He wouldn't agree with anything or anybody!

And never does he say a picture is good! It is always "bad" or "rotten." Sometimes, when he is feeling pretty good (for a Pessimist), he will unloosen a bit and say a picture is "fair," but that is as far as he will unbuckle his boost belt!

Always shun the Pessimist, dear children. He's no good, all the time, all the way thru and back again. And mean! Why, if he had nine eyes he wouldn't give you a wink!

And now let us view his opposite, the Optimist. Ah! there's a regular fellow, dear children! When he enters the lobby he always looks about to see if there isn't a stray kid or two he can take in with him. And once inside he enjoys himself. If you step on his feet you dont need to apologize. He'll do that! "They're too big, anyway," he'll say; "serves me right for bringing them along with me!" Or something like that, you know. Nothing ever makes *him* mad.

And *all* the pictures to him are great, only some are greater than others! When he's feeling blue sometimes, he'll refer to a picture simply as being "good." And that's his limit of knocking. A good fellow, the Optimist, just like you and me.

And now, dear children, that concludes our little lesson. Next time you go to the theater you look about you and you'll find them both there. And when you spot this Pessimist chap you tell him what I've taught you and I'll back you up. So will the audience!

Expression of the Emotions

A Series of Pictures, the First of Which is by RUTH ROLAND

A Half Hour With Nazimova

by Lillian Montanye

Photo by Hartsook

NAZIMOVA, Russian tragédienne of the stage and screen, doesn't speak of her venture into picture work as the "movies"; she calls it photodrama. Neither does she think that she has sacrificed her ideals; but rather, she talks of creative principles as seriously as does the sculptor, painter or composer. She actually calls it an art.

"Anything that my director, Mr. Brenon, does," says Nazimova, "is an art, for Mr. Brenon is always the artist. It was a private view of his great picture, 'A Daughter of the Gods,' that impressed me with its imaginative qualities. I recognized Mr. Brenon's great ability as a director. I saw the artistic possibilities of 'War Brides' as a screen play, and no longer hesitated to embark in the new art, and I have not been sorry.

"Photodrama is a new art; therefore it is not perfect, it must develop. The Moving Picture pioneers were ridiculed. It was unjust. They did their best to evolve a new art with what material they could obtain. The pictures, plots and photography were inartistic, crude and commonplace. Talented ones would not lend their aid. If a few daring ones did venture, they had violated professional ethics. They were almost ostracised from respectable theatrical society, and their financial gains were looked upon by the superior legitimates as evidences of their downfall, for of course no one would go into the movies except to make money.

"Pioneer days are past. We know this, not by the great number of pictures, but by the occasional flashes of genius which show what can be done when true artists devote themselves to creative work.

"Photodrama is the most distinctive and emphatic form of expression. It eliminates from the story everything but the real things. All the players in the scene concentrate upon the one thing that makes the situation vital. As a result, the audience receives the very essence of the action portrayed in a simple, meaningful manner.

"Acting for the camera was a very unusual experience," she continued. "In vaudeville I played 'War Brides' in a two-a-day booking. The scenes are of course strenuous in the extreme. I must be keyed to a high pitch of emotion. There was always the haunting thought that I must save some strength for 'next time.'

"In acting for the camera, it took a little time to accustom myself to the thought that when a scene was played it was

played for all time; as it was played there, it would be played all over the world; that I must do my best, as I could not go from one part of the world to the other, explaining that I did not feel quite fit in one scene, but it would be better next day."

Devotees of all that is finest in the art of the theater recognize in Nazimova one of the most distinguished actresses of the day. Ever since she came to the English-speaking stage her career has been one unbroken record of successes. In Ibsen's story-making classics she won the highest laurels. As the star of "Bella Donna," she was known in every city in the United States. In vaudeville she reached the zenith of her popularity in the only war play—based upon the present struggle—which is conceded to be of permanent value. Many incidents were added and elaborated in this play, in which Nazimova made her first appearance on the screen, giving her a wide scope for her unique talents.

"War Brides" is an intensely dramatic story, but while it has to do with conditions brought about by war, there are no battle-scenes. The play deals less with war than with the effects of war upon the homes and the loved ones left behind. Watching her in her heart-gripping appeal for women, it is hard to imagine her as giving time or thought to the ordinary details of every-day life. But, tho it is given only to a chosen few to intimately know this talented and charming woman, it is a fact that she has all the instincts of a woman for home and domesticity. The little town of Port Chester, N. Y., holds for her a "Haven of Rest" in which to relax and gain strength and vitality for the year's work. In winter she keeps a home in a New York apartment, "for there must be some place to call home," she says.

Nazimova appreciates the applause and adulation of the public, but she accepts it humbly, impersonally—not for herself, but as a tribute to her art. At heart she is something of a recluse. She cares not for society in a general sense, but loves to entertain her friends, members of the profession—and not always the successful ones either—for her generous heart prompts many a kindly act, and her influence quietly used has helped many a struggling young genius on the way to success.

Nazimova in times of leisure is not above going to the kitchen, either. She finds it a means of relaxation, and along with her deep and abiding love for the land of her birth, for the people, their ways and customs, she has at times a longing for the things they cook in Russia.

A luncheon menu and a few favorite recipes of decidedly "different" combination and flavoring are given below:

Cabbage rolls
Banana relish
Rice pudding
Tea
Potato salad

Banana Relish—To the juice of one lemon, add one-fourth cup sugar and one tablespoonful maraschino. Slice two bananas very thin into a bowl. Pour over them the syrup, and let stand in very cold place. Serve in glasses, topped with maraschino cherry.

Cabbage Rolls—Mince cold meat, and mix with a little minced onion. Add cream sauce to thicken—made in the proportion of one cupful of boiling water, into which is stirred one tablespoonful of flour and one of butter, well blended. Mix well and add salt, pepper and a little chopped parsley. Select cabbage-leaves large enough to roll and throw into

(*Continued on page* 66)

Corinne Grant—Neglected Wife

By CAROL LEE

CORINNE GRANT

Photo by Photoplayers Studio

CORINNE GRANT
(BALBOA)

THIS girl, ladies and gentlemen, is a neglected wife. What? She doesn't look at all domestic? Neglected wives seldom do. And Corinne—the rest of it is Grant—is no exception to the general rule. In the beginning, Corinne was a typical weepy, damp and mussy wife, but when her husband fell in love with his smartly dressed, exquisitely neat young secretary, Corinne decided that she had better "sit up and take notice." Accordingly she visited modistes, milliners and bootmakers, metamorphosing herself into quite a charming young lady. Does she cease to be a neglected wife? Well, really it wouldn't be fair to tell you, for that question forms the plot of Pathé-Balboa's new serial, "The Journal of a Neglected Wife."

Corinne was born away out West in New Mexico, and was educated there among the 'dobe shacks, tarantulas, mesquite and sage-brush. There she learnt to ride without "pulling leather," as the cow-boys call clinging to the saddle; she learnt to shoot straight and true, and to look fearlessly at danger.

Thus she came to the movies naturally. She has never been with any company but Balboa, and has been with them six years.

She has her own bungalow, her own machine, and according to her own testimony, she is blissfully happy in golden California. Miss Grant is a true Spanish type—of medium height, slender, but well-rounded, and very graceful. She has very large, dark brown eyes, of the type generally described as soulful. Her hair is very long and thick, of a soft, yet lustrous black, and her skin is clear olive.

All in all, Miss Grant, while a neglected wife, is a *most* attractive young lady!

Ham and Hamlet

By H. H. VAN LOAN

With special illustrations by WILLIAM FRANEY

THE tour of Mister Damon Ham came to an end just about three minutes after the breakfast-hour. It brought him to the border, where his cargo was searched for the purpose of finding out if he were transporting arms and ammunition to a friendly alien or plotting an armed revolt against a municipality which was at that moment at peace with the world.

While he looked suspicious, there was nothing about his person to warrant his being held at the entrance to the city. His cargo was general, and consisted of a battered helmet, which gave evidence of having passed thru many dirty campaigns; his coat was afflicted with obesity, while his feet recalled those of a classic dancer, because they were so tremendously different. His trousers deserved considerable attention, for they were what might be called continuous pantaloons. This impression was gained from the fact that he was continually trying to grow into them, and, considering that he was still a minor, it looked as tho by the time he reached maturity the end of them would be in sight. In fact, the whole appearance of Mister Ham was that of a refined and simple ruralite, with blotches of archaic luxury breaking out here and there. One glance at him disclosed all that he lacked. His temperament was evidenced thru his disheveled hair, which made him resemble a mixture of an enthusiastic Philharmonic Orchestra leader, with a touch of nervous prostration.

The only arms he carried were two which he had secreted in his coat-sleeves. But as they appeared to be of the old type, and utterly unwarlike, he managed to get them thru. They had seen excellent service in the days that had passed, and had mowed down thousands in the corn and wheat campaigns, across the border. However, their patents had run out in a country where the face is the predominating weapon either for success or failure.

So, considering that everything was about ninety per cent. in his favor, Mister Damon Ham was permitted to pass the portals which divided the world of reality from the land of make-believe. He crossed so gracefully, too. In fact, the atmosphere of the soft and soothing California climate seemed to make friends with him immediately, and he wafted into Universal City like a gentle and refreshing evening breeze.

Ever since he could remember—which wasn't so long as it might seem—Mister Damon had pined to see his picture. There wasn't much of a chance back there in Eczema, for there wasn't a photographer in the place. The nearest a camera had ever come to him was once when a Moving Picture company went up in the mountains, two hundred miles north of where he lived, which he referred to as "Sarah's Nevadas."

Up to the present, the only big punch in his life came on the day he was born. He had lived so long with illiterates that he could crow, moo, and grunt, just like the rest of them. His idea of a rampage of dissipation was to stand up on the trolley-car, spit off the back platform, and then eat peanuts all the way home. Often, when he felt just like raising the very dickens, he'd throw all his clothes on the floor at night, and pick them up in the morning, so that he could imagine he had been out on a big time and came home loaded with cider.

However, he only kidded himself, for Squire Hawkins paid him such a minute salary that if they were selling the complete outfit of a brewery, with twenty years of stock, for a dime, he couldn't buy the frost on the roof. The Squire was a howling success as a failure, and the result was that Mister Damon lived mostly on faith—faith that some day he'd get his thirty years' back salary. But those who knew the Squire declared he'd have to be born over again for Damon to get any money.

Now, among his other duties, he distributed the liquid from the female of the genus *Bos,* and the result was that as soon as he went to bed it was time to get up. He repeated this pleasure so long that he could go to sleep manicuring the stable floor. Then he woke up. He watered the milk every morning for a month before he started on his trip, and soon found that he had enough money to restore the throne of Serbia to its people. And, before the patrons of *Bos* informed the Squire that the milk was too weak to make itself seen or felt around the breakfast-table, Mister Damon Ham was seated in the smoker of a train, bound for the edge of the Pacific Ocean, with a bottle of "near beer," a Kansas straw, and a bunch of movie magazines.

This brings us to the place where we were when we started into Universal City with the aforementioned aspirant.

A negro trap-drummer, with one arm and an enlarged edition of the hives, could not be any busier than Mister Damon Ham, of Eczema, Wyohim, was as he passed up the main street of the movie town. He had more seeing on his hands than a cross-eyed boy at a three-ring circus. For the moment he felt as tho he had been eating meat again, and was not certain whether old Squire Hawkins wouldn't jab him with a pitchfork any minute and spoil the whole party. For, as he looked, he discovered where the world was located. On his left was a little bit of Turkey, on his right some China, and between both a chunk of Greece, while distributed intermittently about was a nibble of 'most every country on earth. It was the nearest thing to a dish of chop suey, without the real thing, he'd ever seen. But he didn't know it, because the closest stuff he'd ever seen to the imperial dish was a barn-rat every now and then.

"Just back from the war?" asked a pleasant voice over his shoulder.

He turned about rather abruptly and faced a tall man in black, with his hands in his pockets, who looked down on him with a rather kindly face and waited for the ultimatum and so forth.

"Where?" meekly inquired Mister Damon, as he crossed his toes and tickled his fingers.

"France, Italy, Russia, and a lot of other places," replied the other. "All of Europe's mussed up."

"S'at so?" continued the listener. "Anybody arrested?"

The vision in ebony studied the expressionless countenance of the institution before him. "Say, where do you come from?" he asked curiously.

"Eggzema," replied Mister Damon.

"I dont care what you've got," impressed the other; "what town do you come from?"

"Eggzema, Wyohim," bluntly responded the ruralite.

"Rather itchy little place, I s'pose," suggested the inquirer.

"Yessir, sometimes more'n others," agreed Mister Damon, entirely at sea.

"What's your name?"

"Damon Ham, sir."

"A healthy edition of a modernized ancient classic, eh," questioned the other.

"Have you got anything to do here?" ventured Mister Ham, rather sheepishly.

"No-o," drawled the other. "We just come here to pick daisies and oranges and to smoke."

"What's your name, sir?"

"Umph Imfph," answered the joker.

Damon looked at him a moment, then he uncrossed his feet, brushed off the front of his coat, and studied him a g a i n. "Must be kinder hard to get along with anythin' like that," he said thoughtfully.

"Well, I'll be frank with you, seein's you're so simple," added the tall fellow; "my name's Reginald Van Husan. I'm the guy that built this here place."

"Gosh!" exclaimed Mister Ham. "You're smart, aint cher?" And he stared with admiration at the man before him.

"Why, that's nothin'," continued the other proudly. "That's only one of the things I do. I invented Moving Pictures, and created the screen on which they're shown. I supervise all the productions here, write all the stories, direct all the companies, and sell all the pictures." Then he dropped his boastfulness long enough to lean over and whisper in Mister Ham's ear: "And I used to be as poor as you once. Today I'm worth about five million American dollars. And every one of them has Uncle Sam's approval on them."

For the second time Mister Ham crossed his toes and tickled his fingers as he scrutinized the glib talker. Then he suddenly broke out with: "Have yer got any with that woman on them?"

"Oh, you mean Justice?" inquired Van Husan.

"Is that her name?"

"Ye-es, she's on all of 'em; I dont keep the ones with Lincoln and Washington."

"Whew!" whistled Mister Ham. "Why?"

"Because they're dead," replied the nifty talker as he lighted a cigaret.

"Gee-e, you know a lot, dont cher?" mused the innocent one.

At that moment a big, burly fellow emerged from one of the buildings and made his way over to where the two were standing.

"Say, Van Husan, if you dont hurry up and get that stuff for the next 'set' you'd better get off the lot!" shouted the newcomer. "Now then, get out of here, and be sure and get busy!"

Like a cat that has had its tail rubbed the wrong way, the other fellow hurried to obey the command, while Mister Ham stood pensively looking on.

"Say, Mister Van Husan!" called the small-town feller, "are you sure they're dead?"

But Van Husan kept right on going. "What-er you doin' here?" a s k e d t h e latest arrival as he looked Ham over.

"WALK AS FAR AS YOU CAN GO IN THAT DIRECTION," SAID MORAN

"I'm wonderin' why a man with all Mr. Van Husan's money has to run for anybody."

"No fair talkin' like that when you've got your feet crossed," blurted out the other. "If pickles were selling a dollar a million, he couldn't buy a dill! He's poorer'n you are!"

"Gosh, must be bad ter be as poor as that," responded Ham.

"Who're you?"

"Nothin' much. Just somethin' lookin' for a job. Do you think I could do anythin' round here?"

"How do I know—can yer?"

"I used ter feed fifty-six chickens, milk fifteen cows, clean three stables, peddle milk, scrub nine horses, and wash my face before breakfast every mornin' out there in Eggzema."

"What's that last word!" shouted the fellow as Ham finished.

"Eggzema," replied Mister Damon.

"S'pose yer got ter itchin' for somethin' better?" said the other as he studied the subject closely.

"Yessir."

"Well, if yer did all that before breakfast, yer ought to be able to put a new face on this town," continued the big boss. "I'll give yer the job to clean it up. I want yer to sweep the streets and sidewalks, dust the windows in every building on the lot, and then wash them, sweep and clean all the offices, wash the thirty automobiles down in the garage, polish the brass, hoist up the flag on the top of the administration building, wait on table in the restaurants, run errands, get 'props,' work in mob-scenes, and make yourself handy. Then, when you've done that, you can eat your breakfast and have a smoke. After breakfast—which a feller with your speed can eat in ten minutes—you can clean all the dressing-rooms, wash the windows, deliver the mail, polish the cars, sweep the stages, clean the visitors' gallery, wash all the glass in the studios, assist in the kitchen, help wash the dishes, and act as messenger. Then you can act as night watchman until midnight. T h a t's the time we take down the flag. Y o u s e e, we never take it d o w n till then because it doesn't get good and dark before that time. The night watchman's job is merely to keep your circulation up until then. It's a pipe of a job, and you'll find we'll have to slip you a little other stuff to keep you busy."

"Aint there somethin' else I could do?"

"Why, the last man on that job had so much time to himself that we fired him," remarked the boss. "Come with me and I'll get you the broom," he added as he started away.

With a feeling that life had cheated him out of a lot of sensational stuff which rightfully belonged on his program, and which he felt certain he was going to get now, Mister Damon fell in behind and ploughed along like a tramp steamer in a rough gale off the Florida coast.

"There," began the big boss, as he threw the timid employee an enormous broom, "take that and hang onto it until you've swept every street in the town. Then come to me and I'll start you off again."

"Who'll I ask for, mister?" inquired Damon, as he accepted the broom and swung it over his shoulder.

"Just ask for the Kaiser," replied the boss as he twirled the cigar over and over in the corner of his big mouth. "And say, let me tell yer somethin'," he added, "you cant sweep a street with a broom on your shoulder. You look like a member of the Mexican volunteers. Now get

busy; the day's half gone." With that he walked away and left Damon to begin his simple duties.

The second big thrill in Mister Damon Ham's life had arrived. He felt now that he could be classed as playing a very important part in the film world, and that it was but a step from the street to the star rôle in a five-reel feature. True, he had ascended straight from the farm, and that could be charged up against him; in fact, it was good enough to indict him as a comer. For, altho he didn't know a great deal about things in general, he had heard once that lots of people had left the dishes in the sink and walked right into the hearts of movie patrons. And some had made such an attack on the United States Treasury that in case of war the government would have to borrow money from them in order to buy ammunition.

He was grateful to the boss for one thing, and that was the fact that he had placed him in such a prominent position. Few residents of Universal City could miss him, for everybody sees a street-sweeper, especially if he is such an extraordinary creature as Damon. Then, too, he worked right out in the open, where his results could easily be viewed by all.

These were some of the thoughts which traveled around his brain as he swept. It was an excellent job for thinking, and he had a lot of thinking to do.

Now, a new recruit in a movie town comes in for considerable hazing, and, even tho he reaches the altitude that Damon did, he is not overlooked. So there were few stars, directors, camera-men or "extras," including stage-hands and property boys, who failed to get acquainted with the new street-cleaner.

"Isn't he funny!" laughed Edith Roberts as she discovered him while on her way to the "alley" with Mary MacLaren. The "alley" was the long line of dressing-rooms.

"I'll bet he didn't grow around here," remarked the pretty star as she studied Damon, who at that moment had paused to erase some of the perspiration from his apex.

"I know a lot of actors who would give a fortune if they could make up like that," continued the little leading-lady. "He's so ugly he's handsome."

The sympathetic smile that spread over Damon's countenance could save the driest comedy ever made and turn it into a screaming success. He looked like a Cedar Grove hen that had been picking too much brandy out of a Thanksgiving mince-pie. It was not an attempt on his part to be funny; he was trying to be nice. But no matter how he tried to look, it couldn't pass for anything else but slapstick comedy. He looked so funny that he could turn a mourning party into convulsions and a memorial service into a burlesque.

As he stood leaning on his broom and reflecting on the mileage still unswept, some one touched him on the shoulder.

"WHAT'S THE MATTER—DID YER ENGINE DIE ON YER OVER THERE?" ASKED BEAUDINE

He turned and faced two men, one a young man, exhibiting the latest modes in men's wear, with a pipe drooping from one corner of his mouth, and the other, much younger, who looked as tho he had plunged thru a haberdashery and emerged with the loudest stuff sticking to him. He was bounded by a yellow silk shirt with red stripes, a pink silk collar, a startling blue cravat, flannel trousers, and anemic shoes and socks. The whole outfit was climaxed with a green felt hat and a wrist-watch. A fellow with a layout like that can speak in only one tone—and it comes pretty close to high C. He did.

"Isn't he wonderful!" exclaimed the awfully nice young man as he clapped his hands.

"All he needs is a scenario to be a raving hit," replied the other, who was no less a personage than Director William Beaudine.

"Oh, I'm so enthusiastic about him!" continued his companion, who was known to the trade as assistant-director, and more commonly called Monmouth Higgins.

"Dont be so rough, you'll scare him," warned Beaudine.

There was something about the fresh young Higgins that Damon didn't like. And, after listening to his double exclamations, Damon dropped his broom and gave him his immediate attention.

"Say, have you ever played football?" he asked calmly.

"Well, to tell you the truth, I've never indulged in anything quite so rough as that," remarked Higgins. "But I have played 'London Bridge Is Falling Down' and 'I've Come to See Miss Jenny a Jones.'"

"I knew somethin' like you once, an' it used ter spend most of its time knittin'," said Damon.

"It isn't as harmless as it looks," said Beaudine, rather dryly, as he turned to Higgins.

"He's nice, but he jostles the other customers," returned the nice boy.

"You mustn't be rude to him," the director reminded him. "You know we dont get this material every day." Then he turned to Damon. "How long have you been idle?" he asked.

"I'm workin'," Damon informed him as he grasped the handle of his broom with grim determination.

"Who for?" continued the director.

"The Kaiser," answered Damon. "He told me to sweep the streets, hang up the flag, and lots of other things, and then eat."

"I knew it was empty," remarked Beaudine as he looked at Higgins, who nodded approvingly. "How would you like to be a real movie actor?" he added.

"That's what I come here for," said Damon. His face remained as vacant as a blank pad.

"Well, you've started wrong," the director informed him. "You could keep at work on this street until you wore it thru to China, without attracting any attention. You've got a wonderful face for pictures. Take my advice and never try to improve it; if you do you'll spoil it. Let it remain just as it is."

"How can we employ him?" asked Higgins, with interest.

"NOW, HIDE IT," SAID MURPHY. "DONT LET EVEN YOUR EARS SHOW, IF YOU CAN HELP IT"

"He's going to play Hamlet," said Beaudine. "Go over and see how Parsons and his gang are progressing with those three sets. In the meantime I'll take him over and get him fixed up."

As Higgins departed, the director started toward the wardrobe department with Damon, who was still clinging to the broom.

"Now, this is the first time that 'Hamlet' has been made into a picture. It's going to be an elaborate production in eight reels, and the whole success of it depends upon you."

"Who is he?" meekly inquired Damon, with no attempt to conceal his ignorance.

"He isn't; he was. You dont mean to tell me that you dont know who Hamlet was!" exclaimed the director. "Why, he was the feller who upset the Scottish throne, married Ophelia, and murdered Macduff in the Tower of London. It was one of the finest murders ever staged, and he ended his career by committing suicide on the grave of Juliet. It's full of good stuff, and we've got to put it over with a punch. This guy Hamlet was some gink. He was rough enough to take milk from a Belgian baby."

"Have I got ter do that, too?" added Damon.

"Naw, not very," continued Beaudine, "only worse. You've got ter be as sore as boils all the way thru this picture. When you're not lickin' somebody, they're smashin' you up. The feller who was goin' ter play it is up in the hospital now with a couple of bum legs and three busted ribs. He got thrown around a little when the mob attacked the palace and dragged him out. But he wasn't rough enough."

"Is there much of this mob thing?" asked Damon, rather nervously.

"Why, certainly—seven hundred feet and a hundred of close-ups, with you in the foreground."

"Has that mob scene gotter be in it?"

"That's one of the big punches in the picture," continued the director. "We couldn't have a 'Hamlet' without a fight. But," he added reassuringly, "you needn't worry. We've got a great hospital right here on the lot, and you'd get the best of care."

"I've gotter go home about that time," remarked Damon, thoughtfully.

"Say, dont pull that stuff," said the director. "Why, it's worth gettin' hurt for the money yer get."

This line of stuff brought them to the wardrobe building, and, as they came to a period, Beaudine continued: "Now plunge in there and get some 'Hamlet' atmosphere, and when you emerge ask for Director Beaudine."

"Bovine?" asked Damon, innocently. For it was the only word he really understood.

"Say, dont you ever try to pull anything," the director warned him, "'cause you're always funny." And with that he started for the big open-air stage.

When Damon made his exit from the wardrobe building a little later he was worthy of considerable notice. He was very much undressed, in a very attentive suit of underwear, a semi-ballet skirt, and a duet of shoes that resembled two submarines, while across his left shoulder were wrapped innumerable yards of cloth, quite akin to curtains.

Everything within a radius of six miles punctuated activities when Mister Damon Ham of "Hamlet" loomed up on the horizon.

"Looks like a revival of the Roman period," remarked Beaudine, who at that moment stepped from his office with John Murphy, his assistant.

"Julius Cæsar gone wrong, I should say," added Murphy, as they both studied Hamlet, who was stranded out in the middle of the road.

At that moment Eddie Lyons and Lee Moran turned the corner in a big car, and came within a breath of destroying the entire production. Damon drew back just in time. Moran, who was driving the car, brought it to a full stop.

"Dont ever pull that again, Mark Antony, or your friends wont know you when it's all over," said Moran.

"Pull what?" asked Damon, as he placed one foot on the running-board and gazed with a vacant stare at them both.

"Why, that comedy you just tried to start," added Lyons. "You mustn't treat this machine like that; it cant take a joke."

"Cant it?" inquired Damon, soberly.

"No," interrupted Moran; "its parents brought it up different."

"Can I see Mister Bovine?" asked Damon.

"I dont know—can you?" continued Lyons.

"He's waitin' fer me," responded the star.

"Dont worry, he'll getcher," added the comedian. "Look how long China waited for a republic."

"I've got ter find him," said Damon, who was beginning to look worried.

"Walk as far as you can go, in that direction," said Moran, as he pointed east. "And be sure and take a lot of shoes with you."

"You might drop us a line every once'n awhile, too," added Lyons.

"Now let go-er the car," commanded Moran. "It dont like to be held down."

And, as Damon backed away, the two comedians started down the road.

"No medal can touch it," remarked Lyons, as he smiled to his pal.

"Looks like one of the twelve apostles, doesn't he?" remarked Herbert Rawlinson, who at that moment passed with his leading-lady, Agnes Vernon.

"If he did, I'd cancel fifty per cent of my faith in religion," she laughed, as they journeyed on.

"The European war started over less than that,"

"HOW DID IT GET THRU THE WAR-ZONE WITHOUT THE AMERICAN FLAG ON ITS HULL?" PUZZLED BARRINGTON

said Val Paul, who was standing near the "property" building with Jonas, the publicity man.

"I hear they're going to put arsenic in its food the next time they feed it, so that it can be put out of its misery," added Jonas, as he watched Damon, who was now standing, with a look of bewilderment, where Moran and Lyons had left him.

"By Gad! Look at that fool!" exclaimed Beaudine. "He's blockin' the whole road."

"That's all right," remarked Murphy; "probably his father was a traffic cop."

"Go bag it and bring it over here, will yer?" added the director, who was now getting peeved.

Murphy went over and rescued the stranded Hamlet, and, taking him by the arm, led him over to where Beaudine was impatiently waiting.

"What's the matter—did yer engine die on yer over there?" he shouted as the two arrived.

"I wasn't doin' nothin', mister," said Damon, somewhat chagrined.

"Well, hereafter when you've got nothin' to do go an' weep on yer grandmother's grave," the director warned him.

"I cant; she's dead," said Damon.

"Untouched by hands," said Murphy, as he threw both of his hands above his head.

"Shows you what soft drink will do for some," laughed Beaudine. Then, as he studied the star, he continued: "Where's your make-up?"

"Left it over there," he answered, as he pointed towards the wardrobe building.

"I tell you, Bill, he's the original," remarked Murphy. "There's none genuine without his signature."

"Take him around and fresco his label, will yer?" said the director, as he turned to his assistant.

Murphy took him to the "extra" room and shoved a stick of grease-paint in one hand and a mirror in the other.

"Now hide it," he ordered him. "Dont even let your ears show, if you can help it."

Damon grasped the stick and began lathering his face with it, while Murphy looked on with interest. It was No. 6, and, before he finished, his face looked as tho it had fallen heir to a wealth of chocolate.

"You cant fix it without being born again," said Murphy. "You've got a big suit against Nature. That face of yours is injured for life. Come on."

The ruffled edition of Hamlet followed Murphy like a remorseful burglar on his way to religious baptism, and felt about as much at ease as a German at an English tea-party.

"Ride to the fourth 'set' down there and then get off," said Murphy, as he pointed to the long line of stages.

Damon felt about as comfortable as the Russian revolution as he journeyed down the line with his cutaway costume, which looked as tho he had been poured into it from the waist down. His feet looked powerful enough to supplant the bridge across the Neva, which was destroyed the day the Czar jumped his board-bill. His

"HE LOOKS LIKE THE SECOND COMING OF PAUL REVERE," LAUGHED MURPHY

countenance still retained that vacantness which refused to be influenced by wars or rumors of wars.

All the stages were busy. Cameras were clicking, directors were shouting, and stars were twinkling. On the first stage Henry McRae was trying to inspire a bunch of love-stuff in Agnes Vernon. He looked like Bryan putting over a grape-juice speech in a town deluged with liquor, and trying to make his words heard around the world.

On the next was Stuart Paton putting over the tenth episode of "The Voice on the Wire." He was shooting a homely dining-room "set," with Neva Gerber and Howard Barrington pulling the domestic stuff with a layout of a couple of eggs and a potato around the table.

"Now then!" shouted Paton, who stood beside the camera-man. "You, Miss Gerber, are supposed to be eating. And you, Barrington, are reading the morning paper. Both of you are silent, for you're still thinking of the terrible affair at Red Warren's house the night before. Are you ready?"

"I think so, Mr. Paton," answered the actress, as she took her place at the table.

"All right, Gaudio?" said the director, as he turned to his camera-man.

"Letergo," as he bent over his machine.

"Camera!" shouted Paton. "Now then, Miss Gerber, put the coffee-pot on the table. That's it. Barrington—the paper. Glance at your father, Miss Gerber. Dont hold it too long! You, Barrington, show some interest in that paper. Put some expression in that stuff! Remember, you're making a discovery! Show it!"

At that moment, Damon, who had lost himself, was totally unconscious of what was going on, and before he could put his chains on he had skidded right into the "set," and never came to a full stop until he pulled up alongside the table.

"Hey!" yelled the director, as operations ceased. "Get out-er there!"

"Your mother's callin' yer!" shouted Gaudio, as he stopped cranking and studied the strange visitor.

"Where d'ye git that stuff?" asked Paton, who had now reached the derelict and stood giving him a bird's-eye view, while he scratched his head.

"What?" inquired Damon, as he began tickling his fingers again.

"You've spoiled two hundred feet of film, at fifteen cents a foot!" exclaimed Paton. "Why dont you knock before you enter?"

"I saw yer all in, an' didn't think there wuz any need of rappin'," replied Damon, seriously.

"I wonder if there's any duty on it," mused the actress, as she turned in her chair and scrutinized him.

"How did it get thru the war-zone without the American flag on its hull?" puzzled Barrington.

"Dont sacrifice your whole future by stickin' here," said the director, as he shot Damon a threatening look. "Start yer engine; start yer engine, Lazarus!"

About this time Damon discovered he was at the wrong dance, and he wandered away without even stopping to get a return check.

"Why dontcher cut out this driftin'?" asked Murphy, who appeared at that

moment on the scene. "Lay on yer back an' float fer a change."

"Here he is," said Dorothy Phillips, as Damon approached with Murphy. She was dressed in the costume of Ophelia, and stood chatting with Beaudine.

"Say," began the director, as the rural

DAMON PLACED HIS KNEE AGAINST THE BEAST AND TUGGED AWAY IN AN EFFORT TO UNTWIST HIS ANTLERS

Hamlet arrived, "I wish you'd stop goin' ter lunch every five minutes!"

"When?" asked Damon, innocently.

"It's an absolutely unprecedented sale, I tell yer," chimed in Murphy, as he turned away.

"I hope it never comes into vogue," said Dorothy, as Damon stood staring at her.

"Well, fish," said Beaudine, "I want to introduce you to Miss Phillips. She's going to play opposite you, as Ophelia."

"I cant play that," responded Damon. "All I can play is tag."

"If it keeps open much longer, I'll raid it and take its license away," blurted out Murphy.

"What do you call it?" inquired the fascinating little star.

"Call it anything you like," answered the director.

"It's the biggest disaster since the Germans started their ruthless submarine warfare," added Murphy.

"Now then," said Beaudine, "let's start something. The first scene we're goin' ter shoot is the one where you meet Ophelia," he continued, as he turned to Damon. "She's on her way home from the factory, and is set upon by ruffians. You are coming down the street, and just as you get to the corner of that stone wall"—here he pointed to the wall in the "set"—"you see that she is in distress and rush to her aid. That's the meeting. Get over there now and we'll rehearse it." Then he paused a moment. "Here," he added, as he handed Damon a small stone jug, "you might be on your way to the well to get some water. That'll give it more atmosphere."

Damon took the jug and went over to the wall. Three or four ugly-looking ruffians slouched over and took up their places around the corner to lie in wait for the daughter of Polonius. Dorothy Phillips, looking more beautiful than ever in her royal robes, strolled gracefully over to the "set" and began chatting with them, while the camera-man proceeded to focus his machine.

"All right, Miss Phillips!" called the director, as he took his post beside the camera-man. "Further down—that's it. Now, ruffians, get ready! Wait! Not too fast. Dont rush it. Wait until she gets almost to the corner!" Then he turned to the camera-man. "Are they in, Jerry?"

"All in," answered the other, as he peered into his machine.

Ophelia started towards the corner, and, when she was within a few feet of where Damon was standing, peeking around the wall, the ruffians pounced on her and started dragging her away. It was not a love-feast, and the ruffians put an enormous lot of reality into their acting and all the ruffle into their work that a first-class hairdresser would in a beauty-parlor.

"Hey, Hamlet!" shouted the director. "Come on! Mix in!"

But Damon stood peeking around the corner, content to be a witness of the affair, rather than take any part in it. It was the nearest he had ever come to a real fight, and he didn't like the looks of it.

"Get in it, Hamlet!" yelled Beaudine.

"I rather wait until they've finished," replied Damon, as he gazed apprehensively at the three muscular fellows.

"It's suffered too long, Bill," said Murphy. "In five minutes I'll put an end to its misery."

"If you dont get in this, by Gad, you'll get in a bigger one!" threatened the director. "Just a minute, Miss Phillips, we'll have to do it over again." He reflected a moment. Then he turned to Jerry. "We'll take it this time," he added.

Beaudine walked over to one of the ruffians and whispered something in his ear. Damon, who remained in the same spot, gazed at him with suspicion.

"He's a great big stiff," said one of the group, as he looked at Damon.

Now our rural friend didn't know what he meant by a "stiff," but he felt certain it was not a term of endearment. Then, too, he didn't like the way the fellow said it. He swung the jar around on his back, and started towards the ruffian.

"Ready, Miss Phillips!" shouted Beaudine.

"Who's what you said?" asked Damon, as he stepped up to the big chap who had insulted him.

"You, you poor simp," replied the other.

"Gosh, I'm goin' ter slam yer fer that," said Damon. And he let his right arm shoot out. There was a big fist on the end of it and it settled on the fellow's jaw.

"Camera!" shouted the director, as he took in the situation. "Go to it, boys! That's it! Dont be too rough with Miss Phillips, but knock the ham out of Hamlet!"

He didn't need to encourage the actors. For, no sooner did the big fellow receive the message from Damon than he returned it with an encore. He presented Hamlet with a few choice selections of rights and lefts that made him groggy. Damon fought back with all his might, and proved that milking cows is wonderful training for combats such as this one. He was intoxicated with fury, and was not satisfied to beat up one, but wanted to lick the whole bunch. Swinging from one to the other, he dropped them to the floor. Then, when one of them started to rise, he reached for the jug and brought it down on the fellow's head, with a blow that sent him on a

WILLIAM FRANEY AS HE REALLY IS

short holiday and smashed the clay into bits.

In the meantime Jerry was grinding for all he was worth, while the director looked on with satisfaction.

"That's great stuff!" yelled Beaudine. "Did you get it, Jerry?"

"Every foot of it," answered the camera-man.

Damon stood like a sphinx with one eye closed. As he stood there wondering where he was going to spend the next few minutes, Beaudine went over to him.

"You did fine, old man!" he said, as he patted him on the back.

"He cant call me a stiff simp and play

with me," said Damon. "I'll bash him again," he added, as he made a move towards the fellow, who was just getting up.

"Dont blame him," laughed the director; "I told him to do it. I wanted the punch in that scene, and you gave it to me. Now then, I want you to go down to the other end of the lot and get a horse. Ride it up here, and I'm going to take a 'shot' of you riding into the palace yard." Then he turned to Murphy, who was doubling up with laughter. "You'd better go 'long with him, or he'll forget to come back."

Murphy pointed out the stables to Damon, started him off on the right road, and then left him. In the meantime Beaudine and the camera-man were moving to a section of a palace courtyard which had been set up out in the open to the rear of the big stage.

About a half-hour later, as the director, his assistant and the camera-man were sprawled out on the grass, waiting for the return of Hamlet, the latter rode up.

"Say, Bill," said Murphy, "get this guy."

Beaudine arose up and was on his feet the next instant. "For the love of Mike, dont you know a horse when you see one?" he shouted, while Damon, who looked as comfortable as an old maid at a bachelor's picnic, straddled a four-cylinder mule.

"He looks like the second coming of Paul Revere," laughed Murphy.

"That guy is sittin' on his nearest relative," added Jerry.

"Do you know they have schools just for the purpose of preventin' things like you?" went on the director. "I asked you to bring a horse!"

"The feller what's in the stable said this wuz the nearest thin' he had to a horse," replied Damon solemnly. "He said a mule an' me looked more alike, an' we'd make a better pitcher."

"I tell yer, he's the overt act," remarked Murphy, as he shook his head.

"He's got his last note from me," said Jerry. "The next false move he makes I'm goin' ter hand him his passports."

"Take fifty feet of it, just as it looks now," Beaudine directed the camera-man.

Jerry obeyed his superior, after which the director studied his script for a few moments.

"I think I'll take the bull-fight next," he finally said, as he turned towards Damon. "Take your friend back again and see if you can steer a bull up here without irritating it. Be kind to it."

"If you dont, you'll be the star guy at a lay-out which you'll not attend, even tho you'll be there leadin' the procession," remarked Murphy.

Damon swung his conservative steed about, and, with a gracefulness that emerged from every line of his noble physique, he rode away.

That was the last seen of Hamlet for some time. Altho Beaudine and his assistants waited anxiously for his return, he was nowhere on the horizon.

"He's probably throwing the bull somewhere," said Jerry.

"I think he passed out with the Romanoff dynasty," remarked Murphy.

"He should have abdicated as soon as his reign began," laughed Beaudine.

About an hour later, as Beaudine was superintending the construction of a "set," Murphy, who had been out reconnoitering, rushed up breathlessly.

"Leave-him-ter-me, will—yer—boss?" he panted, as he pointed down the road.

Beaudine turned and beheld a sight seldom equaled even in a Moving Picture town, where something new is being flashed every few hours. There was Damon using every ounce of his manly strength to urge the national beast of Ireland up the road. But the animal seemed to have its own ideas about progress, and tho he tugged with it, pleaded with it, pulled it and pushed it, the beast refused to budge.

"That guy is as busy as the South after the Civil War," remarked Jerry.

"Nothin' would ever do anythin' for him," added Beaudine. "He's too rough." And with that the trio started after him.

"Say, empty, if that was a bull when it started, it certainly shrunk on the way," said the director, as he arrived on the scene with his staff.

"It wuzn't," said Damon, as he grabbed the horns of the beast.

"If I sent you for a package of pins, you'd come back with the Panama Canal," continued Beaudine. "Now what'n blazes are yer tryin' ter do with this Irish ambassador?"

"The feller didn't have a bull, so he said, while I wuzn't doin' anythin', I could straighten out this thin's horns," replied Damon, as he placed his knee against the beast and tugged away in an effort to untwist his antlers.

"He's mean enough to go to work with crutches so's ter git a seat on the subway," remarked Murphy.

"Take twenty feet of it," said Beaudine, as he turned to Jerry.

"Say, boss," said the camera-man, with an evidence of surprise, "how long yer goin' ter let this guy queer this pitcher?"

"What-er yer talkin' 'bout, yer poor simp?" replied Beaudine. "He's given me a good one-reel comedy, an' I'm goin' ter call it 'Ham and Hamlet,' and release it as a burlesque on my own production!" Then he turned to Damon. "Say, do you remember where yer left that broom?" he continued.

"Yessir," replied Damon, as he released the goat, which scampered across the lot.

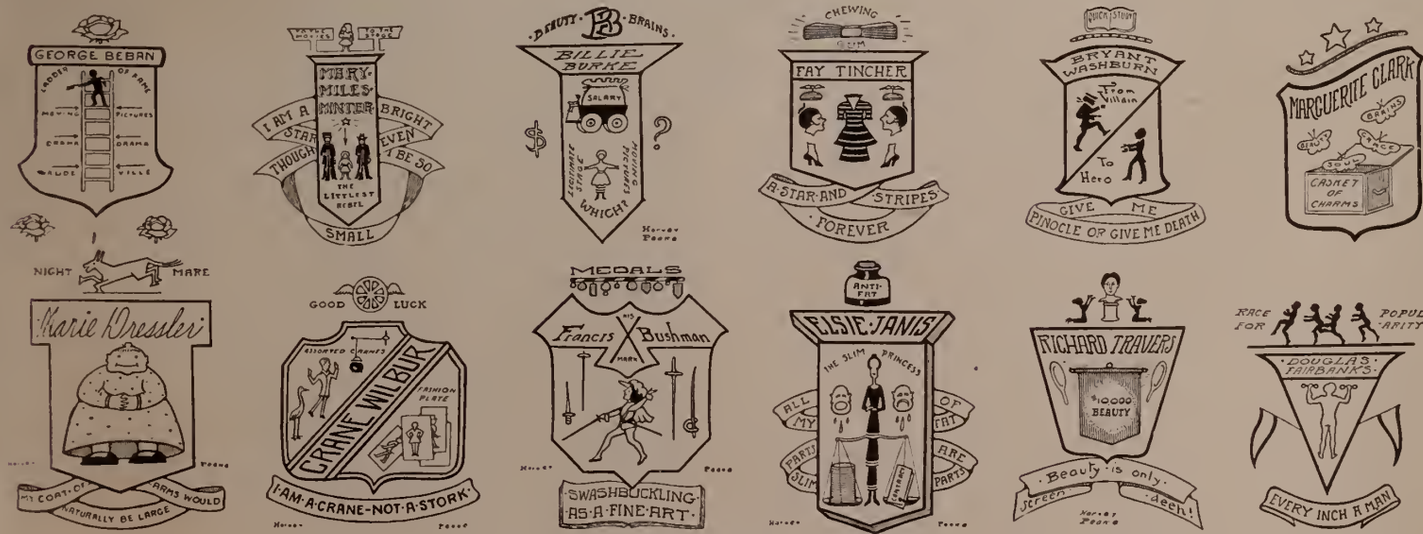
"Well, yer'd better go an' finish sweepin' that street," said the director.

"Say, Franey!" shouted Beaudine, as he rushed into the comedian's dressing-room. "Hurry up, we're all ready to shoot that scene!"

The actor raised his head, rubbed his eyes and stared at his director for a moment. Then he jumped up, straightened out his costume, and, grabbing the arms of the man who had so rudely awakened him, said:

"Bill, I've got a great idea for a one-reel comedy! And I dreamt it in my beauty sleep, without eatin' a rarebit."

"Well, lock it up till later. Come on," said the director, as he led the way out.



COATS OF ARMS AND CRESTS FOR POPULAR PLAYERS, SUGGESTED BY HARVEY PEAKE

A Girl Whose Feelings Changed Her Face

Better Act Accurately Than Look Pretty, Says Valentine Grant, Who Does Both

by Ethel M. Nelson

"WHO would want to dress up and look pretty when she can do things like that?" Valentine Grant exclaimed, holding up a photograph of herself in the shoulder shawl and turned-up petticoat of an Irish fisher-girl. "I dont care a bit about having a large and fashionable wardrobe, but I am always on the look-out for any garment that carries a hint of 'character,' and that may be useful some time in building up a part. I am proud of my collection of 'character clothes. I'd rather wear a ragged apron and lose myself in the rôle of a human, elemental woman than look enchantingly beautiful in a Paris gown playing a conventional society person. The more I can sink my own personality in that of the character I am playing, the happier I am. When my friends dont recognize me on the screen, they pay me the greatest compliment. Now, honestly, would you think these were all pictures of the same person?"

She indicated the photographs strewed about us. And, honestly, I wouldn't have known, without a hint, that they were all portraits of the rosy, athletic young woman on the opposite side of the reading-table. There was a trace of her in the proud, stately Russian baroness of "The Melting Pot," and the Scotch lassie had a suggestion of her dimpled smile; but I could hardly have recognized her in the colleen driving the donkey-cart, and not at all in the lumber-camp waitress "all in" at the end of a hard day's work.

Miss Grant seems able to *live* a character so intensely that she actually *looks* different in each part, even without the aid of elaborate make-up. Glance at the portrait of her at home in a modish gown, at her beloved piano. Does she not look quite a different person from the Castilian lady with the beads

VALENTINE GRANT, AS THE BARONESS IN "THE MELTING POT"

and the vigorous young garden boy in overalls? She believes firmly in the influence of clothes, and takes the utmost care to have every part of a costume correct.

"When I get into the clothes and know that they are the real garments that the character would wear in life," she said, "I *feel* like the person I am representing. I dont know the camera and the scenery are there. For the moment I *am* the girl of the story.

"Those are genuine brogans in the Irish pictures, big and clumsy, and heavy as lead; but I wouldn't have had them a particle smaller or lighter, because they are the actual boots that these fisher-girls wear. The little shawl I bought in 'Paddy's Market' in Cork. The holes in the petticoat were worn by the knees of a scrub-woman who had worked in it for years. The little apron in the Scotch pictures was given to me by the old Scotch nurse of a friend. There is a story or a bit of human interest in nearly every garment I wear in my work.

"I had not been acting in pictures long before I realized that in order to stand out from the crowd one must do something distinctive—different. Character acting seemed to be my métier, and I decided to specialize in that line of work, and determined that I would make every one of my character portraits absolutely real and true. So I have never stopped studying people and their clothes and customs, manners and mannerisms. Even if I had not had that ambition, I would have been compelled to work that way, under Sidney Olcott's direction, for he has a genius for correct detail and realism. Every picture he produces is like a master-painting, perfect in background, drawing, perspective and lighting, and authentic in the smallest detail. It is so exquisitely finished that it is utterly satisfying. He contends that one cannot be too particular in working out details, because there is always some-

MISS GRANT—A YOUNG SPANISH GIRL OF THE UPPER CLASSES

MISS GRANT—AN IRISH COLLEEN, HUMBLE AND HARD-WORKING

body in an audience who knows when a scene is not correct. Once I was seeing 'A Daughter of MacGregor,' and after the old Scotchman was chased out of the house by his shrewish wife, who wouldn't let him smoke indoors, a man sitting near me chuckled and said: 'Look at the poor old fellow sitting out there in the rain, with his pipe turned upside down to keep the water out!' Wasn't it a stroke of genius to think of that little touch? It is only one of countless instances of Mr. Olcott's minute accuracy and intimate knowledge of people.

"I believe," said Miss Grant, with earnest conviction, "that the public wants that kind of pictures. If a picture is well produced in every particular, whether the story is a strong one or not, that is what the public demands. I have been in touch with the selling end of the business ever since I have been acting; and from what I have observed and have heard from distributors, I am sure that the unsettled condition the industry is in right now is due to the resentment which the public is beginning to show against stories of vulgar, lurid, impure type. I feel confident that the photoplay that is clean, well produced, and full of lifelike characterizations is the one that is going to survive.

"'The Innocent Lie' and 'A Daughter of MacGregor' are not great dramas of course; indeed some of the critics call their stories mediocre; but they have a value, because they are real—true to life. I *know* they are, for I saw the people in Ireland and Scotland living and behaving just the way the characters in the pictures do. I know that Mr. Olcott's settings are correct in every detail. I visited in the thatched cottages and rode on the little donkeys with the peat baskets, and bumped over the rocky roads in the funny jaunting-cars. I saw spinning-wheels in some of the Irish cabins, and a dear old man taught me how to spin. I saw the old looms in Scotch cottages, in kitchens with floors of stone flags; and I saw the lassies scrubbing and polishing those flags on Saturdays, and then decorating them with patterns in colored chalk, 'tae mak' them fine for the Sabbath.' I saw the same lassies doing the family washing, standing in the tubs and treading the clothes with their bare feet.

"Often in Ireland I witnessed the American 'wake,' as they call the farewell to an emigrant. When a young man or woman leaves the village to come to America, the whole town goes to the station, and you never saw such a wail-fest in your life. It's heart-breaking to see the parents sending away their son or daughter, tearing their lives to pieces in order that the beloved child may have a better opportunity to make a living than he could get at home. They never expect to see him again.

"I enjoy listening to the comments of people in the audience, especially when I go to 'see myself.' They are often very helpful. When I was seeing 'The Innocent Lie,' there happened to be an old Irish woman sitting beside me. When the scene appeared in which I, as Nora O'Brien, bid good-by to my sweetheart as he starts for America, and all the townspeople are weeping and waving hands, she said to her companion: 'Och! he's going away! Sure, it's like death! Manny's the time I've been thru it!'

"I'd rather act in pictures like that, which tell real, human stories and touch the heart, than get the biggest salary that could be paid for playing gold-gowned, hectic ladies in 'triangular' romances," declared Miss Grant, her eyes glowing with earnestness.

Then like the swiftness of a gentle breeze stirring the heather bloom, a most bewitching smile spread, rippled, broke and ended in two irrepressible dimples over the fascinating countenance of Miss Grant, when I urgently requested her to play that lilting tune—"The Campbells are coming, hurrah! hurrah!" on the piano. I wish you could have been there to have enjoyed, also, with me, her perfect rendering of that dear old Scotch melody, "I Love a Lassie, a Bonnie, Bonnie Lassie" (she very correctly pronounced bonnie: "bunny-bunny.")

"I suppose I shall always like Scotch and Irish parts best; but I expect that before I stop acting my collection of 'stills' will comprise a complete gallery of national types as well as a large number of 'characters' of no particular nationality, primitive humans—'jest folks.'"

TOUCHING SCOTCH AND IRISH BALLADS ARE VALENTINE GRANT'S LEISURE COMPANIONS

"THE DAUGHTER OF MAC GREGOR"

Animal Actors Are Susceptible to Applause

By Peter Wade Gridley

Pets of the Pictures, So Says Mary Pickford, Know When They Are Winning an Audience's Approval and Play for It

OLD Noah's trouble with the animals in his Ark was as nothing compared to that of little Mary Pickford and her Movie Menagerie. All the sideshow freaks of Noah's Zoo marched, we are told, in orderly files of two by two, and otherwise conducted themselves quite properly, but Mary's woes are legion.

It was only the humblest kind of a diminutive duck, but Mary says it has taught her a lesson, and one that brings with it a warning to all those who have found music in applause and melody in approval. Little Mary did not put her meaning into slang, but what she really did mean to say was that a stage animal once seeing that it, he or she is making a hit, it, he or she at once "hogs the act." It may seem odd that a duck can "hog" an act, but it can according to the little lady of the screen whose experience with members of the animal kingdom covers a wide range.

"I first noticed it in 'Rags,'" says Miss Pickford, "for here I was given a dog to go right to work with, without so much as an introduction. We had never rehearsed together and never met as far as I can remember. I did not know it at the time, but 'Rags' was no amateur. At rehearsal he affected ignorance, indifference and at times displayed a tendency to snarl, but when we got before the camera the 'actor' in that dog immediately became apparent. He went at everything letter perfect.

"He seemed intuitively to do everything right. If the director said 'fine,' before I could stop him 'Rags' would do it over again. He was the most persistent encorer I have ever met; I finally had to take him by the back of the neck and firmly impress upon his dogship that I was the star of the show. But it was unavailing. My contract was a simpering symposium of meaningless words compared to his dog license. But we got thru, and if you remember the picture, he starred himself, and from the stories he got in the newspapers about his quaint

"TOPSY," THE DONKEY, USED TO STAR IN "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN"

"HULDA" AND "RAGS" WERE NAMED AFTER TWO FAMOUS PICTURES

"ADAM," THE "STAR" OF "LESS THAN THE DUST," IS A SHIP OF THE DESERT, BUT LITTLE MARY HAD TO LEAVE HIM IN NEW YORK

"TOPSY" BECAME THE "PROUDEST OF THE CLAN"

canine capers I think he must have had a personal press-agent. But he didn't keep it up. One starring season was too much for him. The last time I saw 'Rags,' he was working in the chorus of a dog village show and in the back line at that.

Little Mary couldn't even have a docile little lamb; hers was a—but let her tell it.

"Now when we started in to do 'Hulda from Holland,' I found that one of my company was to be a goat. Of course everybody made a joke of it. I did not, for I remembered 'Rags.' I had been learning many lessons in that big schoolhouse of experience for a long time, so made up my mind to take the goat in hand.

"I took him to our country place in an automobile, and one afternoon when there was no one around I took him back of the chicken-house and we had a serious talk. I knew he didn't know the scenario. I suppose if they had given it to him he would have eaten it. But I had absorbed mine. I had already learnt from the property-man that the goat was an amateur. His only accomplishment in the past had been pulling a wagon and playing fire-horse for a lot of kiddies. This gave me a cue. I got a gong and rang it. He was immediately all attention. He had not forgotten his first training. So we went to work together and I was not unkind, but I made him understand that from a standpoint of acting he was supporting me and not starring. And he was fine. When we got before the camera his work was perfect and exactly in accord. Once he tried to take a butt at the camera, I rang the gong on him and he was all attention. But the gong was his downfall, after he had made a hit and might have remained in his profession. He was standing in front of the studio one afternoon when a crowd of boys with a wagon and another goat went flying by ringing a gong and playing "fire department." It was too much for my actor-goat. Down fell the bust of Thespis o'er his

"LITTLE MARY" AND HER ALL-STAR CAST—"GLADYS" AND "TRILLS"

chamber-door and he was gone. The gong had awakened the old life. But perhaps it was for the best. Sometimes I have felt that I would like to ring a gong and run away too.

"But now for the duck. I named her Hulda, and you know all about her, how she was given to me in Chicago, and swam all the way to New York in the wash-basin of the Pullman drawing-room. In 'The Pride of the Clan' you know I am simply surrounded by animals. But I never had such a wonderful stock company in my life. They were all new to the business. I thought they were, until I took them off for a private rehearsal. One session with Hulda, the duck, and I found that she had all of the old tricks and 'stealing your stuff' games that were ever invented. I have no idea where she ever learnt them. The donkey I found out was an old-timer, dating back as far as 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' when he had to do two a day, work in the after-piece and make parade. I thought the dog was all right until one day I caught him walking on his hind legs before a crowd of admiring children. I found out he had been on U. B. O. time for two years, and knew where the private elevator was at the Palace Theater offices in New York. And the cat—poor little dejected rain-beaten cat—was nearly dead when I picked her up in the road near Fort Lee one rainy day and carried her all the way home. She was the only home-body and non-professional of my troupe—no three-sheet had ever lured her from the singing tea-kettle, the saucer of milk and the cheerful fireside. She just wanted to be at home. But when we went up to Marblehead, Mass., to take the pictures of the sinking boat, in the middle of which I sat, water washing all over me, shouting 'Help!' and holding onto the cat, what do you think that feline fuss did? Why, she gave me a scratch, and slipping out of my arms jumped overboard and swam ashore and left me there to sink into the film, if not the sea. And after all the saucers of milk I've given that cat, too!

CHARMING THE WITCHY, RAIN-DRIVEN CAT

"But as I started out to say, the stage animal knows when it is pleasing the audience and works up to it and for more applause. I know a young man who tells me a whole lot of wonderful things about elephants, and he says that he has known them to make an exit and on hearing the applause come back and make a bow without being told, and I believe him. So now when I act with an animal we have a long session before we get in front of the camera, and before we adjourn there is no mistake as to who is the real boss.

"Out in Los Angeles I asked Bonavita, the animal trainer, if it was true that animals liked applause, and he said:

" 'Of course they do. All mine like to be lionized.'

"And I told him I supposed that was so—they're pretty folksy, after all."

Good Story Contest—Announcement of Winners

In recent issues of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and CLASSIC, the Scenario Service Bureau offered $135 in prizes for the best original story. The contest closed on March 31, and the judges have just completed the work of reading several thousand excellent stories and a few that were not excellent. The judges have made their awards, and the Bureau has asked us to publish the names of the winners, who are as follows, in the order named: Gerald L. Carson, P. O., Inwood, L. I., for "The Sleep-Walker"; E. L. Krizan, Groom, Texas, for "The Warning Call"; James V. Hamlin, Newark, N. J., for "The Final Analysis"; Miss Georgette Poulard, 76 Franklin Av., Passaic Park, N. J., for "The Masterpiece"; R. W. Meguiar, 172 Formwalt St., Atlanta, Ga., for "When Hatred Fled"; Miss Eda Bowers-Robinson, 134 Hubinger St., New Haven, Conn., for "The Madonna of the Wayside"; Carroll E. King, Highland, O., for "Duty"; W. F. Weddle, Piedmont, Mo., for "The Ray of Light"; Miss E. Maitland, Vernon Lodge, Hughenden Road, East St. Kilda, Melbourne, Victoria, Australia, for "Man's Sacrifice"; Miss Ursula R. Blake, 806 E. Water St., Pontiac, Ill., for "That Clayton Affair"; Mrs. W. Harry Bosworth, 85 Brent St., Dorchester, Mass., for "Her Reward"; Arthur F. Bissonette, 74 Broad St., Hudson, Mass., for "Nan from Nowhere"; and Miss Nancy M. Burns, 7629 Loraine Av., Cleveland, O., for "What Would You Have Done?" Among those whose stories competed strongly for a prize are: Marie L. Waibel, Charles E. Harris, Eleanor C. Brooks, A. Loretto Quigley, Jessie M. Whipple, L. L. Williamson, C. B. Woods, Ethel Dunn, Wm. A. Fahrenhorst, Wong Chin, Ethel Reid, Joseph Milam, Mrs. Edward Pels, R. E. Lutz, Leon C. Bailey, Maym M. Wooley, Margaret Morgan, John Lindgren, Julian E. Isaac, B. I. Scanlon, Mary C. Rupp, Orpha M. Hughey, Ada B. Rhea, Fred. R. Whittemore, E. B. McOrmand, M. R. Murphy, Claire O. Goldstein, H. J. Fraser, Pearl Stahl, Edith Dangerfield, Mrs. J. L. Long, Patty Gardinier, Charlotte M. B. Boles, Maude Vandiver, and many others too numerous to mention. We have taken over from the Scenario Service Bureau the rights to the prize-winners, and we have sent the prize-money to the successful authors. Some of these stories will be published and some filmed—it has not yet been decided.

The Language of the Silent Drama

By MAUD WATERS DITTMAR

An observer is simply astounded at the improvement made in Motion Pictures in the past five years. Wonderful plays adapted from wonderful books, and the finest actors and opera stars in the profession are employed now in producing these plays. Five years ago we would have said "Impossible!" and some persons at that time thought multiple reels very improbable; three-reel features being considered lengthy productions. But, nevertheless, we have the most wonderful films and many that take an entire evening to be shown; some costing fabulous sums to produce; those that have had longer runs at the country's leading theaters than the average play—they are all here with all the beauty imaginable.

Let us give some consideration to the language of the silent drama, namely, the music. Has it kept pace with the productions that are being daily thrown on the screen, and what are some of the causes why we do not have better music with our better pictures? What do we get in the way of music when we attend the average picture theater? In many cases, a miserable program and often very poorly rendered. What are the causes?

In the first place, the exhibitor is at fault. He buys usually a cheap piano, thinking any kind will answer, and no matter how well a man knows his business, he cannot get good results from poor material. Then he will add an imitation of a pipe-organ that has a mighty tremolo which is usually worked overtime, and minus a trumpet stop, which is most necessary, especially for military pictures. He will demand, no matter what the picture is, that the organ be played for at least one reel during the five- or six-reel production. Or, "What would be the use to go to the expense of having an organ at all?" he says. When the piano-and-organ effect is on in short cues, the music is disturbing, to say the least; and you have a most wonderful conglomeration of sound that will certainly almost make you forget to look at the picture. This is frequently done, unfortunately, in first-class houses. Right here, it would be well to add that these observations are all taken from first-class houses, where six- and seven-reel features are exhibited and where first-class musicians are employed.

As to musicians, when a leader of an orchestra or a pianist applies for a position, he will not be asked as to his familiarity with the operas or musical-comedies, or whether he can give the picture the proper atmosphere, as it should have; or whether he can play pictures with Irish, French, Russian, Spanish, Norwegian, Egyptian, Greek or Japanese settings. Nor is he asked as to his ability to play music to give color to ancient or religious settings. Very seldom will such questions be asked. Nine out of ten exhibitors will ask, "Can you catch the falls?" and if the applicant can slapstick he is engaged!

Then, he must be able to endure. Oh, how necessary it is to be able to play the morning, afternoon and evening performances! In most cases the one that endures will have to be endured by the audience, which feels inwardly—"If only he would rest awhile!" It is strange how an audience will think these things, but rarely speak of it to the management. However, they do speak of it to their friends.

Better by far to have silent drama in every sense of the word for a certain time during the day, than inappropriate music all day. However, it is hard to convince a man running a picture theater. To a lady pianist who had been working eight hours, with very few minutes to get lunch, when she protested she could not do her best with such long hours, he exclaimed, "I must have my piano going!" So in most cases the music must please the manager and not the public. This, of course, takes the ambition out of the average musician. He does not think of his work until he is ready to perform, or, if he is very good at playing American rag-time and popular waltzes, he simply uses these things regardless of how ridiculous some of it is in connection with the drama.

Music is the language of the photoplay; it should be carefully selected and well rendered. To a real musician there is nothing so extremely interesting as the setting of music to these beautiful plays. In the first place, it must give the picture atmosphere, color in the very introduction; the character of the play must be studied—scenery, whether land or water; subjects; place and country, and the age. Everything depends on the selecting of the proper theme; then it should never be lost thruout. The work should be planned in such a way that the theme would appear in some form or other during the entire production. Some will say, "Oh, I was so interested in the picture, I did not hear the music." In almost every case of that kind the picture is being well done by the musicians. If the music expresses what it should, it will not detract from the picture; and in many cases you will wonder at the thrills and the perfect harmony existing when you have the proper music, a language worthy of the silent drama.

Now, a person undertaking this work must progress. If he makes the same strides that the movies themselves have made in the past five years, he will be a credit to his profession and can demand all kinds of money. There is no reason, except the lack of common sense and the reading of the photoplay, why the musician in charge cannot put himself in this admirable position. Every few months must find the shelves of his library filling up with descriptive musical works, and if he is wide-awake no money will be wasted.

Some of our readers advertise a symphony orchestra, and some of our film companies are putting out cues for the music, of which the Triangle Company is one, but the majority of the photoplay houses only employ a pianist, and some few of these employ a man at the traps. It is all very well to have a nice orchestra, if they know what to do, but many such do not give much thought to the picture, as will be shown in two instances later on. Much stress is laid by managers on cue-playing, which is all right provided they use judgment. Some of our beautiful songs and well-known operatic airs are often used for this purpose with distorted results in regard to the interpretation of the picture. Among the many are "Rosary," "Miserere," "Perfect Day" and the Sextet from "Lucia." These numbers played for sad scenes—unless absolutely a full rendition and a good cue, too—are made at times too cheap for words to express. Better by far to play an unfamiliar air than to make this grave mistake, especially when such a piece is followed by a few bars from some of our popular fox-trots and "rags": "The Hours I Spent with Thee, Dear Heart," "In Sweet Cider Time, When You Were Mine," etc., etc.

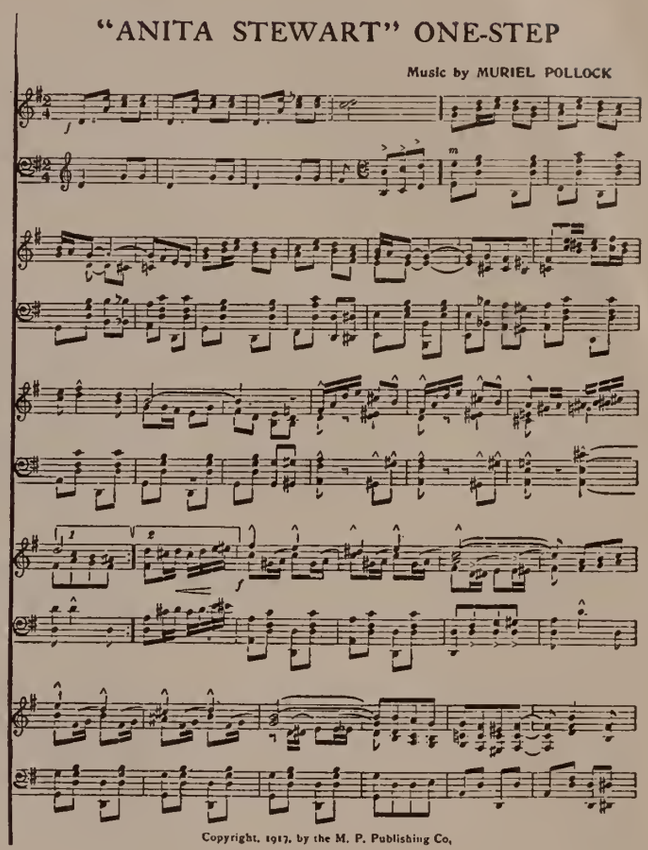
Cue-music must be set very carefully, so that the changes are so well done that the audience will not be able to notice anything that renders the picture ludicrous. For example, in one picture-house not long ago the barroom scene was shown to the strains of "Drink Her Down"; the next scene showed two nuns at an old well drawing a bucket of water; the music of "Drink Her Down" trailed off into the Sextet from "Lucia." Dont we have any other music for "drunks" but "We Wont Get Home Until Morning"? Surely there is plenty of suitable music.

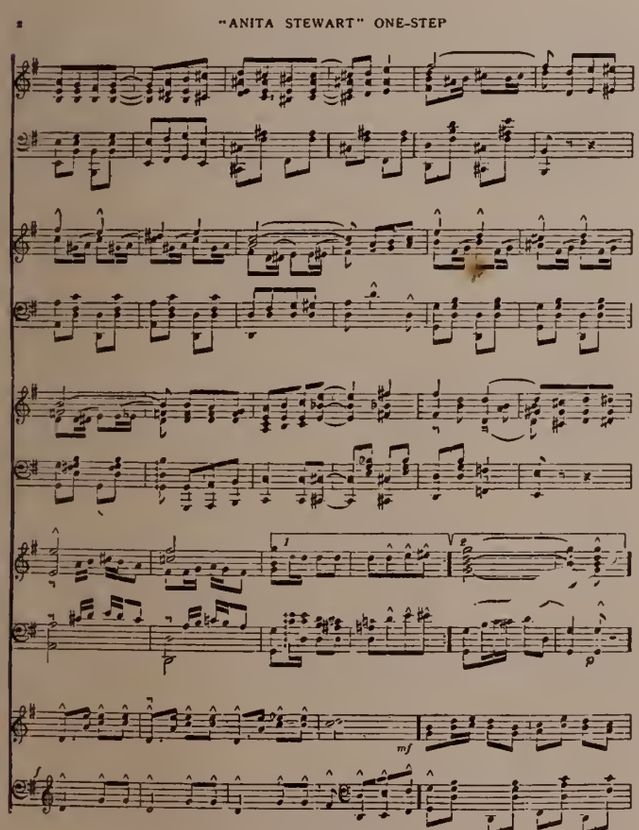
Last summer the writer happened to be in Norfolk, Va. Of course we went to the theater advertising "symphony orchestra." The picture was "Weakness of Strength," six reels, with Edmund Breese as the big lumberjack—very spectacular. The overture was a selection from "The Mikado." Could anything have been a worse misfit? In Baltimore, a few months ago, we saw Lou-Tellegen in a fine production (not a picture) of "The King of Nowhere." The entire act music was beautiful as provided on the program, and selected to suit the period of the play, which was during the reign of Henry VIII. These numbers were played very well. On account of the length of the intermission, they had

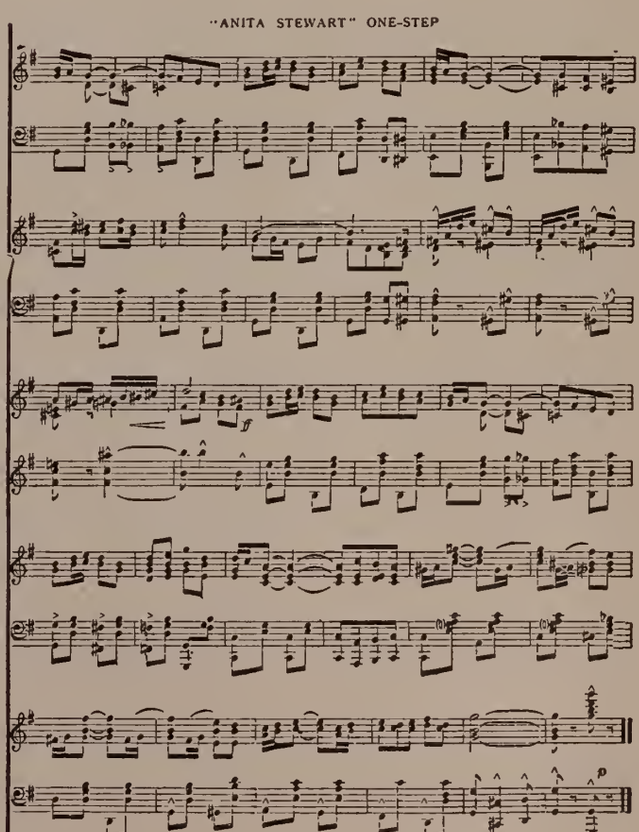
(*Continued on page* 64)

"Anita Stewart" One-Step

By MURIEL POLLOCK







Cut this out, fold, try it on your piano, then order the full-size sheet music from your dealer—or send 25c. to this office for a copy.

What Money Cant Buy

(Famous Players)

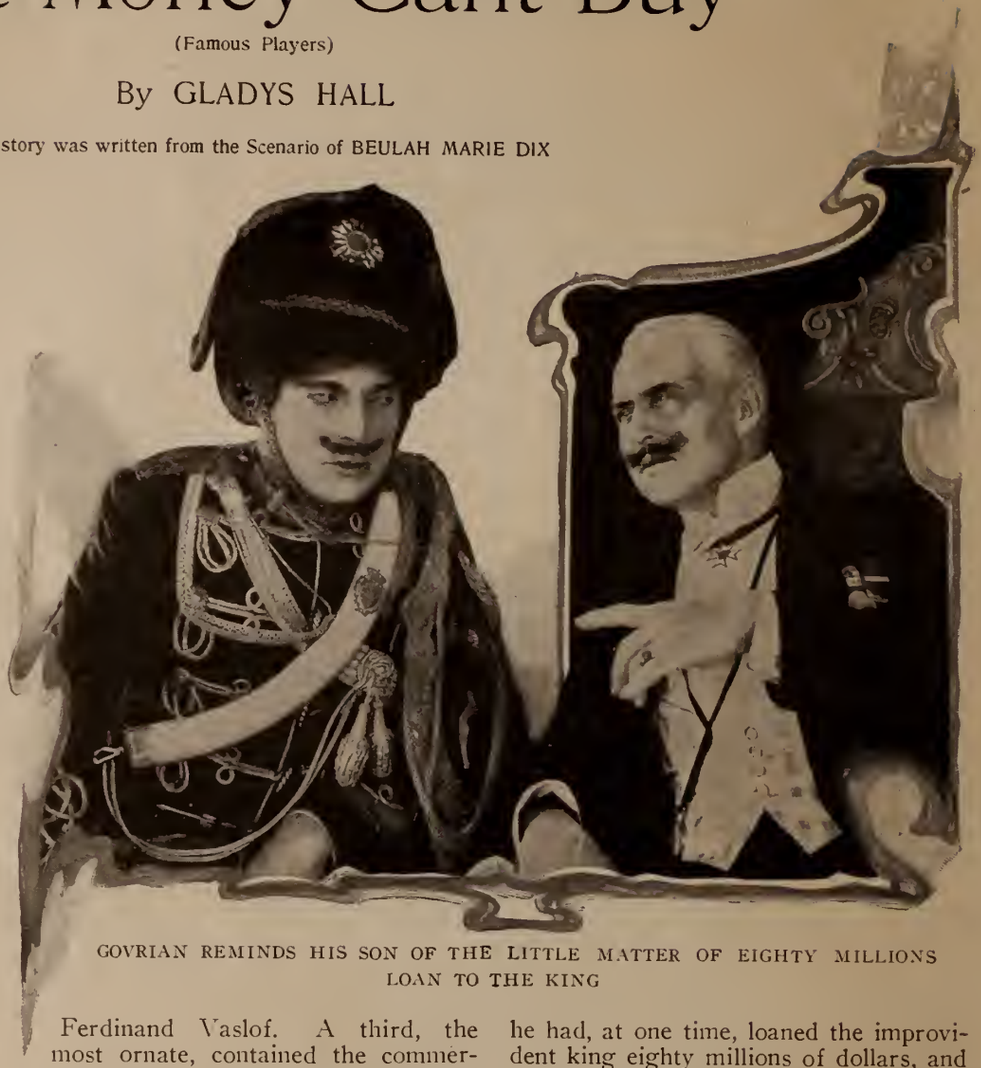
By GLADYS HALL

This story was written from the Scenario of BEULAH MARIE DIX

THE miniature kingdom of Maritzia lay along the edge of the waters like some vivid, uncut gem ringed by the platinum seas. It exhaled "atmosphere"—*dolce far niente*—lotus-eating—dream-stuff—lyrical, tropical, fanciful things. One presupposed before one's occasional small steamer stopped long enough for one to dory to the sugar-white shore that the natives would sing rather than talk, subsist on nectar and pomegranates, and read Shelley at their most prosaic. One preimagined, rather hopefully, that dusky, impossible maidens would dance fantastically beneath the palms, cupping their slender, lemon hands for falling dates—from heaven. One bade a deep, internal fare-thee-well to stocks and bonds, to mortgages, installments, rents and debts, to war news, cabarets and show-girls, to the weariful, dreariful, multi-faced world we know.

As a matter of sad fact, when Mr. Wm. Shakespeare observed "All is not gold that glitters," or something along that line, he spoke truth. It is not only true of miniature kingdoms with idyllic surfaces; it is also true of idyllically surfaced ladies whose beauty, alas, is but beauty-box deep. It is true of bank accounts that, at a touch, crumble and reveal themselves as "holler—holler—holler." It is true of Love sometimes, that at Pain's first touch turns arid and withdraws. It is true of a number of things. It is also *not* true of a number of things. Wherefore, let us say with "Tusitala," "we should all be as happy as kings."

Once within—really *within* the Maritzian dominion—once past the sugar-loaf shore and the dark wall of trees—one accosted, or was accosted by, some grim and astonishing realities. Of course, some of the realities gave the appearance of being dressed up for masquerade—such as belligerent-looking artillerymen in musical-comedy uniforms; fictional, little stone taverns set on the sheer wind of a slim road, with a quota or so of ruddy-beaked soldiers imbibing without; glimpses of beauteous maids, bare-armed and highly ornamented, going about their various duties; and, here and there, furtively, grimly kissing the piled-up clouds, gray castles in the air. One—a particular one, I learnt—housed Stephen III, King of all the Maritzias, and said Stephen's golden daughter, of whom it might be said, "She moves a goddess, and she looks a queen." One housed, or enturreted, Govrian Texler, Maritzia's J. D. Rockefeller, and Texler's royal nephew, Prince Ferdinand Vaslof. A third, the most ornate, contained the commercial, American, financiering person of Madison Hale and his equally American, college-graduated son, Richard, called "Dick."



GOVRIAN REMINDS HIS SON OF THE LITTLE MATTER OF EIGHTY MILLIONS LOAN TO THE KING

I, jaunting about the fringe-places of the earth, in an effort to stop my ears to the hell-din, found myself stopping a bit with Madison Hale, whom I had known very slightly along Broadway, but with whom I discovered an astounding affinity in far-away Maritzia. Over some garnet-red wine unearthed from a cellar how many "subs" down I refrain from stating, I begged Hale to tell me of his son's royal marriage. Hale always *was* abrupt, and when he puffed out brusquely along with his expensive smoke something about "the kid getting the girl, but my millions buying the royalty," I expected a good bone-and-muscle sketch.

It all began, it seems, with poor, impoverished Stephen Rex having at his disposal a railway concession thru the crown-lands. Like two great hounds over the lone bone of another hound, growled and worried and shook and barked Hale and Govrian Texler. Texler had various and divers things in his favor. One was the bond of country; another was his wish for an alliance between Stephen's daughter, Irenia, and his own nephew, Ferdinand; and the third and perhaps most powerful, the fact that he had, at one time, loaned the improvident king eighty millions of dollars, and that, by demanding immediate settlement, he could bankrupt the country and extract poor Stephen from his royal purple. Hale had merely his common-sense American blood, a solid apprenticeship in the bear-ing and bull-ing of the Narrow Canyon, plenty of reserve fund to draw upon, and a considerable following of all sorts. Also, tho he was far from suspecting him as an ally, he had his son.

His son was Madison Hale's *one* softness in a nature of flint and steel. He had mothered him and fathered him since a toddler, and so into his man's love of the lad had grown a mothering tenderness.

In the first interview with Stephen Rex, Hale retreated, vanquished. Texler held the $80,000,000 loan over poor Stephen's head like the sword of Damocles, and the sore-driven monarch executed a veritable sword-dance beneath it. Texler retreated to his private and particular cloud-osculating castle to inform his nephew, Ferdinand, that the contract would be his, and Madison Hale retreated to the Maritzian Newport where his son was disporting himself. Meanwhile, poor Stephen pondered, and bent nearly double under pressure, first from one faction, then from another, and cursed the veins of his ancestors that they ran blue blood.

LIEUTENANT DICK HALE, OF MARITZIA

Madison Hale found his son—only to know that he had lost him. Briefly, the King is Dead—Long Live the *Queen!*

"I want you to meet her, Dad," was all the lad said, but Hale understood. Young Richard had squired many a lass before—burned up many a taxi bill—depleted scores of yellow-backs in Mr. Thorley's—worn out the first-row seats and the stage-boxes at many a musical-comedy, and said, variously, to his father, "I want you to meet her, Dad—she's *some* queen!" But he had never said simply, just earnestly and deeply and simply, "I want you to meet her, Dad"—without a smile. He had never, as he had now to Madison Hale's annoyance and astonishment, joined the Royal Hussars, or any other body. It was, this time, "different"—the difference that makes for a life-contract, or a mortal wound—the difference that made Madison Hale still one with his son's mother, tho he was living—here—and she was of the dead these twenty years.

When Madison Hale met her he ceased to wonder, but he didn't cease to fear. She was the loveliest thing he'd ever seen—the goldenest thing, the fieriest thing, the stillest, coolest thing—nun-like, Sappho-like. "Enough," he told me, "to stuff a sawdust head with fairy-dreams." He didn't cease to fear, because the happiness of his son was the one thing upon which he set no price—and because he did not gauge just whether it *was* the "different" with her. Somehow, vaguely but insistently, she gave Hale the impression of a pampered woman playing charmingly with a marionette. When the marionette happens to be one's son the charm is palpably lessened. Nevertheless, in the lovely idyll being enacted before him Hale managed to recapture much of his dead, brief romance. He saw himself and Nancy again standing in a garden at twilight, even as their son stood now—a garden all peopled with marvels—all tremulous and glowing and warm; and he remembered the way they had swayed together—the uncertainty—the dear question in her eyes—the warm, adorable shyness of her thrilled mouth. After all, having known that glamour once, we have held in our naked clasp the wild, warm Heart of Life—and why, like greedy gourmands, plead for more?

Like the snake invading an Eden—born again—arrived, with due bombast, Ferdinand, Prince Vaslof. Plainly, he was perturbed by the Edenesque atmosphere. Things did not suit him either as to his crown or his heart. Irenia had never looked like *that* at *him*—and he expended, with great care and precision, his choicest Maritzian profanity on the interloping foreigner. Also, he did better. He, as his superior officer, ordered Dick to report for duty at the Palace, and watched the forlorn and very unsoldierly Lieutenant depart, with an irritating satisfaction.

Whereupon he sought out Madison Hale on the wide piazza of the hotel, relieved him of a cigar, and proceeded, very elaborately and with much embellishment, to disclose the true rank and insignia of golden Irenia.

Generally speaking, such a disclosure would have been very impressive to democratic American ears, where each man is an uncrowned king, and every woman queen. But Madison Hale knew poor, tottering, futile Maritzia, and Maritzia's still *more* futile and wholly impoverished monarch. He rubbed his hand on his check-book and felt, figuratively, the crown upon his own head.

"Of course, Mr. Hale," the Prince concluded, looking very fierce, "royalty and commoners do not—er—intermarry. It cannot be. It is not—er—*recognized* by the Crown."

"Lamentable!" puffed forth Madison Hale, laconically. Inwardly, he was perturbed. He felt that Dick's actual place lay within Irenia's sovereign fingers. He realized, quite outside of Ferdinand's hyperbole, that even a toy country takes its royalty seriously, and that Dick, if he were not careful, would be apt to run badly aground.

"Did you speak to me, Mister Hale?" intoned Prince Vaslof.

"I said that I would see what I could do, sir," rejoined Madison Hale, and he departed, leaving Vaslof to plan fresh vendettas for his unsuspecting son.

Hale found Irenia looking pensive—in fact, quite a mundane,

HER EYES THAT FLUTTERED LIKE BUTTERFLIES

girlish forlornity, whose True Love has sailed away. He, like her father, cursed the misadventurous blue blood within her that stood between his son and a home in the suburbs, seven children and the servant problem. However, it was to her blue blood that he appealed.

"Irenia," he said in a friendly, fatherly fashion, "there is something worrying you. I suspect it, but am not sure. Incidentally, I know who you are, and if you confide in me I may be able to help you—and your father—materially."

DICK AND THE PRINCESS IRENIA HAD FORGOTTEN ALL ABOUT THE ROYALTY BUSINESS

Irenia had heard that American millionaires do mad, mad deeds. They acquire money in hunks and slathers by a mere mental sleight-of-hand, and they dispose of it similarly. Moreover, he was Dick's father. Madison Hale saw a veritable cloudburst of confidences coming, and he steeled himself.

"Wait a moment," he said. "Before you go on I must tell you that I am not doing all this for nothing. If I accede to whatever help your father may need I shall ask, in return, your release of my son, Princess Irenia——"

The girl did not ask him what he meant. She barely flushed, yet Hale caught the infinitesimal tautening of her every slightest muscle—the trip-hammer swiftness of the pulse in her white throat. There was an instant of silence—a silence that weighed a heart and a crown—self-love and man-love—Princess and commoner. The Princess triumphed. She flung back her bright-gold head, then bowed.

"It shall be as you wish, Mr. Hale," she said. "We on thrones have ever to abdicate the lesser throne of Self. We do our own lives to the death that we may live aright for other lives. Only in such a way may we be queens."

"Proceed," said Madison Hale, and smilingly, "your Royal Highness!" The girl put one hand on his arm.

"Govrian Texler loaned the King, my father, eighty million dollars," she said swiftly; "he is pressing for it and—for my hand for Ferdinand Vaslof, his nephew. If he demands immediate settlement of the debt he will bankrupt Maritzia, and cause Stephen III to abdicate. If, on the other hand, my father gives me in marriage to Prince Vaslof, I—well, I am a *woman* as well as a queen-to-be, Mr. Hale, and there are some things I—— We are a tiny country, as countries go, but we hold our head high. Even a toy-kingdom may keep the dust of shame away—even a toy-soldier may hold his musket erect until it drops—even"—she smiled whimsically—"even a musical-comedy Princess may be a woman with a heart, you know, with *some* things that a woman cant do——" She paused again, then she looked Madison Hale square in the eye. "And so," she finished, "if my father be released from Texler's detestable pressure, and I be released from his nephew's hideous insistence, I—I gladly abdicate a higher—throne—than I have even—gained——"

She turned and fled. And Hale chewed his Havana to shreds, and envied and pitied his son. And the next day he set forth on horseback for the capital to see about raising the necessary $80,000,000 wherewith to remove the diabolical sword from poor Stephen's uneasy head.

Dick, meanwhile, drilling, parading, strutting and maneuvering with his particular regiment, away from Irenia's patriotic insistence that he join the army, awoke to his own absurdity at this foreign, toy-soldier service, and presented his colonel—a pop-eyed, be-whiskered person—with his resignation. "The d—n thing's a farce," he said to himself.

Having divested himself of his complicated accouterments, his resignation and his unsought-for opinions, he returned to his father's aerial towers. En route he beheld Irenia, and was about to demonstrate very publicly and very

MADISON HALE, WITH HIS TRUSTY AMERICAN COLT, RELEASED DICK

effusively, when his astounded ears heard her say quite incisively, "Drive on, Boris," and her own his wide eyes held eyes, cold and sneering—eyes that, a week before, had fluttered like wild, white butterflies beneath his kiss.

She rode on, a knife thru her heart. He strode on, blazing wrath in his breast.

Arrived home, his father greeted him, and imparted to him the information that he had been courting the daughter of the King of Maritzia. Dick raged. He raged furiously. He laughed Maritzia into non-existence. He derided it as a stage-setting. He demanded to know whether any such picture-card kings and queens were going to keep him from the One Woman in all the world. He would like to see them. He dared them to try it. Just *dared* them. They'd find *their* places. The idea! Preposterous! No, cursed funny! No, absurd!

Madison Hale smoked two cigars in death-defiant succession, and let him rage. Just so had he raged when some obstacle confronted a childish whim.

Having raged himself hoarse, and his father nearly insensible, he burst forth from the towers, and encountered in the town Ferdinand Vaslof.

Vaslof asked him an irrelevant question, and Dick snapped at him some unbeautiful sentiments—in which figured such apt phrases as "Little tin-soldiers," "Prince Spiff-Spaff-Spoof," etc.

As a result, loudly protesting that his resignation was "in," and that Vaslof was, therefore, *not* a superior officer, Dick was shoved pell-mell into a court-martial and sentenced to six months' fortress confinement. His custodian was Vaslof, who accepted the custody with bared-teeth alacrity.

"Me for my wooden kimona," groaned Dick, and all he saw were Irenia's eyes—now like warm, fluttering butterflies—now like alien things—things that smote and stung——

Dick had been like the cog in a many-spoked wheel. Once removed, the wheel began to revolve dizzily.

Govrian Texler, being informed by his nephew of the prison-state of Dick, fairly flew to the embattlement of Hale, who was on the verge of presenting the $80,000,000 to Stephen. Graphically, he gave Hale to understand that the very instant the $80,000,000 was paid to Stephen, Dick's heart would cease to beat with the suddenness of a mainspring broken.

"We still do this sort of thing up here," he said—"barbarous, perhaps, but we must live; if by blood—well and good——"

Hale dropped the business with an audible bang, and watched Texler's retreating back, homicide on every feature. He realized, forebodingly, that Dick was in the custody of Vaslof, who loved Irenia, and who gave forth the edict, "We still do this sort of thing up here." All told, it was *not* a pleasant combination of circumstances for a doting parent

of an only son to contemplate. Hale felt that the matter had passed the bounds of finance, outside of which he felt himself a stranger.

Upon this reverie—flushed from gold to rose, and holding tightly by each chubby hand two black-haired, wide-mouthed little boys—burst Irenia. The blue blood had receded in her veins, the red blood was speaking now—the red blood of her womanhood that offered itself not for her throne, but for her man.

"You must hold us as hostages aboard your yacht," she directed him. "As hostages—for Dick. Prince Meneloff here is my father's heir-apparent. When my father discovers his loss he will go mad with fear—he will release a million Dicks—behead, if necessary, a million Vaslofs. He will drag the seven seas for Meneloff. But you must make haste."

Three hours later Irenia and Meneloff and small Paul were hanging over the rail of the *Richard Hale;* Stephen III was decapitating verbally every last member of his court who did not return Meneloff to him on the instant; Texler was thrown into the discard with such violence that he never maneuvered with the same celerity again; Hale's demand for his son's release was granted seven different ways, and Hale himself set forth for the Vaslofberg Castle where Dick was in captivity, and where Ferdinand was amusing himself, and assuaging his demon jealousy by inflicting all sorts of physical torment on the beloved of Irenia.

Madison Hale, with the aid of his trusty American Colt, released Dick from the gloom in which he had been imprisoned, and left Vaslof there as sole tenant.

The Hales, father and son, then marched triumphantly into the capital, whereupon Hale bestowed $80,000,000 upon Texler, and watched the Damoclean sword shiver into atoms with considerable satisfaction.

Dick watched his father's avidity in looking up available boats, wryly. The soft hands of the little Princess of Maritzia had cupped themselves, and held his heart therein—so surely, so sweetly, so strongly that he knew she could drop it only to break it. Of course, he must go; there was no place for him here. Stephen III had said, finally, that, regretful as the case might be, the royal family of Maritzia could not intermarry with commoners.

While Richard, called "Dick," morosely packed his "Innovations," and foresaw the years eating his heart away, Irenia was busy. She was perched upon the arm of the chair of the old Court Herald.

"You must climb his family-tree," she was admonishing him; "you must make it with intricate branches so that my father will fail to understand in detail. You must make mysterious incursions into the country to verify this—to ascertain that; and at length—on the topmost limb—you must find him—a *Royal Ancestor*—one in whose veins blue blood runs like quicksilver. You must find him—this Royal Ancestor—Mischna—so that he may lean to me from out the battlements of heaven, a shadowy figure, to hand me my living, my only—happiness—so that he may give me—love—— Perhaps"—she nestled close to the old man and smiled, mists of her joy veiling her fair youth in light—"perhaps his Royal Ancestor—is God!"

CHARLIE CHAPLIN'S STUDIO IS A MECCA FOR THE CURIOUS AND THE FAMOUS. WHEN LEOPOLD GODOWSKY, THE WORLD-FAMOUS PIANIST, RECENTLY VISITED CHARLIE, THEY AT ONCE PROCEEDED TO FRATERNIZE—GODOWSKY AND "CHAPLINSKY," PIANIST AND VIOLINIST

Tottie Limousine, the Wonder Girl

An Interview—As It Really Happened

By JOSEPH H. VALISE

THE elevator boy pointed a chocolate finger at a door numbered "37."

"Right in dar," he directed, looking at me suspiciously.

I knocked gently. A hushed whisper filtered thru the closed portal.

"Ma, beat it while I see this guy, will you?"

Then the door opened, and framed in it, garbed in a radiant Chinese kimono, stood Tottie Limousine, the world-famous heroine of the screen. She looked remarkably like herself.

"I need hardly ask if this is Miss Limousine," I remarked, using the good old formula I invariably employed under such circumstances, and walked right in.

"I gotta rotten cold," she said, as I gazed about the room. It was a typical hotel-room, furnished in the McKinley period and not worth talking about.

"That's too bad," I ventured in reply. "I suppose you caught it while playing in some thriller—jumping from a yacht, or something of the sort?"

"Not on your life! I cut that stuff long ago. I just play straight drammer now, 'n' if any of those tricks have to be done they dress some acrobat up in my clothes, 'n' *he* does it!"

"Well, of course, I suppose that does give you more time to develop the art of really acting for the pictures——"

"Art! Say, the only acting that's done for the pictures is done by the directors. They stand behind the camera with a little horn and shout everything they want done. Why, you cant wink an eye without their telling you."

Miss Limousine spoke quite seriously and knitted her lovely eyebrows—they were remarkably well made up.

Just then mamma, who had stood her exile about long enough, came careening into the room, all sails set and a broad beam aft.

"'This is my ma," remarked Tottie, without enthusiasm.

"Howjer do!" exclaimed ma, pleasantly. "Wontjer sit down?"

I accepted Mrs. Limousine's invitation with pleasure. Tottie seemed a bit flustered at having forgotten to make the suggestion herself. Perhaps she missed the director with his manners and his little horn.

FRAMED IN THE DOORWAY STOOD TOTTIE LIMOUSINE

"THIS IS MY MA," REMARKED TOTTIE

We all looked at each other for a long and silent moment.

"This suttinly is a funny job you got," ventured Mrs. L., looking at me with mingled reverence and pity.

"Oh, ma!" cried Tottie, dismayed by her ma's *faux pas*.

"Well, aint it?" insisted Mrs. L., standing on her rights.

That sounded like my cue.

"You're quite right, madam," I chimed in. "It's a very funny job—but—when

you've done it a lot—there's a great deal of subtlety to it."

"Wassat?" exclaimed ma, eyeing me suspiciously.

"Oh, Lor', ma," interrupted Tottie, "cant you keep quiet a second? Mr. Handbag came to inaview me—not to talk about hisself with you!"

Mamma was squelched, but continued to eye me furtively.

"How long have you been in the pictures, Miss Limousine?" I asked, plunging back into the interview while I had the chance.

Tottie again knit those lovely eyebrows—just as she did in "Souls Afire"—and was lost in thought. Then she commenced counting her fingers.

"Three years 'n' two months," she exclaimed triumphantly.

"Tottie!" interrupted ma. "You know pufficly well you first was an extra for Kamragraph more'n five years ago."

Tottie gazed at her parent frigidly. Then she turned to me confidingly.

"Dont mind what she says," she advised, much as one might speak of the village idiot.

Ma ruffled her feathers.

"Well," I commented cheerfully, in a vain effort to bring the mercury back to at least sixty, "you've certainly achieved fame in a very short time."

She agreed with me by smiling sheepishly, tho prettily, showing a wonderful set of pearly teeth.

"I've no doubt," I went on, "but what you would like to go on the legitimate stage——"

"Not on your life!"

"Well—of course there is a distinct restraint to the boards that is not felt while playing for Thespis out-of-doors——"

"What?"

"I mean to say——"

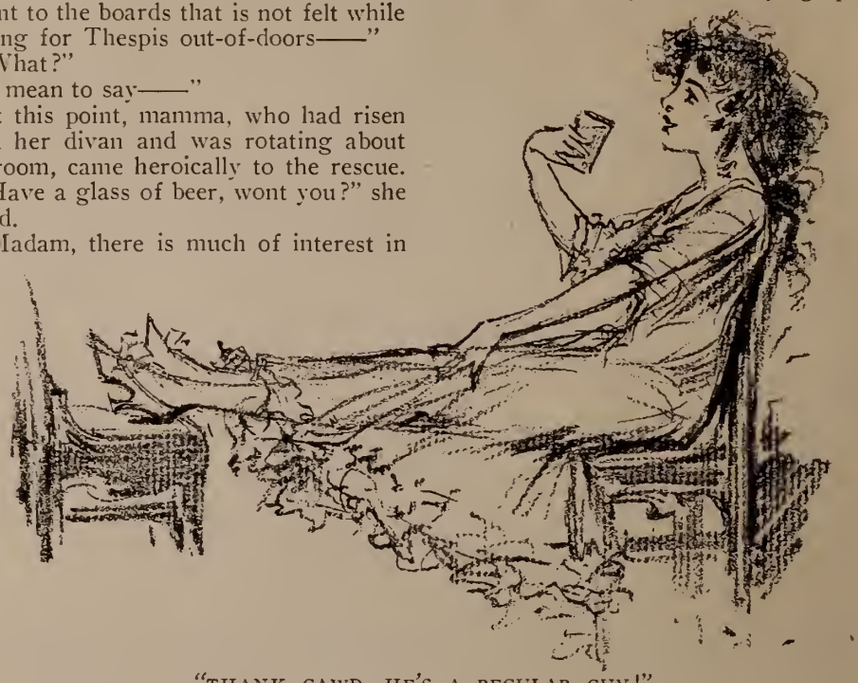
At this point, mamma, who had risen from her divan and was rotating about the room, came heroically to the rescue.

"Have a glass of beer, wont you?" she urged.

"Madam, there is much of interest in what you say," I replied, trying to suppress a thirsty glitter in my eye.

Two minutes later the three of us were intensely occupied in finding out, each for his respective self, just why Milwaukee is famous.

I slipped my note-book in my pocket as I took a long and satisfying quaff.



"THANK GAWD, HE'S A REGULAR GUY!"

"Thank Gawd, he's a regular guy!" muttered the Wonder Girl, as she put her feet on the chair in front of her.

Kings and Queens Contest—The Classic's Great Personality Contest Begins

Vote for Six of Your Favorites—Each with a Different Trait

THE NEWER and GREATER CLASSIC which started with the last issue has inaugurated a contest worthy of its place in the field of Motion Picture literature.

Our readers want something new—something startlingly different. We think the KINGS AND QUEENS CONTEST is not only entirely different, but that it fills a long-felt want. Thru our long and intimate association with studios, players and audiences, we have come to realize that no one player is the greatest. Dramatic greatness is the sum of many traits—many characteristics.

WHY DO THE PLAYERS APPEAL?

Answer this question and you catch the spirit of the KINGS AND QUEENS CONTEST. Mary Pickford, for instance, means charm, youth, innocence, naturalness, to many of her admirers, but these same devotees may see more Grace or Beauty in another actress. The same must be said of the sterner sex. You admire a certain actor for his good looks, his manly beauty, but do you concede that he is gifted in dramatic ability above his fellow players?

The CLASSIC believes that the elements of appeal can be separated into three main characteristics, and that no one player can assume the autocratic crown of them all. We ask your support in a world-wide vote to help us elect the six players who shall be declared the kings and queens of Beauty and Handsomeness, Charm and Portrayal.

THE JURY MUST AGREE ON THE FACTS

In order to render a fair verdict, the jury must be instructed on the law. In order that we may all start with a fair understanding of each term in the Great Personality Contest, we will define each attribute:

Beauty: Regularity of feature or form, or both—physical gifts that delight the eye. Handsomeness: The same attributes for male players.

Charm: Winsomeness, personal appeal, attractiveness, womanliness or manliness, manner, and all that goes to make up a charming personality.

Screen Portrayal: Acting ability, command of technique, characterization, naturalness. A fine and finished reflection of Life, whether dramatic or comic.

On another page will be found a voting coupon with voting instructions.

SIX PRIZES FOR EACH CONTESTANT

Here is the pleasing novelty of the awards: Each reader of the CLASSIC will personally share in the prizes. At the completion of the contest, when you have finally selected what players shall best represent Beauty, Charm and Portrayal, we will ask the new-crowned Queens and Kings of Motion Pictures to sit for especially posed portraits that will best typify the attributes that our readers have selected them for. Each portrait will be the exclusive property of our readers, will be especially posed for them, will be autographed by the players, and will be beautifully reproduced in color on heavy paper suitable for framing. On the month following the closing of the Great Personality Contest we will publish one or more of these exquisite pictures, and follow with one or more each month thereafter until the six kings and queens have all had their reign. After that we shall probably do likewise for the six next highest on the list.

And now the jury is charged, and we ask you, our readers, to bring in a verdict heavy with your preferences. We ask you to make this the most interesting, the most praiseworthy, the most influential contest that has ever been conducted in the interests of the players.

The contest is too young to give the results, but in the next number we shall give a complete record of how the various players stand in the contest.

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Photo by Campbell

HARRY FOX (INTERNATIONAL)

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LAMAR JOHNSTONE (DUDLEY)

HARRY MOREY (VITAGRAPH)

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A GLIMPSE OF PHOTOPLAY EVOLUTION

Close Views and Inserts

Today and forever all those concerned in the making of photoplays may well exclaim, "The world is ours!"

This is the mere statement of a commonly accepted fact. Two powerful conditions, fortunately, govern the possessive pronoun "ours," namely: Business prowess and Artistic merit. These conditions impose Competition, which is the commercial prescription for a healthy life.

The survival of the fittest has always seemed a cruel law to the unfit and the unfitted who in consequence are ejected from the high places they have usurped by reason of their brilliant audacity. What really happens is that that slow-acting creature—the Intelligent Public—rebels when it realizes that the industry is being belittled by its products, or the art is being outraged by its interpreter.

The world-wide audience of the Photodrama has come to comprehend its infinite capacity for entertainment and now recognizes its claim to a niche among the Fine Arts. With this recognition comes the intermittent demand of the multitude that the constructive parts of the produced photoplay be equal to the artistic whole of the Photodrama.

Cinematography occupied nearly twenty years in passing from the dark confines of a mere mechanical curiosity to the dazzling heights of a new and permanent art.

The mechanical phenomenon of animated photographs was destined to be short-lived as a form of entertainment. Curiosity alone prompted the expenditure of the required admission fee, and that curiosity was forever satiated by the murky presentment of some person or object in some commonplace motion on which most of the audience would not waste its attention in actual life.

Thus it took several years again for the cinema to progress from the stimulation of mere motion to the imitation of real life. It was still mechanics, but the new element attracted a new audience. Several years again passed before episodes of pursuit, peril and comic sequence began to appear. Curiosity had been supplanted by sensation. More than half the world loves a sensation when it can get it, and most of them became acquainted with it in the well-named "Moving Pictures."

Another long period of experimentation and suddenly the imitation of life in general was merged into the portrayal of a single life—or a group of lives—in particular. Pictures grew into *stories!* A miracle had happened. Curiosity had been whetted, senses thrilled, to be sure. But now—greater by far than either of these phenomena — *the emotions were stirred.*

Exactly what happened from now on does not concern us so much, for that is mere history. What we students are seeking is enlightening psychology. For we must have recognized some analogy —in the groping progress of photoplay evolution—to the revealing spark of our own talent that glimmered thru the years of our own mechanical periods of endeavor. Once within sight of the divine fire, however, then we know that our tiny spark is nothing less, and our steadfast aim shall be to lift our spark of true inspiration into a mighty conflagration of perfect effort.

Plotting the Photoplay

Photoplay Plot is ruled by a single Unity—that is the Unity of Effect. The Plot therefore should be carefully designed with a view to preserving this Unity—or singleness—of Effect.

The sum of it all is a painstaking practice of compression. For there comes a turbulent tendency—when it comes to plotting the story—to digress.

But be careful and see that your economy of details never becomes parsimony. A Plot must have every bone that the body of the perfect photoplay is supposed to have.

Screenings from Current Plays

Some time ago I mentioned "The Barrier" in glowing terms. I repeat, in many ways it is the most effective photoplay I have yet seen.

"The Barrier" was adapted from the novel of the same title by Rex Beach.

The Director of the consequent photoplay was Edgar Lewis.

The photoplay of "The Barrier" has deservedly made a distinct hit. It will earn a barrel of money for some one.

"The Barrier" is unique in photoplay annals, in that it has exploded a theory popular among producers. They believed it was impossible to make a hit unless

they featured a high-salaried star—the play be dashed! "The Barrier" shone brilliantly without a single star!

Who is guilty of the miracle performed by means of "The Barrier"?

Was Mr. Beach's novel responsible, or was Mr. Lewis's directing, or . . . ?

One morning the post brings us an invitation, much more handsomely engraved than that to Beach's private showing, and we go to the Broadway Theater.

There were surprises a-plenty—not of contrast to what we saw in "The Barrier," but of startling similarity that began with the title, "The Bar Sinister," continued with the same plot and ended with the same climax.

It was termed "an original photoplay of the South." Any one who can find an original scene or situation in the entire play that has not been done many times in the annual harvest of Southern plays, should receive a big red apple.

To sum up, the difference between the two lies in the inevitable conclusion that "The Barrier" is a great, red-blooded, human-interest photoplay. "The Bar Sinister" is a mediocre, labored, artificial effort.

The latter was padded with negro-minstrel antics and lines, and much other negro local color that was either irrelevant or exaggerated. The story was "The Barrier" in another shade (Black instead of Red) and in distinctly another class. And so on and on.

And I know that I will be accused of being dense by interested parties for failing to see "the big idea" running thru the play. For the author pointedly mentioned the basic likenesses of the White, the Black and the Red races and their inconsequential differentiations. Or to be correct, he gave us nearly a score of successive Captions bearing out his theory in ponderous philosophical conclusions. I quite concur in these opinions, but unless they are part and parcel of the dramatic movement, independent of undramatic "talk," I cannot see their bearing on the present discussion.

Who wins?

Most certainly Mr. Lewis does not.

Rex Beach's story still stands out—and we wonder.

At best, Edgar Lewis has lost much of the fine prestige he had won, thru so unadvisedly selecting an unworthy vehicle for his talent at such a crucial period.

In connection with Mr. Phillips' articles, which endeavor to give a broad view of the Photodrama, each of our readers should possess a copy of "The Photoplaywrights' Primer," by L. Case Russell. Its author is one of the most successful writers devoted only to Photodrama. This little book, which we will send you for fifty cents, fairly sparkles with wit, wisdom and helpful and constructive hints.—*The Editors.*

Do not confuse the "Motion Picture Classic" with any other publication. This magazine comes out on the 15th of each month and the "Motion Picture Magazine" comes out on the 1st of each month. These are the only publications in which this company is interested.

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Ruth Travers

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The above also comes in less concentrated (usual perfume) form at $1.00 an ounce at druggists or by mail, with two new extra odors, "Mon Amour" and "Garden Queen," which are very fine. Send $1.00 for souvenir box, six 25c bottles same size as picture, different odors. Send stamps or currency.

EXACT SIZE OF BOTTLE **PAUL RIEGER, 216 First St., San Francisco**

The Language of the Silent Drama

(*Continued from page 52*)

to render a number of their own selection. Imagine the effect when the overture to "Carmen" was put on! This was all carelessness. What will be done with "Joan of Arc" when it is shown in our smaller houses or even in some of the larger ones? Will any of the leaders get busy with Tschaikowsky's "Jeanne d'Arc"? How many will go to the trouble to make any preparation whatever? If they cannot have all, they should at least have some of this music. How many will play other French works for this picture, of which there are many? What is being rendered for the "Romeo and Juliet" pictures? Will the average musician prepare himself to play excerpts from Gounod's most beautiful opera, or will he play the "Rosary" and Mendelssohn's "Wedding March"? There seems to be no other wedding music for pictures in the average musician's repertoire.

Four years ago a most wonderful production was brought to our town in seven reels. It was Dante's "Inferno," and was the most spectacular picture witnessed here. Special music was set for it from "Mefistofele," a wonderfully descriptive set of cues. The man who traveled with the picture said he had shown it in a great many States, and he found only one pianist who would use them. That was not carelessness, it was laziness. Suppose we get in film the "Ballet Russe"? It is just possible. Musicians should think of these things and prepare for them. If they did, it would not be necessary for film companies to get up cues for musical directors, especially where the picture runs a full week. If they would understand their work, they would be able to arrange their own cues after the first showing of the picture. Now as to popular songs and ballads, they certainly have their place, and should be used by all means, but not misused by any means. The constant ragging of fox-trots and two-steps is just as monotonous as any other one class of music, and in many cases a distracting misfit.

Then, too, the music should accompany the picture. This was the secret of the wonderful success of "The Birth of a Nation." The music was so perfectly set that the picture was a living, breathing thing. I started to count the excerpts from famous overtures used for the heavy dramatic work and the battle-scenes, and after the eleventh I stopped counting. Simply wonderful was that music. Every drama of six reels today can be enhanced in beauty fifty per cent. by the correct music. On the other hand, it can be an absolute farce. Film companies believe this, and they are actually beginning to fear the musical end of their most famous productions.

It is high time for musicians, who claim to understand their profession, to start in earnest to study this work. Study they must, and it is up to the exhibitor to see to it that results are obtained.

The President as a Movie Fan

By ERNEST A. DENCH

PRESIDENT WILSON is no different from you and me when it comes to enjoying the movies; only, he has the advantage of enjoying private presentations.

"Cabiria," for instance, was shown on the lawn of the White House to an audience composed of his own Cabinet and family.

"The Birth of a Nation" was also witnessed privately by the President and members of his Cabinet and household, because Thomas Dixon, the author of "The Clansman," attended Johns Hopkins University with Mr. Wilson.

"I have sometimes been very much chagrined in seeing myself in a Motion Picture," the President said, in addressing a gathering of film men. "I have often wondered if I really were that kind of guy. The extraordinary rapidity with which I walk, for example; the instantaneous and apparently automatic nature of my motions; the way in which I produce uncommon grimaces, and altogether the extraordinary exhibition I make sends me to bed very unhappy."

A year ago a camera operator wished to film the summer White House at Cornish, New Hampshire, and being refused permission, he confined his activities to taking photographs of the house, grounds and brook. He duly mailed the photographs to the President, together with a letter asking for the necessary permit, which was granted. The operator, it appeared, wanted more than merely to film the house—his ambition was to show the precautions taken against maniacs. At first Dr. Grayson, President Wilson's personal aid, refused, since it was his duty to prevent the guards from being recognized by any one. The camera operator was nothing if not resourceful—he persuaded Dr. Grayson to turn the crank of the camera. This allowed the camera-man to pose as a guard sounding the alarm to some one in authority inside the house.

President Wilson participated in "Made in America," the propaganda production. Mary V. McAllister, the six-year-old actress, journeyed to the White House with a carefully rehearsed speech; but the President put her so much at ease that all she said was, "I'm glad to see you, Mister President."

The President is honorary president of the Boy Scouts of America; so, when that organization made a seven-reel picture, "The Making of a Boy Scout," the President participated in it.

The only time on record that the President has appeared in a regular photoplay took place when the Edison Company put on a Civil Service romance. The hero and heroine take a walk thru the White House grounds, where they meet President Wilson, who stops to talk and shake hands with them.

Via Camera, Wire and Telephone

Illustrated News of the Players Told by the Lens, 'Phone and Night-Letter

Realizing the big interest in up-to-the-minute photographs that carry movie news-value, the Classic has organized an exclusive photographic and news service that is in constant touch with every studio in the country. Many of the pictures in these news columns are the product of our own Kodak and Graflex reporters.

MARY PICKFORD

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS

JACKIE SAUNDERS

MARY MILES MINTER

MADELINE HEADLEY

IT is known only by her studio confidants that Little Mary recently made a flying trip from the West Coast to gay Manhattan and returned to Los Angeles before she had been reported "among the missing." The justice of Little Mary's furlo was instantly apparent to her wardrobe mistress, and—with a bit of coaxing—her hard-hearted director, Cecil B. DeMille, was brought around, too. The secret of the whole affair was that Little Mary just *had* to have a summer wardrobe. In the hurry of her trip frock-makers were actually commandeered to concoct the little star's latest fashion whims, under the stress of day and night work. The illustration is a sample of just how well they performed their emergency job.

When Little Mary arrived safely back in Laskyville, her threatened reprimand petered out into a most cordial reception. Douglas Fairbanks, who had just arrived from the East; Mr. DeMille and Jesse Lasky were at the station as a guard of honor to welcome home their little truant.

"Doug" Fairbanks, by the way, has a habit of dropping off the train, just like his ideal, Teddy Roosevelt, and of mixing in with some of his old side-kicks on the alkali speedways. On his recent trip to Los Angeles from New York, "Doug" deserted the overland flyer "somewhere in Arizona" and spent a day or two pulling leather on a bunch of green mounts in the prickly-pear country.

It isn't all work and no play in Cameraland, but when Jackie Saunders started out to tame a cinnamon bear-cub between scenes at Long Beach, she found that it *was* all work and no play. Jackie has been mothering "Joblots" for the past month, and says that he is the equal in contrariness of six bad boys. The "snap" that she

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sends us shows "Joblots" leading Jackie up the ladder—neither one knows where the other one is going to get off.

The craze for adopting children has hit the studios hard. Recently little "M. M. M." made a junketing trip to Los Angeles, and while there discovered Baby Madeline Headley. Result: Madeline went back to Santa Barbara in charge of Mary, and now she is her tiny household goddess and studio protégée.

LASKY STUDIO GIRLS

We have always admired The Man Behind the Gun, but now here comes the Lasky studio girls with The Girl Behind the Gun—with a vengeance. At a recent Red Cross benefit the Lasky girls loaded their Quaker cannons with flowers and shot them at the susceptible men in the audience.

THE DIRECTOR | ROBERT HARRON | MAE MARSH

When Mae Marsh lost her "Biograph" Bob Harron and recently her "Fine Arts" Bobby, their friends before the screen grieved at the loss. But here we have the "twice divorced" couple together again—this time in the Goldwyn studio. Mae is in costume and make-up; Bob is *au naturel;* and they are conning the lines of their first "reunited" picture.

A Flower of the South

(*Continued from page 27*)

you?' I am earning a nice salary, living comfortably with my mother in a cute Hollywood bungalow, and taking advantage of the outdoor life; traveling all over the country for different scenic views, and stopping at the best hotels. What more can a young girl yearn for in our present civilization? I have my dogs and birds, and it is so much fun feeding them. I have made frequent trips to San Francisco and San Diego in my automobile, and have never had a blow-out. What if I ever do? I guess I could change tires like Anita King when she motored across the United States," concluded one of the sweetest girls in filmdom, as she walked to the door with the interviewer and bade her a fond farewell.

A Half Hour with Nazimova

(*Continued from page 37*)

boiling water to stand until wilted. Remove a portion of the thickest part of the leaf so it will roll well. On each leaf place a tablespoonful of the mixture and roll up securely. Pack closely together in covered baking dish, sprinkle with salt and pepper, pour over a little melted butter and bake about thirty minutes in moderate oven.

Potato Salad—Mix three cupfuls cold boiled potatoes, one cupful chopped Spanish onions, and one cup of pickled herring, cut in small pieces. Put in salad bowl, and pour over cooked salad dressing or mayonnaise, as preferred.

Rice Pudding—One quart of milk, four tablespoonfuls rice, two tablespoonfuls brown sugar, one cup raisins, one cup chopped almonds; bake in very slow oven four hours. When done, pour over one cup of cream.

Make tea at table if possible, with freshly boiling water. When serving, pass thin slices of lemon, powdered sugar and whole cloves.

A Modern Jekyll-Hyde

(*Continued from page 25*)

assistants headed for the downtown apartment of Mr. Holmes.

They discovered that the apartment was completely furnished in Japanese style, and that the bed was not the only thing worthy of attention in the room. The draperies of the apartment are a warm, deep red; the rugs are of heavy velvet, and all lighting is indirect from colored electric globes concealed in soldiers' inverted helmets.

Would you like to know what Mr. Holmes' plans for the future are? Well, here they are, in his own words:

"After this war I am to lead a Fox company to Europe, where we are to make pictures. I have a new idea about the making of pictures that I wish to put in force. Gordon Craig asserts that a picture should be made in entire seclusion, as a man can do his best only when he is isolated from the rest of mankind."

Sob Stories of Sammy Screen

By A. L. HANDLER

SOME are born great, some achieve greatness, and still others have a good publicity department.

Some good actors are born, but more are "made" by the directors.

He who hesitates to find a plot in a Keystone comedy is lost.

It isn't what you say, but how you look when you say it that counts in the movies.

Things are not always what they screen.

A comedy a day will keep the blues away.

She who "vamps" and gets away with it may be called upon to "vamp" another day.

The proof of a picture is in the showing.

The further they are away from the camera, the better do some players look.

The rolling star gathers no moss of popularity.

Beauty must be more than artificial when the camera penetrates.

Absence makes the film fan forget.

A little slapstick now and then is relished by the best of men.

Music hath charms to soothe the wild beasts—and Fox players.

Never leave for tomorrow what you can see today—the censor may drop around.

A stage reputation does not make a successful screenist.

What is one man's Griffith is another man's Sennett.

Too many featured stars spoil the film story.

"I would rather be William Farnum than President."—American boyhood.

Some five-reel features are two-reel productions, grown up by way of much padding.

The best part of some features is the accompanying music.

One does not necessarily have to be a great actor to succeed in pictures; pleasing personality spells picture prominence.

If you want a stunt done well—hire a double.

Do not waste film, for that is what pictures are made of.

One success does not make a star.

The greater the production, the greater the number of imitations.

Fine features make fine feathers.

A good film on exhibition is worth two wonderful spectacles as yet unproduced.

New companies step in where the old ones fear to tread.

When a man "arrives" in pictures he writes testimonials for tobacco; when a woman "arrives" she writes face-preparation testimonials.

You can lead a crowd to a serial film, but you cant make them like it.

Make film while the sun shines.

The truth from a publicity agent would be stranger than fiction.

The company takes care of the players, but the camera-man must look after himself.

It's an unusual film story that recognizes its original author.

Two fair productions do not make one good one.

Lots of young damsels thruout the country are Mary Pickfords, from the curly hair up.

In this age of strong-man heroics, where the big, strapping hero throws villains thru windows, down stairs, and generally thinks nothing of knocking half-a-dozen out in the time it would usually take to hit a man once, it is amusing to see a hero, rescuing the tall heroine from the inevitable kidnappers, take her by the hand and *lead* her away.

"Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to throw bricks or die—
Into the Valley of Comedy rode the L-Ko cops."

We, speaking strictly editorially, were shocked the other night—a Motion Picture actor, in the part of an artist, failed to wear a soft shirt, a flowing black tie and a three-cornered hat.

"Not that I loved Mutual less, but that I loved more money more."—Chaplin on leaving Essanay for Mutual.

Next to the players who will not open their mouths in a picture unless they walk up to the very eye of the camera, come the players who wear excess make-up, especially when they make up for outdoor scenes, where the make-up makes them look as if they were disguising their features with a mask. If they must make up, why, in the name of common-sense, dont they make up their necks as well?

Add to list of those who pose as if they were favoring Picturedom by their presence:

Madame Petrova.

Holbrook Blynn.

"Be it ever so humble, there's no job like working in the pictures," says Felix Macdomb, who does office-boy bits.

George Cohan came, he filmed, he conquered.

Comedians not listed:

Picture detectives, whose costumes consist of:

1 cigar.

1 old soft hat.

1 fancy vest.

1 suspicious look.

1 continuous act of nodding head in approval to other detective whose costume consists of:

Same.

Movie brokers of Universal films, who get their ideas of the New York curb market from the director, who never was nearer the east than Bettendorf, Iowa.

We pity one-part players in the pictures; but, then, this is said to be the age of specialists.

"The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what we did here."—Manager Dougherty, of Old Biograph, on introducing D. W. Griffith to that growing youngster, Motion Pictures.

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Lillian Lorraine	Norma Talmadge
Mary Miles Minter	Pearl White
Mabel Normand	Harold Lockwood
Olga Petrova	Earle Williams
Mary Pickford	Crane Wilbur
Blanche Sweet	Lillian Walker
William Farnum	Clara Kimball Young
Valeska Suratt	May Allison
Emily Stevens	Theda Bara (2 poses)
Douglas Fairbanks	Francis X. Bushman
Sidney Drew	Helen Holmes

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Mrs. Gervaise Graham
40 W. Illinois St., Chicago

O for the old days of Western dramas, produced by Pathé in France and sent to us for our information! The Indians in these French productions of the American West would embrace the cowboys on both cheeks, as an indication of their friendship. The cowboys carried about half-a-dozen revolvers per each and a gaily colored bandana under their hat. They never announced their arrival in the saloons (which were attended by blonde barmaids in short skirts) except by shooting up the place, and the Chinaman, a cowardly brunette, would hide. The inevitable gold mines (the French director must have read of American gold being so easily found) were on a little hill about four feet high, and the cowboy, after being embraced on both cheeks with the Indian kiss of welcome, would stamp around on the mountain and, after a few minutes, would reach into the burrowed hole and take out gold. The villainous half-breed would then appear (they must have had an American picture as a model) and, in company with three other Mexicans, who looked more like the Paris Apaches, with their velvet coats and trousers and caps, would chase them. Of course, after a long chase, the hero eluded them, usually by leaping twenty feet, more or less, into the spreading arms of a chestnut tree. Oh yes, indeed, we considered in those early days that the best comedies we had ever seen, not excluding Foolshead and Tweedledum Italian frolics, were these French bits of American life.

Who knows, probably the American director's idea of French society life, costumes, etc., struck the French as amusingly as these French original portrayals of American characters!

This is now supposedly a very prosperous country. When one considers the number of picture stars and their rumored fabulous salaries it is easy to find out where the money goes and why the average man is always two weeks ahead of his salary.

As Harry Clay Blaney or Theodore Kremer, melodrama exponents of the past, might say:

"Where, oh, where are my wandering villains tonight?"

Without doubt, the life of a serial actress, who dabbles in death-defying stunts, is one of constant danger. Who knows what may happen to the double?—and it is so hard to get some one who can look like the beauteous lady. In one of the famous railroad dramas, where the heroine jumps from one train to another, we glimpsed the trousers of the male double under the lady's skirt.

He shouldn't have worn them.

Or the company should have noticed it before releasing the film. These little occurrences give the gullible public something to think about, and when one begins to think one is apt to realize truths.

He was leaning against the gate, howling lustily.

"What's the matter, little boy?" asked the traditional kind passer-by.

"Th-they wont take me to the Movin' Pitchers!" he howled.

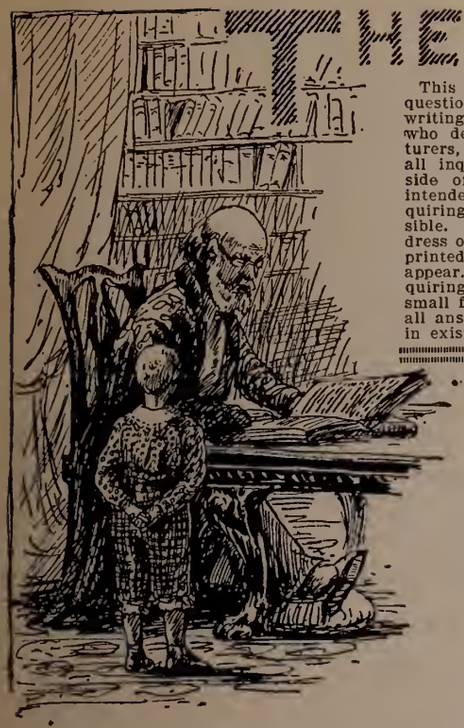
"Do they take you when you howl like that?"

"S-sometimes they do, and s-sometimes th-they dont, but 'taint no trouble to howl."

MOVING CONSULTATIONS
Talking It Over Between Changes At Rehearsal

GRACE CUNARD SUGGESTS TO FRIEND HUSBAND, TOM MOORE, A NEW IDEA FOR ACTION IN THE NEXT SCENE

THELMA SALTER, TRIANGLE-KAY-BEE'S LITTLE LEADING-LADY—CO-STARRED WITH FRANK KERNAN IN "THE CRAB." HOLDING HER OWN



THE ANSWER MAN

This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, relationship, photoplay writing, and technical matters will not be answered. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies, or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn. Read all answers and file them—this is the only movie encyclopædia in existence.

EVANGELINE.—I thank you. Yerza Dayne was the girl in the Shorty Hamilton series. You want a picture of her to appear soon.

BILLIE T. B., GLOUCESTER. — Smoking should not be allowed in the lobby. He should have been hanged for smoking that brand of rope. I've heard that smoke will keep mosquitoes away, and I'd advise you to choose the lesser of two evils—better a poor cigar than those little pests that put New Jersey off the map.

YPONOMEUTRA.—Charles Wellesley was the father in "Poor Little Rich Girl." Mae Marsh was the little star in "The Clansman." George Beranger is with Lasky. Have no record of the whereabouts of Joseph McDermott. Some qweschuns!

ALICE, BROCKPORT.—Montagu Love, Gerda Holmes and Evelyn Greeley in "The Brand of Satan." I dont know why you haven't seen Carlyle Blackwell. He is playing for World.

EVELYN T. B.—On May 25, 1916, a special edition of the *N. Y. World* was carried from New York by the first aeroplane express to Washington; time, 3 hours 4 minutes.

JESSICA T. C.—So you like black. As a rule, I dont like to see women dressed in black. It corresponds to despair, darkness, earthliness, mourning, negation, wickedness and death. Why dont you get a blue suit? I favor the tailor-made girl very much, provided she looks feminine.

RUSTY, NORTH DAKOTA.—W. Davidson was the stranger in "The White Raven." I'm sure you are wrong, because the Washington monument is the highest in the world. The height above the ground is 555 feet, it cost $1,500,000, and was erected at Washington, D. C., by the American people in honor of George Washington.

HUNTER C., MEMPHIS.—Valeska Suratt is with Fox and Jackie Saunders is with Balboa. I should say Theda Bara. Yes, the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is the oldest of all. Raymond Hitchcock was rated a pretty fair screen player because "his hair is human—his smile sublime."

ALEX, BORDEAUX.—*Certainement!* I recall your spicy letter—just wondering when I would hear from you again. Yes, Fannie Ward is Jack Dean's wife. She scored a huge success with the Japanese actor, Sessue Hayakawa in "The Cheat." You will see her on the next Classic cover in all her glory. Thanks for the memento; it's a treasure.

JONSIE, NEW ORLEANS.—House Peters has developed a remarkable fickleness. In "As Men Love" he appeared with Myrtle Stedman, and in his next Pallas, "The Lonesome Chap," with Louise Huff. And now it is announced that Kathlyn Williams is to appear with him in his next Paramount picture.

MATTIE, DIXIE.—There is a vast difference between Emily Stevens and Emmy Wehlen. The latter played in "The Duchess of Doubt" (Metro). I haven't heard a thing about Anita Stewart leaving Vitagraph. Henry King leaves Balboa to direct for American. William Hart is here in the East now, for the first time since leaving the stage. He will stop at all important cities to get the "glad hand" which will be awaiting him.

LILLIAN GISH ADMIRER.—Lillian Gish's library is not limited to a six-foot shelf. She has a small Carnegie of unique editions. Yes, that's one of her hobbies. If you think of making her a gift of "As You Like It," order it rare—very rare. Dont call me Minerva—I'm not that kind of a deity. I'm more Solomonish. E. K. Lincoln is playing in the "Gray Seal" series.

INEZ, NEWFOUNDLAND.—Frank Tobin was the husband in "The House of His Master." Anna Rosemonde was the lead in "Thelma." Frank De Vernon in "The Antique Ring."

MARION S., BROOKLYN.—Norma Talmadge is playing in "Poppy" with Eugene O'Brien and Frederick Perry. Our dog "Shep" is still around the office. It is said that all dogs in Peru have the Peruvian bark, but "Shep" has none at all. We have just clipped him like a lion.

OLGA, 17.—Of course I am glad to hear from you, even if you do call me "dear old lobster." Lobsters are perhaps the most intelligent of sea-living creatures, and they make fine pets. If diligently trained they will crawl about the house, answer when whistled for, and even can be taught to pinch your toe or your hand. Dont you believe it? The last Wilbur picture was "The Single Code."

EUGENE T.—Send a stamped, addressed envelope for a list of manufacturers. There is a new company every day almost, and it is hard to keep track of them all.

JULIUS.—You bet I have my buttermilk. The Realkraft Film Corporation aims to present historical events and developments of America from the time of discovery by Christopher Columbus up to the present.

QUEENIE.—Nicholas Dunaew played in "Reward of the Faithless" (Universal). There is some difference between *cinema*—a mechanical device for showing pictures of men, animals, etc., in motion—and *chimera*, a wild illusion; mythical monster which has the head of a lion, body of a goat, tail of a serpent and emits fire. Miriam Cooper's last was "The Honor System."

JACK T. C., BALTIMORE.—So you are looking for a partner in life. Well, woman might be man's silent partner—only she's a woman. Socrates and Milton both had cruel wives. Socrates drank the fatal hemlock, 'tis true, but after Milton's wife deserted him he wrote "Paradise Lost." Irving Cummings is with Fox. He played in "Royal Romance."

AUGUSTUS, MEDINA.—Dont worry; I wont go to war. You say a married man has cares and a bachelor has no pleasures, but I'm satisfied. Augustus Phillips played in "God's Law and Man's" (Metro). Did you know Mildred Manning was his wife?

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MARIETTA.—Bankruptcy is a wet sponge that erases from the debtor's slate all his moral and legal obligations. "Camille" was the last Fox picture produced with Theda Bara.

SOCRATES.—So you cant wait until you see Warren Kerrigan in pictures. I guess there will be a lot who are anxious to see him. Not in these days is the library mightier than the battleship.

CLIO.—The graham cracker was invented by Colonel Jasper P. Graham at his birthplace, Speonk, N. Y., on August 19, 1812. Colonel Graham stumbled upon the compound quite by accident, as the pan in which the illustrious dietician kept his wheat flour had accidentally been half filled with earth. Thanks for welcoming me into the Scroll Club.

GLADYS M.—I dont know why you dont see more of George Fischer. He played in "Annie for Spite;" also "Environment." Of course there is a Robert Mantell. No, I dont know of any companies who are in need of scenarios. Creighton Hale is back with Pathé. You should see "The Thirteenth Chair" on the stage if you want to see a grewsome thing.

23-13.—David Wall was Willard and Florence Malone was Princess Nayla in "Yellow Menace."

JACKIE SAUNDERS ADMIRER.—I am informed that Antonio Moreno has left Vitagraph. Yes, we had a fine picture of Alma Hanlon in the December 1915 Classic. Of course Harry Fox is a regular player. You say my picture up above here looks as tho I was attending a requiem mass. Say not so.

JOHN N. D.—That's very true, but Moving Pictures are far from being speechless when the director gets busy with his megaphone. Guess you were right. The Dutch village in "Hulda from Holland" was taken in Hempstead, L. I.

INEZ, NEWFOUNDLAND.—Yes, Bob Vignola is still directing for Famous Players. You say that Owen Moore is Catholic, Mary Pickford is Catholic, Joe Moore is Catholic, and now Grace Cunard, or Mrs. Joe Moore, must be Catholic. Why extend your imagination? Why bring religion into my sacredly neutral columns?

WILLIAM L. MCC.—Lottie Pickford isn't playing now. Yes, Ruth Stonehouse is still with Universal, playing in "A Lovable Thief." Theda Bara is working on "Cleopatra." Not May Allison, but Carmel Myers, now playing opposite Harold Lockwood. I hear there was a quarrel. As soon as Warren Kerrigan returns to the Coast he will release his pictures thru Paralta.

OLGA, 17.—So you are knitting for the soldiers. I suggest that you all make pajamas for the Germans, because they are about to retire. William Farnum was William Armstrong in "American Methods." Naomi Childers was Phyllis and Leslie Austen was Jerry in "The Auction of Virtue."

NORA.—Edward Hearn opposite Ella Hall in "Her Soul's Inspiration." No, no, no, Ruth Roland is not married to any one. Neither is it true that the Ford cars are manufactured in a strip and cut off individually, but that is the way the jokesmiths put it. "Max in a Taxi" is quite funny, but not so good as Linder's last. Charming indeed.

C. S. W., TORONTO.—Address Art Dramas at 116 W. 39th St., N. Y. City. I agree with you. I do not know what the correct feminine of cowboy is, but some say "cow-girl." My own idea is that they should be called milkmaids.

HELEN, MILWAUKEE.—Victor Sutherland was Page Warren in "The Bar Sinister." Frances Nelson as Louise and Harry Northrup was Mortimer in "The Beautiful Lie." So you want a picture of Milton Sills in the Gallery. It shall be did.

CLIO.—Tax bachelors? Certainly; aren't they taxing all luxuries? Haven't seen a copy of that *Clarion* yet.

DIMPLES.—Well, Uncle Sam expects every acre to do its duty. You can reach Mrs. Vernon Castle, care of Pathé, Jersey City, and Olga Petrova, care of Lasky, 485 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. City. It would be some job to give you the names of all the players alphabetically, beginning with A. Sorry.

CATHERINE C.—Surely; Mabel Normand, Hollywood, Cal., will reach her. Edward Arnold was Grant, Ernest Maupain was the Baron and Hazel Daly was Frances in "Be My Best Man." The best man is often the one who isn't getting married.

JOHN I. D.—We have no record of the player who took the part of the Christ in "Intolerance." You say you think it was Howard Gage. I'm sorry we cant help you. Arthur Shirley in "Bethesda, the Wildcat." Irene Hunt and Ernest Shields in "The Birth of Patriotism."

MINKA K.—Kempton Greene was with Lubin last, and I haven't heard of him since. Norma Phillips is with World. I am no doctor, but if you have water on the knee why dont you wear your pumps?

SYLVIA L.—A good game for you to play would be to have each one name their superstitions. I am sure it would be interesting as well as amusing. I dont mind answering such questions. One girl asked me to give her a list of the latest New York songs, but that's somewhat out of my line since I neither attend cabarets nor sing.

PAULINE FREDERICK FAN.—Your letter was indeed interesting. You dont like June Caprice's mouth. Why, I thought it a very nice little, cunning little, pouty little mouth. Then you say you saw Mae Marsh wear the same dress that Dorothy Gish wore in "Atta Boy's Last Race," and that Blanche Sweet and Tsuru Aoki wore the same clothes. Of course we like to get your criticism, but what if they did? They were probably stock studio clothes.

MARY MILES MINTER FAN.—No, I dont know any chorus girls, but, with De Wolf Hopper, I can say "Here's to the ladies—God dress 'em!" Josephine Stevens and Roscoe Arbuckle in "The Butcher Boy." You were right in your assumption.

GEORGE C.—No young man ever earned his feed with a billiard cue, and lots of them have rendered themselves incompetent ever to do so. Jessie Arnold was the mother in "Tennessee's Pardner." Thomas Holding in "The Eternal Sin." Viola Barry was the girl in "Sea Wolf." Emanuel Turner in "The Redemption of Dave Darcey."

ERNA V.—Miriam Cooper was the sister in "The Birth of a Nation." Lillian Burns was Mary in "The Goddess." I cant tell that play from your description, and besides, things aren't like years ago, when we could read almost all the synopses that were produced and know everything that was going on. Times have changed.

WARWICK AND WALTHALL ADMIRER.—You show good judgment. By the way, the high cost of paper hasn't affected my readers, I'm glad to see. Thanks for the fee. No such person as the police spy in "Badge of Shame." Very sorry. Richard Tabor was with Essanay, but I doubt whether he is playing now. Florence Malone was the child in "The Master Hand." You ask how long I have been over from the Emerald Isle. I've never been over.

OCTAVIA P. R.—Stuart Holmes was Teddy and Mary Martin was Rose in "The Derelict." Douglas Gerrard was Paul and George Gebhardt was Cou Cou in "Eternal Love." You want to hear more of Norma Talmadge. Josie Collins is with Pathé. "Dimples" was released in February, 1916. Gordon Griffith was Blake in "Gloriana." Of course you hear of Bryant Washburn. He is an Essanay star.

K. C., WOODHAVEN.—And who told you so much? The child in "Little Shoes" is not cast. You say the increased price of the Classic isn't going to faze you any. That is right, for it's well worth a quarter, even.

ALICE M.—Arline Pretty played in one picture with Douglas Fairbanks for Artcraft. She has blue eyes and light hair. Kittens Reichert was Alice in "Her Secret." Arthur Housman and Jean Sothern in "A Mother's Ordeal" (Art Dramas).

DOLPH.—As T. Adams once said, "War is that miserable desolation that finds a land before it like Eden and leaves it behind like a Sodom and Gomorrah." Read Olive Schreiner's book, "Woman and Labor." She defines admirably woman's contribution to war. I shall give an extract from her chapter on "Woman and War": "Men have made boomerangs, bows, swords or guns with which to destroy one another; we have made the men who destroyed and were destroyed! We have in all ages produced, at an enormous cost, the primal munition of war, without which no other would exist. There is no battlefield on earth, nor ever has been, howsoever covered with slain, which it has not cost the women of the race more in actual bloodshed and anguish to supply than it has cost the men who lie there. We pay the first cost on all human life. In supplying the men for the carnage of a battlefield, women have not merely lost actually more blood and gone thru more acute anguish and weariness in the long months of rearing that follow; the women of the race go thru a long, patiently endured strain which no knapsacked soldier on his longest march has ever more than equaled; while even in the matter of death, in all civilized societies, the probability that the average woman will die in childbirth is immeasurably greater than the probability that the average man will die in battle."

O. R. EL CONDADO.—Yea, yea, yea; you ask what players take the Classic. Do you honestly want to put me to the trouble of going thru our thousands of subscription files? I guess nearly every player in America reads the Classic. Seena Owen's latest picture is "A Woman's Awakening."

BRUNETTA, 17.—Character actor is one who has the power of representing with equal facility widely different characters. Marguerite Clayton and Webster Campbell in "The Clock Struck One" (Essanay). June Daye is with Fox. Have no other pictures she appeared in. Come again.

GEORGE C.—Alfred Hickman was George Everett and Jean Hathaway was Mrs. Darnell in "The Master Key." Lee Roy Baker was Michael in "The Exploits of Elaine."

BERNIE. — The *Screamer* is a five-penny affair gotten out in Los Angeles. They say that Tsuru Aoki has signed up with Essanay and will be directed by Frank Borzage. Thomas Santschi in "The Indelible Stain."

FRANKLYN FARNUM ISN'T LAUGHING BECAUSE THE SCENE CALLS FOR IT—HE JUST CANT HELP IT, AND NEITHER CAN YOU IF YOU TAKE A GOOD LOOK AT HIM. SURE COMPETITION WITH THE FAIRBANKS CACKLE!

Our Pacific Coast News-Letter

DEAR SEÑOR EDITOR—Sooner or later, every visitor to Los Angeles travels southward to the marriage-place of Ramona in the City of the Sun.

You may go to Tia Juana (Aunt Jane) by way of rubber-neck wagon, narrow-gauge "Tia Juana Limited"—drawn by a tiny oil-burning engine which makes up in voice for lack of avoirdupois—electric cars or Studebaker Six. Having sampled them all, I prefer the jitney with its courteous chauffeur, especially when I get the front seat with information gratis.

We Coast folk take a yearly trip to Tia Juana, much as you Easterners imbibe sulphur and molasses, and the Mexican trip certainly goes thru one's pockets and removes pesos in much the same fashion as Grandmother's Remedy eradicated facial blemishes.

Not long ago Fannie Ward and Jack Dean decided to relieve the Hollywood Bank of excess responsibility by toting some of their earnings to the border town. "Tennessee's Pardner" really expected to find an infant Monte Carlo, and prepared to emerge from that den of iniquity with nothing more tangible than the return stubs of transportation tickets. Perhaps you can imagine her disappointment when no white-marbled halls of sin and sorrow loomed up as a background for her loveliness, and rummy bookies did the honors instead of velvet-clad attendants. Dont you want me to tell you what Fannie did see? Perhaps this true-to-nature type is more exciting, after all, than the effete nobility of a foreign clime.

Between those movie theaters, Cabrillo and Plaza, you'll find the Barbara Worth Hotel, almost as much charm lingering about its halls as one finds in the book of that name. Here the jitney calls, and we drive down by way of Chula Vista, where I expect to be handed a lemon, for 'tis the home of the largest citrus groves. Towering pines and eucalyptus, chocolate-coated sentinels, guard the left side of the road, for the sea-breezes which sweep in from the Silver Strand love to throw dust in their eyes, in a wild endeavor to flirt with the young fruit-trees, gay in their floral wreaths.

This would be a fine place for chickens—oh, of course there are always some on the tour, but they dont *enjoy* a dust-bath, because of their fine feathers, as a staid old Biddy might, and dust-baths are forced upon one here. In many sections of the road you will find dust fourteen inches thick, for the rainy season has "been and went" and sun and wind are having their innings now.

Tiana Juana is about twenty miles from San Diego, but we can make it in fifty minutes with a fearless driver, provided there is not a fiesta when the long line of autos prevents progress. Yes, and that includes crawling over the desert on a parallel plank-road, each plank but a bit wider than an ordinary tire, and used even by the thirty-passenger touring cars. Of course, when a thousand machines nose each other down this perilous path, you wont be surprised to hear that the trip is accompanied by squeals of fear, à la the "Race Thru the Clouds," for the improvised road over the sand is two miles long, and one might topple off and land in a mess of cactus or mesquite.

An exciting cue is furnished by the *aduanero* at the Mexican customs house, and we all pile out in order that he may peer under seats and lift the cushions. There is no searching of individuals, however, and with a cheery "Buenos dias" we are permitted to resume our way. You'll find a few stocky soldados ornamenting the tiny porch, and it's just as well to note their uniforms, for they change with every administration. At this time they were Carranzistas, and that gentleman's flag flopped forlornly over the alkali road.

Tiana Juana cant boast of flower or blade of grass. In the so-called "calle," or street, ani-mules and getchergoats bite the dust. But look at those purpling hills, vast stretches of brown mesa, the bull-fight arena two blocks distant, and on the other side that funny little fort, with its walls-of-Troy pattern on top, for all the world like those lithographed penny sheets of forts and soldiers which we purchased in—hey, there, class in Ancient History, forward! But if dry as to soil, this little burg is full of good cheer, for fourteen cantinas (saloons) irrigate perhaps twenty casas (houses), and since the Mexican population belongs gladly to the Army of the Unwashed, what need for pumping plants? The cantina will take care of one's thirst, si!

Cant you hear the merry lilt of that guitar at the Cantina Club? Just watch Conchita, with eyes like sparkling burgundy, as she pôurs two glasses of mescal for two bits. That's a sunshiny little drink, short as to quantity, but long on effect. It makes the head heavy and the feet light, and but little persuasion will induce a mescal-laden Mex to dance. This Cantina Club was actually a U. S. fort in the last scrimmage on the border, and our brave boys held it.

But the real magnet at Aunt Jane's is the Casino. It was here that Fannie Ward and Jack Dean met their Waterloo and found instead of Monte Carlo Junior —what?

Noise! That just describes the gambling hall. Not that the tables are noisy, for the gamblers are motionless statues, inscrutable, immovable, save for their eyes, but I'm sure they have an elusive system of signals as I watch the ever-growing pile of gold and silver on the tables. And such card shuffling! I've been told that a student of the gentle vice is required to shuffle all day long, in solitary confinement, for two months. Surely, practice alone could make possible that noiseless, one-stroke shifting of the spots, perfectly accomplished, before one can mutter "Madre de Dios!"

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Our Pacific Coast News-Letter—Continued

Just look how rapt is Fannie Ward as she stands by the faro-table.

A peon enters and planks cinco pesos, American gold, on a number. A chattering Spanish woman covers a half-dozen numbers, a little American tourist superstitiously places her dimes and nickels on multiples of "three." Whirring wheels, descending dice and the American has doubled her coins, the señora has won a gold eagle, and the peon walks out with empty pockets, the while the croupier nonchalantly adds his fiver to the piled-up gold. The Mex has saved for weeks and lost all on one throw, but the fun was worth it, and in another month he'll be able to afford the excitement again.

If there's a skeptical reader of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE or CLASSIC, who says "Oh, but in reality there are never such types as one sees in photo-play dancing-halls," let him or her visit Tia Juana, and be convinced that we still have a very woolly little old West. Dear fans, you know very well you've seen that tall individual with monstrous Stetson, linen duster, spurred boots and heavy caterpillar over upper lip. And you thought that funny-whiskered, bibulous biped with bleary blinkers, blue flannel shirt, bandana, revolver-belt and greasy leather money-pouch belonged only to the William Fox studios? Why, no, he's a regular client of the Casino, and works over in the mines until the pouch feels heavy, when a trip to Tia Juana will relieve him of his burdens.

That short-skirted girlie will dance with any of you for the joy of a yackey-wackey. At seventeen, she is still optimistic and buoyant enough to recover from disappointments. But look at that Gladys Brockwell type, hair disheveled, face hopeless and pallid; don't you remember how Gladys looked in Tom Forman's play? She's had too much mescal, paid for by yon young mechanic who flings an arm about her, and she has forgotten the burning cigaret and starts as it singes her fingers. He asks for another dance, and once more she drags herself unsteadily about, only to fall again, as she has fallen many times, only to get a little more dust on the blue serge, for they dont bother much about sweeping floors down there.

The piano-puncher, clad in knickers, his shirt disclosing a well-chiseled throat, seems a familiar figure. He's had the art knocked out of him in this seven-day go-as-you-please stunt, but some U. S. regulars buy him a drink—they like his ragging. Isn't it funny how every girl will fall for those buttons and khaki uniforms? Our army boys never want for sweethearts, bless 'em!

Two young girls, enjoying their first trip "abroad," join me in an amble to the Mexican Fortress! Any attempt to take snaps of this fuerte means confiscation of the kodak, but, like the miner of old, "I done my damndest; men nor angels can do no more."

Going back we are really held up, for your Uncle Samuel has a good representative at his fortified border bungalow, and we form two lines, one for the deadly of the species and the other for the wearers of bifurcated garments. A year ago, one might import one dollar's worth of tobacco free; now the limit is two bits, and the ladies may carry but one dollar's worth of drawn work or similar mementoes. I buy nothing but postals and foreign stamps in Old Mexico, for all their stuff is imported from Frisco, anyway. But the lady customs officer opens my bag and extracts a pink chiffon veil, which she smilingly returns when convinced that it is a product of the Angel City.

And let me tell you, when I arrived in San Diego again I was thankful God made plumbers and plumbers installed baths.

And what do you suppose I saw at the Orpheum the other night? Quite a crowd of our film-folk, but right near me sat Francis Ford with his new-old wife, the latter beautifully frocked in a greenish shimmery gown and a confection-coat of green. Quite a lot of folks recognized Francis; you remember his little "side-boards" which distinguish him from other men? Just then, the Farber Sisters on the stage got off a little story. Number one remarks, "You mustn't flirt with that man out there; he's a married man." Number two retaliates, "How do you know he's a married man?" "Well, there are two things you cant disguise—a married man and a Ford; you can always tell 'em by their clutch!" Can you see us all howling, and a lot of eyes glued on Mr. and Mrs. Francis?

I must close muy pronto, so adios, Señor Editor.

FRITZI REMONT.

MARGARITA FISCHER ON HER PET OSTRICH

Just Imagine

By CHESTER W. CLEVELAND

Little Mary doing the vampire stunt—
Marie Dressler as "Miss George Washington"—
Ham without Bud—.
Kate Price in "The Perils of Our Girl Reporters"—
Oshkosh and Kokomo as rival centers of production—
Marc MacDermott opposite Mabel Normand—
D. W. Griffith directing Vim Comedies—
Peace and harmony in the Triangle camp—
Charles Chaplin in support of Pauline Frederick—
"The Great Secret" still running in 1925—
Theda Bara signing an ordinary contract—
Another presidential campaign for Edwin August in 1920—
When Podunk and Turkey Run have their own screen clubs—
The day when there are no more end-seat hogs—
All the old Chaplin prints getting a rest—
When there will be no more "No Children Admitted" signs—
How many more years before Mary Miles Minter will be fifteen—
When all the stars have their own companies—
No more death-bed scenes—
Roscoe Arbuckle as "Little Mary Sunshine"—
Jack Kerrigan getting an average of three letters a day—
When the days of over-production are over—
A good vehicle for Mary Fuller—
The return of the nickel show—
When movie players get what they are worth—
All the movie studios open to visitors—
An absence of the subtitle reader that usually sits behind you—
When the film fails to break at the climax—
The passing of matinée idols—
When producers advertise fewer million-dollar productions—
When churches, schools and homes are equipped with movie apparatus—
No more rejection slips—
No more "Pink Slip" pictures—
All the photoplaywriting schools out of business—
The Ohio censors rejecting "Logging in Louisiana"—
"Youth's Endearing Charm" with Flora Finch.

"The Idiot," an absorbing photoplay, was holding the rapt attention of the audience. Just as it was nearing the thrilling climax, with the reunion of the father and son, the screen was suddenly swept blank. The picture was discontinued.

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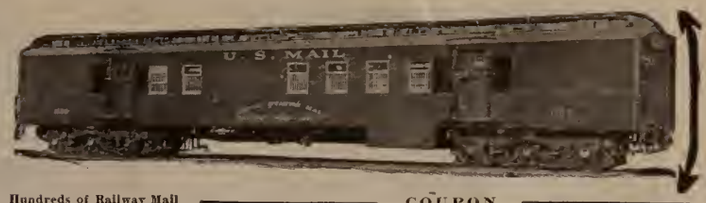

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Henry B. Walthall	Fannie Ward	J. Warren Kerrigan	May Allison	Annette Kellermann
Charles Chaplin	Cleo Ridgely	Edna Mayo	Beverly Bayne	Fritzi Brunette
Beatriz Michelena	Marie Doro	Helen Holmes	Francis X. Bushman	Mary Fuller
Earle Williams	Vivian Martin	Clara Kimball Young	Harold Lockwood	Mary Miles Minter
Frank Morgan	Dustin Farnum	Lillian Gish	Mme. Petrova	Pearl White
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Lillian Walker	Edna Goodrich	Bessie Barriscale	Sidney Drew	Kitty Gordon
Leah Baird	Mary Pickford	Norma Talmadge	Ethel Clayton	Mae Murray
Dorothy Kelly	Marguerite Clark	Douglas Fairbanks	Carlyle Blackwell	Blanche Sweet
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Two eloquent telegrams: "May 3, 1917. To Madame Sarah Bernhardt, Mount Sinai Hospital, New York City—Having just viewed your magnificent work in the Motion Picture 'Mothers of France,' we, as an audience, desire to express our unbounded appreciation. We cannot give you up, Divine Sarah. We know your unconquerable spirit will win you back to perfect health, just as the spirit of your beloved country—our ally—will lead her to victory. May you live to enjoy the triumph! A message from you as to your real condition will be greatly appreciated by those who have been inspired by your wonderful work in the Motion Picture 'Mothers of France.' (Signed), Committee Representing Alhambra Theater." The reply: "May 11, 1917. To Alhambra Theater, Cincinnati, Ohio—I am profoundly touched by your telegram. I have only tried in 'Mothers of France' to show the real sorrow (grief) which each woman in France feels—a grief which I feel grows deeper from day to day. Thanks for your sweet words. (Signed), Sarah Bernhardt."

Peggy Hyland, the Pavlowa of the screen, on the completion of her swan-song appearance with the Vitagraph Company in "The Sixteenth Wife?" announces to all her friends that her temporary address is Mayfair Film Corporation Office, 10 Wall Street, New York City. La petite Peggy is now ready to play rôles requested by her many admirers.

Lou-Tellegen has completed his first production as a Lasky director, co-starring Louise Huff and Jack Pickford and including Theodore Roberts in "What Money Cant Buy."

Mrs. Vernon Castle will appear in a red-blooded, fast-moving five-reel thriller, titled "Carroll of the Secret Service." She will have the splendid support of capable stars. Elliott Dexter plays the leading male rôle; Macey Harlan is the villain; Susan Willa and Mrs. Castle are familiar faces to be seen in this strong detective screen drama.

"Sudden Jim," the popular *Saturday Evening Post* serial story, has been picturized by the Triangle-Ince Company, starring Charles Ray. He will be supported by Sylvia Bremer, the Australian beauty, and J. J. Dowling.

Mabel Taliaferro will be directed by Tod Browning in a forthcoming Metro wonderplay, "Will o' the Wisp," written by Katharine Kavanaugh.

In rehearsing a mob scene in "Betty, Be Good," Jackie Saunders and her new runabout were really mobbed and nearly wrecked when the extras put too much spirit and ginger into the scene. She didn't mind their taking their parts seriously in "The Checkmate," where she plays a dual (twin-sister) rôle of tomboy and dignified young lady.

Sam de Grasse, who played prominent parts in "The Birth of a Nation" and "Intolerance" and delightfully remembered as "Bud" Fraser in "The Good Bad Man," will appear with the Douglas Fairbanks company in "A Regular Guy."

Among the various thrilling scenes in Mary Pickford's next presentation, "The Little American," the sinking of the *Lusitania* will be depicted. Rehearsals commenced on May 7th, the second anniversary of this tragic episode. Following this production, "America's Little Sweetheart of the Screen" will appear in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."

Apparently Chicago's crop of "fine feathers" is short this season. Marguerite Clayton, who is shortly to appear with Jack Gardner in an Essanay feature, entitled "The Night Workers," made a shopping trip to New York. She made such a rapid Moving Picture flitting in and out of the revolving store-doors that the camera-man failed to qualify in this marathon.

The latest Paramount picture offerings are: "At First Sight," Mae Murray (Famous Players); Anita King appears with Wallace Reid in "The Squaw Man's Son" (Lasky), and he then takes to the "Big Timber" with Kathlyn Williams (Morosco); George Beban as the "Cook of Canyon Camp" (Morosco), followed by Lou-Tellegen in "The Long Trail" (Famous Players); Vivian Martin and Sessue Hayakawa travel together in "Forbidden Paths" (Lasky); Fannie Ward fascinates us in "The Crystal Gazer" (Lasky), and Pauline Frederick shows us "The Love That Lives" (Famous Players).

Antonio Moreno is back in New York and is greeting his friends along the Rialto. Tony has resigned from the Vitagraph Company and has not as yet announced his future plans.

Harry Morey, who appeared with Alice Joyce in "Her Secret," is rushing to completion work on another Vitagraph picture play; then he will rush to California.

William S. Hart has deserted his beloved West for the first time in three years and will take a vacation holiday in New York. Newburgh, N. Y., is the birthplace of Mr. Hart, and his mother still lives there. Telegrams of invitations to stop in various cities on his trip across the continent poured in on this popular Ince star, and there were many he found impossible to refuse.

A group picture of Triangle players, taken at Culver City to bid godspeed to Ruth McCord, departing on her 10,000-mile motorcycle trip, included Dorothy Dalton, Enid Bennett, Louise Glaum, Bessie Love, Olive Thomas, Bessie Barriscale, Clara Williams, Charles Ray, William S. Hart, and William Desmond. Several hundreds of motor-cyclists from various Los Angeles clubs escorted her to San Diego.

A beautiful play for children is being filmed at the Ince-Triangle studios, Culver City. The studio kiddies, Thelma Salter and Georgie Stone, will have as a supporting cast, Laura Sears, Jack Livingston, J. P. Lockney, Gertrude Claire, Leo Willis and Walter Perry. Exquisite fairyland settings are being constructed for use in this play.

In "Poppy," Norma Talmadge's latest release, she exhibits a wide range of creations, from gingham frocks and pinafores of a little Irish vagabond of the Transvaal to the most exquisite creations of the modistes. African natives give it local color, and luxurious tropical settings make this one of the most beautiful photoplays ever reproduced.

Director Barker found it necessary to hire a real washerwoman as extra for a day, to instruct Charles Gunn and Enid Bennett in the tactics of the laundry lady's art, in making scenes in the Ince-Triangle comedy-drama, "Happiness." The hero earns his way thru college as a "washerwoman."

Tsuru Aoki has resumed her study of Japanese dancing, in which art she has attained proficiency. Only the intimate friends of Miss Aoki, however, have the pleasure of seeing this little Oriental girl interpret the dances of her Japan.

Forrest Halsey has written a photoplay especially for Gail Kane, entitled "The Serpent's Tooth." Following this, she will be directed by Henry King in "The Woman in Black," an exciting (American-Mutual) Secret Service story. Her third offering, "The Upper Crust," is an adaptation of Charles Sherman's novel, "The Indiscretions of Molly."

William Russell is back at the American studios, after a brief vacation, rehearsing "The Frame-up" and "For a Lady's Name." Mr. Russell's divided interests cause him much consternation these days. If it rains, picture-making is suspended—Mr. Russell worries; if it does not rain, a large bean crop on his Fresno ranch is in danger of a drouth—Mr. Russell worries again; when it is cloudy, with neither rain nor sun in prospect, the plot thickens—he is worried both ways.

Mary Miles Minter has a varied assortment of rôles. Dressed as a very poor and then very rich little girl, she changes from a homely to a beautiful little lady in "Annie-for-Spite." In "Periwinkle," she romps along the rugged ocean coast in rubber boots, oilskins and sou'wester. Next she appears as a Tennessee mountain girl in "Melissa of the Hills."

Arthur Shirley will play the rôle of a young civil engineer, opposite Jackie Saunders, in "A Bit of Kindling." The supporting cast in this fourth in a series of Mutual feature-plays includes Edward Jobson, H. C. Russell, Charles Dudley, Ethel Ritchie, J. P. Wade, Charles Blaisdell and George Austin.

One of the most thrilling fight scenes ever filmed will be seen in "The Flame of the Yukon." Kenneth Harlan and Melbourne McDowell disregard Queensberry rules, landing the sort of hard "jazz" hits practiced by the first Alaskan gold rushers.

The camera crank grinds out a goodly grist of golden gems for June: Marjorie Rambeau, in "The Mirror," reflects a story of theatrical life—the action occurs amid and about the bright lights of Broadway; Edna Goodrich makes her screen début in "Reputation" (American); Billie Rhodes, in "Trixie of the Follies," cures a flirting hubby; Lillian Hamilton masquerades in boy's clothing in "Caught in the End" (Vogue); June Caprice, in "A Small-Town Girl," plays well the part (with all due respect to her birthplace, Arlington, Mass.); Ann Murdock, in "Outcast," takes us from America to Piccadilly, London, a Bohemian restaurant in Paris, and a kirk in Scotland.

G. M. Anderson, "Broncho Billy," returns to the screen in a film play, "Humanity," after a busy interim as owner and producer of Broadway theatrical successes. He was one of the pioneers in the Essanay Motion Pictures' interests.

Simplified spelling meets with the approval and endorsement of film manufacturers and is now generally used in all printed matter on films. The list includes words used by the National Education Association since 1898. For example: prolog, catalog, thoroly, thru, altho, etc., and the spelling "t" for the ending "ed" when pronounced "t." MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and CLASSIC long ago adopted simplified spelling and requests contributors and contestants to please follow the fashion.

Shirley Mason, featured in McClure's "Seven Deadly Sins," will have the leading rôle in Edison's "The Little Chevalier;" Freddie Verdi (formerly with Selznick, in "The Foolish Virgin") is cast with Miss Mason in "The Little Chevalier."

In "The Law of the North" (Edison) Shirley Mason appeared in an all-star cast. The other well-known screen favorites are Sally Crute, Pat O'Malley and Richard Tucker. Miss Mason is under contract with McClure, but was recently loaned to Edison.

Vivian Rich has joined the Treasure State Motion Pictures Corporation, Butte, Mont.

The gasoline go-cart has not supplanted faithful Old Dobbin in the affections of Wilfred Lucas. This Triangle star has just fitted up a luxurious stable for his equine friends on his own home estate in California. When he asked their ebony-hued attendant, Tom, what he thought of it, Thomas replied: "Uh—huh! Mistah Lucas, them thyah hawses is jes' waitin' to express a mos' gratifyin' nod of thanks to yo'-all. I know dey surtinly done enjoy dis yere palace. It jes' makes me almos' wisht I was a hawse, yes, sah!"

Florence Reed has a new "vamp" variety to interpret in the part of Lily Wagner, in "To-day." Lily is a "clothes-horse vamp," and she rides her hobby to the limit. The love of glad rags dominates and destroys all of the near-good or great latent qualities of the beauty who toils not, neither does she spin, but arrays herself in Solomon-like glory and follows the line of least resistance.

The big summer flit has commenced of head-line players from one studio nest to another. It makes us dizzy to try to keep up with them. But here are the important changes of the month: Leah Baird flies from Universal to Ivan; Jack Kerrigan soars from Universal to Paralta; Barbara Tennant hops from Metro to Williamson Brothers; Gladden James flutters from Triangle to Pathé; Anders Randolf swoops from Vitagraph to Ivan; Elsie McLeod bird-cages from Edison to Metro; and, not to be caught napping, Jack Richardson flaps from Selig to Triangle.

Here is a crazy-patch of assorted studio news: Just as Olive Stokes Mix is granted her divorce from Tom Mix, Craig Hutchinson leads Mary MacLaren to the altar. Triangle has abolished the famous Fine Arts brand. Norma Phillips, once known as "Our Mutual Girl," is now with World. Universal has added another brand to the burning by discontinuing its Red Feather features. Kittens Reichert has toddled from Fox to Art Dramas, and Rita Jolivet ambles from Morosco to Ivan. And, to make a long story short, Charlotte Burton is haling Essanay into court in a lawsuit for $28,000. She does not know whether she wants to stay with them or not, and Essanay doesn't know whether they want her to stay or not. So there you are. And, to end with a bit of big romance, Ruth Roland decided to accept the hand and heart of Lionel Kent, a Los Angeles business man, and she is now Mrs. Kent.

THE

Big Midsummer Picture Book

The Harvest Moon, Verandas and Hammocks, Beaches and Woods Send a Call for the August Motion Picture Magazine

Myrtle Stedman, the "Songbird of the Films," is portrayed as a study in green by Leo Sielke, Jr., on the cover of the August Magazine. She is the call of lush pasture, verdant meadow, green forests, emerald waves—an ideal summer-girl.

"The Why of the Tankless Film," by Hi Sibley, is another photo war-story direct from the firing-line in France. Illustrated with special photographs taken by a famous American airman.

"Dame Fashion's Horoscope," by Dorothy Gregory, former editor of *The Whip*, is a series of stunning lay-outs, especially posed by picture stars in riding toggery and sport-clothes for golfing, fishing, boating and vacationing. The article is written by an authority on smart outdoor clothes.

"A Songbird of the Films," by J. Gordon Bastedo, recites the adventurous career of Myrtle Stedman, opera singer, globe-trotter, "chefette" and picture star. A most eventful life now at its zenith.

"Picture-making in the Tall Uncut," by Frank W. Salley—another of those delightful location stories, dealing with the trials and adventures of Helen Holmes in search of "atmosphere" in the rough country.

"Extra Ladies and Gentlemen," the continuation of W. Sheridan-Bickers' fascinating article on the life of the "special engagement people" in the Los Angeles studios. Illustrated with exclusive photographs from the Coast.

"The Movie Gossip-Shop"—the new department—promises the very best and smartest gossip from Studio-land, illustrated with special snapshots. And then there are a brace of short stories—red-blooded, the kind that tickle your heart and feed your fancy; up-to-the-minute Greenroom Jottings; the Answer Man at his best; a beautiful Rotogravure Gallery of Players, besides a surprise or two to while away a midsummer hour.

"All About the Submarines," by Edwin M. LaRoche, is the absorbing inside story of the "Mystery of the Seas"—how they have been used in pictures and how they attack, disappear, and live their charmed and mysterious life. Reserved for the September issue.

VOTING COUPON

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Pithy Paragraphs from the Pacific

By RICHARD WILLIS

The Fox and the Lasky companies have gone in for a small army all their own. Each has what it terms a Home Guard, composed of the members of the various departments at the studios. They are fully equipped in every respect, from the uniforms to the guns. An army officer is training the men at both studios.

Some massive sets are being erected for the Theda Bara production that will soon be started. It looks strange to see the sets of ancient Rome next to the famous French Bastile.

Ora Carew, the Keystone star, has won another beauty contest, which makes the third she has walked away with in the last two months. She is fast becoming known as "The Keystone Beauty."

William S. Hart is off on a trip and will visit every State in the Union. He certainly will be missed while he is gone.

Herbert Rawlinson, the Universal star, has had a great deal of luck lately. Everything he has touched has turned into money, and, to cap the climax, his better-half won "The House Beautiful," which is worth several thousand dollars, in a raffle on a fifty-cent chance.

Max Linder is still laid up in bed, suffering from wounds he received while fighting at the front. His company of players has been temporarily disbanded until the famous comedian recovers.

Margarita Fischer is working at her studios in San Diego on a brand-new five-reel story that is said to be a dandy. It is called "The Merry Missionary" and was written by J. E. Hungerford. Harry Pollard is attending to the directing.

Allen J. Holubar seems to have a fondness for battle-scenes. He is now working on some more fighting scenes that will go into his latest feature from the pen of Brand Whitlock.

The indications of a tremendous crowd at the week's running of the new Douglas Fairbanks picture were so pronounced that "In Again, Out Again" was run at Clune's Auditorium instead of his Broadway Theater. The large seating capacity was taxed to the utmost during every performance. "Doug" certainly is a favorite here.

Speaking of Fairbanks, "Doug" is working on "A Regular Guy" at the Lasky studios, and progressing very favorably with it, too. He has selected his types for the film very carefully, and has certainly secured what the story calls for in every detail. It looks like a winner.

Henry King, discoverer of Baby Marie Osborne, is no longer directing at the Balboa plant in Long Beach. Henry is now at Santa Barbara, where he is directing the destinies of Gail Kane in American productions.

Tom Ince has left us flat for the time being and gone East.

Mack Sennett is also in the East, looking after the affairs of his Keystone busy business.

Charles Ray is up among the big timber regions of Santa Cruz, where he is filming scenes for a big seven-reel Ince special production.

Bill Farnum and his director are in New York, where they will make two features before returning to the Coast, while Theda Bara is in Los Angeles, where she will be filmed in two features before returning to New York. Sort of tit for tat.

David Kirkland has just finished a comedy under the supervision of Henry "Pathé" Lehrman, in which Dot Farley will be seen as a country vampire. It sure looks like a scream.

Harry Ham, the handsome juvenile, has returned to the Christie forces.

Just before he left Los Angeles, Frank Lloyd took several scenes in his William Farnum production in which he used two Hawaiian hula-hula dancers. Work was suspended among the other companies until every one had a good look.

Helen Holmes shipped three car-loads of cattle to her ranch last week, near Lund, Utah; Chester Conklin has put a new irrigation system on his bean ranch that has cost him several thousand dollars, and Monroe Salisbury has just disposed of several tons of apricots to a cannery. In their spare time these people are actors and actresses.

"Chet" Franklin, the director, came mighty close to winning a dancing contest the other evening at the Vernon Country Club. The bunch were all pulling strong for "Chet," but number thirteen just nosed him out.

Hollywood is becoming rather devoid of players as the summer draws on. They are all taking cottages down at Venice, so that they can be sure of a morning dip in the ocean before going to work.

Bessie Barriscale will start her first production for her own company on June first. Her plays will be released by Paralta. J. Warren Kerrigan will also release thru this organization.

Dorothy Dalton had a wonderful set built for herself at the Ince studio in Culver City—a big ballroom set, one of the largest ever put up at the studio. It will be seen in her latest offering, "Wild Winship's Widow."

Raymond B. West, who has been directing some of the biggest successes that have been made at the Ince studios, has been signed to direct Bessie Barriscale for her own company. West directed several pictures with Miss Barriscale at the Ince studios.

Lee Moran is getting to be quite a night-owl. Saw him up at nine-thirty the other evening.

Horace Davey, who has been associated with Al Christie for a long time, has joined the Horsley studios to direct comedies.

The stork has visited Mr. and Mrs. Edward Sloman. A fine baby girl!

Thirteen baby wolves were born at the Universal City zoo this week.

Eddie Lyons and Lee Moran are certainly turning them out at the Universal in record time. They do about one every four days now, under the direction of Roy Clements. "Seeing Things" is the name of their latest offering.

Lots more newsy notes next time. Order your copy now.

HINTS TO YOUNG WRITERS

A young writer who has been rather unfortunate in the matter of sales recently confided to a friend that he had at last written something that he was sure would be accepted by the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

"You dont say!" exclaimed the friend, interested. "And what is it?"

"A check for a year's subscription."

IN THE FUTURE

"Motion Pictures," read the small boy from his history, "were first shown in the United States in 1871 A. D."

"What does A. D. stand for?" inquired the teacher.

The small boy pondered.

"I dont exactly know," he said. "Maybe it's after dark."

ADDITIONAL REWARD

The picture on the screen was of the hero rescuing the girl from a watery grave. He had taken her to shore, and now he supported her in his arms.

"Well," said Little Sister savagely, "it's a wonder he wouldn't kiss her."

"Huh!" replied Little Brother belligerently; "aint he done enuff for her already?"

STAGE PLAYS THAT ARE WORTH WHILE

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when these speaking plays appear in their vicinity.)

Cohan and Harris.—"The Willow Tree." In this age of murder, mystery and society plays, this little legend of Japan is as fresh as a lotus-flower. Beautiful stage-settings, charming dialog and clever characterization round out an evening of enchantment.

Booth.—"A Successful Calamity." One of the best plays that New York has seen for many a moon. William Gillette in the lead is simply immense and so are the entire company. A charming play that leaves a delicious flavor in the mouth.

Morosco.—"The Brat." Maude Fulton wrote this charming play and takes the title rôle excellently. She has created a unique and interesting character, and Mary Pickford and Laurette Taylor had better watch out.

Playhouse.—"The Man Who Came Back." A strong, gripping drama that holds the interest from beginning to end; superbly acted by Henry Hull and Mary Nash.

Century.—"The Century Girl." The biggest musical show New York ever saw, and in its most beautiful theater.

Cort.—"Upstairs and Down." A very clever and witty portrayal of life as led by the idle rich. One of the best comedies in New York. The whole cast strong.

48th Street.—"The Thirteenth Chair." A weird but gripping drama written around a "spiritualist" and her séances. Margaret Wycherly scores heavily as the star, and the play is one of the best in New York. By author of "Within the Law," Bayard Vellier.

Fulton.—"Pals First." An intensely interesting comedy that is full of laughs, caused mostly by Thomas Wise, who adds to his long list of recent hits. William Courtenay also stars in a becoming rôle. This play should enjoy a long run—it deserves it.

Globe.—"Out There." Laurette Taylor's best since "Peg o' My Heart," but it is a play of characterization rather than of plot and story, of which it has practically none. A preachment on recruiting and interesting to all who like scenes in military hospitals.

Harris.—"Lilac Time." An absorbing, interesting dramatic play of modern French war-time in which Jane Cowl does some excellent dramatic work, supported by a good company. The play has a strong appeal and is no doubt destined for a long run.

Loew's N. Y. and Loew's American Roof.—Photoplays; first runs. Program changes every week.

Rialto.—Photoplays supreme. Program changes every week.

Strand.—Select first-run photoplays. Program changes every week.

DO YOU THINK SO?

The hero and the villain were engaged in a hand-to-hand death-struggle in a thrilling photoplay. Each time that the hero got the upper hand the people applauded wildly. Suddenly a little girl sitting alongside of me whispered:

"They oughtn't to clap like that."

"Why not?" asked the mother, who had applauded as wildly as the rest.

"It gets them nervous," she explained, pointing to the struggling two.

MAYBE

A teacher of a class of up-to-date boys had taken up the subject of the metric system, and, on finishing her talk, noticed a small boy who, to all intents and purposes, was busily engaged in counting the fly-specks on the ceiling, and then and there she decided to test his knowledge of the subject.

"Now, Johnny, please tell the class what 'cc' stands for."

"That's easy," replied Johnny, continuing his mental gymnastics, "Charlie Chaplin."

"Hello Huck!"

RECALL that golden day when you first read "Huck Finn"? How your mother said, "For goodness' sake, stop laughing aloud over that book. You sound so silly." But you couldn't stop laughing.

To-day when you read "Huckleberry Finn" you will not laugh so much. You will chuckle often, but you will also want to weep. The deep humanity of it—the pathos, that you never saw, as a boy, will appeal to you now. You were too busy laughing to notice the limpid purity of the master's style.

MARK TWAIN

When Mark Twain first wrote "Huckleberry Finn" this land was swept with a gale of laughter. When he wrote "The Innocents Abroad" even Europe laughed at it itself.

But one day there appeared a new book from his pen, so spiritual, so true, so lofty, that those who did not know him well were amazed. "Joan of Arc" was the work of a poet—a historian—a seer. Mark Twain was all of these. His was not the light laughter of a moment's fun, but the whimsical humor that made the tragedy of life more bearable.

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The world has asked is there an American literature? Mark Twain is the answer. He is the heart, the spirit of America. From his poor and struggling boyhood to his glorious, splendid old age, he remained as simple, as democratic as the plainest of our forefathers.

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Vol. IV AUGUST, 1917 No. 6

CONTENTS OF MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

THE GIRL ON THE COVER

Fannie Ward confesses that she is forty-two, some say she is over fifty, but her thousands of screen admirers maintain that she must be in her early twenties. For further particulars see the article on page 24, and for proof of her youth, beauty and charm take another look at the cover, by Leo Sielke, Jr.

PAGE

OUR ART GALLERY OF EIGHT POPULAR PLAYERS 7-14

SCENES FROM THOMAS CHATTERTON'S CALIFORNIA RANCH 15

MOVIE BATTLES THAT MAKE MARS BLUSH. In which it is shown that screen battle-scenes are often quite different than those that are now being fought in Europe ..... *Fred Gilbert Blakeslee* 16

THE SCREEN KISS. From rude beginnings to present-day perfect attacks. *Edwin M. La Roche* 19

THE PERENNIAL FANNIE. An interesting heart-to-heart talk with Fannie Ward, in which she incidentally makes a few confessions ..... *Pearl Gaddis* 24

HIGH JINKS AT TRIANGLE'S ANNUAL DEEP-SEA PICNIC ..... *Lillian May* 26

EARLE WILLIAMS, REVOLUTIONIST. A chat ..... *Dorothy Dickinson* 28

THE JAGUAR'S CLAWS. Short story ..... *Dorothy Donnell* 29

A HEART-SMASHING KING O' THRILLS ..... *George Larkin* 34

EXPRESSION OF THE EMOTIONS. The second of a series of groups of photos by leading players, in which the more subtle emotions are expressed .. *Anita Stewart* 35

DAUGHTERS OF EVE IN NATURE'S DANCE. Transported from the ancient Garden of Eden, Paradise, 4000 B. C., to the modern sunken gardens of Busch-Pasadena, 2000 A. D. ..... *Nina Dorothy Gregory* 36

"THE SPOTTED LADY." Photo of Valeska Suratt, the Inconspicuous 38

OUR CLASSIC EXTRA GIRL. This time she gets a job with the Theda Bara branch of the Fox Company and relates her experiences ..... *Ethel Rosemon* 39

"HERE COMES THE BRIDE!" A chat with Grace Cunard ..... *H. H. Van Loan* 43

THE DEMORALIZATION OF DANVILLE. A satire, illustrated by Leo Sielke, Jr. *Joseph F. Poland* 47

THE MOTH. Short story ..... *Gladys Hall* 49

AT HOME WITH HELEN HOLMES. A chat ..... *Roberta Courtlandt* 54

THE KIDDIES' FROZEN ECHOES. A group of excellent recipes .... *Lillian Blackstone* 56

AT HOME WITH A BRET HARTE HEROINE—BEATRIZ MICHELENA .. *Roberta Courtlandt* 59

KINGS AND QUEENS CONTEST. A voting contest for the most popular players, giving the results up to date 61

VIA CAMERA, WIRE AND TELEPHONE. Illustrated news of the players told by lens, 'phone and night-letter 62

FLICKERINGS FROM FILMDOM ..... *Mary Blanchard* 66

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES. Wit, wisdom and information ..... *The Answer Man* 68

GREENROOM JOTTINGS. Little whisperings from everywhere in playerdom 71

THE PHOTODRAMA. A department for photoplaywrights .... *Henry Albert Phillips* 74

PITHY PARAGRAPHS FROM THE PACIFIC ..... *Richard Willis* 76

GUIDE TO THE THEATERS. Stage plays in New York that are worth while .. *"Junius"* 77

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ROBERT WARWICK

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Mildred Manning is starting just where she left off—on Broadway. Cast to portray the whimsical heroines of O. Henry, Vitagraph's leading woman is prepared to be one of the "Four Hundred" in art and one of the "Four Million" in appeal.
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Mildred Manning

Another of the stage's "first-water" emotional stars is making her picture début. The art of reading tears into Ibsen's lines can well be translated by her into the language of the lens. Margaret Illington's new field is with the Lasky Company.

With the kiss of dying soldiers still on her cheeks, and the hand clasps of recovered ones hallowing her hands, Maxine Elliott comes to us fresh from the trenches in Europe to take up her work again. She has never faced the camera, but her long and brilliant career on the stage assures her a welcoming audience.

MAXINE ELLIOTT

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Margarita Fischer is fast making her name a household word. Her stardom crown has always fitted her nicely, but in Santa Barbara she is now taking the leadership for sweet charity's sake as well as enlisting recruits for Uncle Sam's Navy.

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Henry King, actor-director, is the dean of "studio fathers." His love for, and training of, "Little Mary Sunshine" made her quite the most beloved child in Shadowland.
Henry King
© WITZEL

ROSCOE "FATTY" ARBUCKLE
With Roscoe Arbuckle back in its midst "Lil' Old New York" feels safe from attack and earthquakes. The Roscoe "film mountain in labor" is charged with nothing but chuckles and laughs.
©APEDA

LITTLE JANE LEE

Jane Lee is not only the tiniest darling in "The Daughter of the Gods" but, with her sister Katherine, is also the sweetest little woman in the Fox studios. This pocket-edition actress has "the run of the shop."

SCENES ON THOMAS CHATTERTON'S CALIFORNIA RANCH. (FOR DESCRIPTIVE TEXT, SEE PAGE 64)

A COUNTERCHARGE IN THE OPEN IN DEFIANCE OF SOUND TACTICS ("THE BROKEN COIN")

Movie Battles That Make Mars Blush

By FRED GILBERT BLAKESLEE
Military Instructor of West Middle School District, Hartford, Conn.

WHEN will Moving Picture directors learn that battles are not mere matters of rifle and artillery fire, smoke-balls and haphazard charges and countercharges? It would seem as if even those who are absolutely without military training might have learnt something from reading the accounts of the present great war, but apparently they have not. If it's a good picture from a photographic standpoint, that's all they seem to care, and the result is a confused jumble of which neither the soldier nor the civilian can make head or tail.

The Motion Picture director's idea of how a battle should be fought seems to be the direct opposite of that of a military expert. The director's way of meeting a charge is to climb out of a trench, or over a breastwork, and meet it with a countercharge in the open. The soldiers' way of trying to stop the same form of attack is to stick tight to whatever defenses are available and shoot fast and straight. It is fortunate for us that Motion Picture directors were not in command of our forces at Bunker Hill and Gettysburg.

In real warfare the artillery try to screen their guns as much as possible from observation, but in Motion Picture fights the guns are almost invariably placed in the open where they could readily be seen by hostile airmen. Another pleasing idea of the

SIEGE GUNS THAT ARE PLAINLY IN SIGHT OF THE ENEMY'S AIR FLEET ("WOMANHOOD")

movie general is to plant his colors on top of his breastworks so as to enable the enemy to get the exact range. One might go on indefinitely along this line, but what's the use?

"The Fall of a Nation" affords an excellent example of how a military Moving Picture ought not to be presented. The story of the picture is interesting, made as it is from a well-written book, and its theme is a strong plea for adequate military preparedness; but as a presentation of war, it is from the soldier's standpoint very, very bad.

The story deals with an American of great wealth who seeks to overthrow the republic and found a monarchy. He is aided in his scheme by a foreign power, and when his plans succeed he is made governor-general and becomes a prince. Later, of course, he is killed and the republic restored. The earlier part of the picture which deals with the plotting, and introduces the love interest, is coherent, interesting and well played, but as soon as the fighting begins, the picture from a military standpoint goes to pieces.

One sees the soldiers of the foreign power, who have been sent over here in disguise, meeting secretly to receive their uniforms and arms, and one notices that while each man is issued a rifle, not one of them gets a cartridge-belt or even a bayonet, and it is hard to understand how a force thus armed could capture a city like New York, protected by its police and national guard, to say nothing of its unofficial gunmen. This curious condition is in evidence more or less thruout the picture, even after the enemy's supposedly veteran troops have landed. The American forces, history shows, have often been illy

UPPER PICTURE:—CORRECT TRENCH FORMATION ("WOMANHOOD"). LOWER PICTURE:—INCORRECT TRENCH FORMATION, LACK OF MACHINE-GUNS, ETC. ("FALL OF A NATION")

equipped, but I do not recall an instance where they have not had at least a round or two of ammunition at the beginning of a fight.

Well, the war is on. The American forces are intrenched on Long Island, with a battery or two of field artillery in support placed in a nice open lot, where in actual warfare they would be annihilated in ten minutes. The enemy advance and the Americans, after firing a few rounds at them, swarm out of their protecting trenches and charge. The enemy retreat and then countercharge. Rifles crack, cannons roar, flags wave and smoke-balls are plentifully used. It is magnificent, but as was said of the charge of the Light Brigade, "it is not war."

Eventually, the enemy bring up the forty-two centimeter guns, designed for use against permanent fortifications, and not against trenches, which they also place in an open field or else where they are outlined against the sky, and these terrible weapons proceed to make the dirt fly in earnest. The heroic Americans cannot stand against them, and from the confusion which ensues you gather that all is over. This is war as the movies see it.

Now supposing that the director in presenting this battle had tried to put it on under approximate conditions of actual warfare, to my mind he would have had twice as effective a picture at no greater cost. Let us say that he showed first the American trenches manned with uniformed soldiers and partially uniformed volunteers. The flags would not be visible and as many machine guns as possible would be scattered amongst the infantry. Back of the trenches, carefully screened from aerial observation by bushes and trees, would be the artillery. In various parts of the field would be field hospitals. Supply and ammunition wagons would be placed so as to meet needs as they might arise.

Now change to the enemy's side and show his advance, with cavalry scouting on ahead, aeroplanes searching from the sky, infantry in solid columns marching along the roads and with the artillery and trains bringing up the rear. The enemy discover the American lines. The enemy's infantry form for assault, while their artillery unlimber and prepare to support their advance.

The Americans prepare to meet the assault. The enemy assault in mass. Panorama view. The Americans open fire. A series of pictures showing scenes in the different parts of the field, the infantry and artillery in action, reserve ammunition being rushed forward, the wounded being carried to the field hospitals and bandaged; the hospitals themselves being under shell fire. Panorama view of the enemy's advance, at a walk, with men falling. The advance come on in spite of everything. They get within charging distance and rush forward with a wild yell. The Americans redouble their fire. The enemy's line wavers, steadies again, wavers, and finally breaks. The assault is repulsed. Cheering in the American trenches.

The enemy bring up more guns and shell the American trenches; the American batteries reply, but are soon out of ammunition (pictures of empty caissons) and are put out of action. The Americans die by hundreds under the rain of shrapnel and shells. (Trenches could be mined, manned by dummies, and blown up.) The enemy form again for assault. The assault is made. Unsupported by their artillery, the Americans are unable to stop this assault and die fighting in their trenches.

A Motion Picture presented along these lines could be easily followed, would accent the "suspense," would be educational to our young soldiers, and would approximate technical correctness.

A TURNOUT FOR AL LICHTMAN, GENERAL MANAGER OF ARTCRAFT, UPON HIS VISIT TO CALIFORNIA. LEFT TO RIGHT:—FIRST ROW—AL LICHTMAN, JOHN EMERSON, JACK PICKFORD, MOTHER AND MARY PICKFORD, AND SMILING DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS

The Screen Kiss

From Rude Beginnings to Present-Day Perfect Attacks—By EDWIN M. LA ROCHE

GAIL KANE IN "WHOSE WIFE?"

OWEN MOORE AND MARGUERITE COURTOT IN "THE KISS"

IN looking around for authorities on what a kiss is and how it can be expressed I found that the Good Book is a treasure-house of knowledge on the subject. There are fourteen distinct kinds of kisses recorded in the Bible. But, alas! they are of the common or garden variety in these days of inventive genius. The little boy who first made cross-marks on his letter and called them kisses delivered the first long-distance caress, and you can imagine how shocked Salome or some other Biblical flirt would have been if she had received her morning salutation over the telephone. (Of course this is only hearsay with the author, but telephone central girls claim it's now an every-day practice.)

The author found that even modern dictionaries were extremely backward in defining the range and variety of the kiss. After consulting most of the eminent lexicographers, one of

CULLEN LANDIS AND PATRICIA BENSON (BALBOA)

MIGNON LE BRUN AND EDWARD JOBSON

ARMA JACOBSON AND LEWIS KING (BALBOA)

ETHEL PEPPRELL AND EDDIE PETERS (BALBOA)

stage with the precision of a machine-gun, misfired dreadfully when they aimed at the deadly camera. In the halcyon days of the one-reeler, when every studio made a pot of money every day and every little picture was just perfectly lovely to its audiences, almost every photoplay ended with a kiss. To first-nighters the signs of its coming whom is known to have three wives, the lack of information about the kiss is appalling. Here are some of the dry-as-dust definitions: "A caress given by smacking of the lips!" "A salute with the lips!" "A form of affectionate salutation expressed by contact of the lips." Horrors! these narrow limitations would not satisfy the most jaundiced old maid, or even Gladstone Dowie, the man who was never kist. There is no feeling; no imagination; no trembling of the lips; no tears nor heart-burnings; no after-effects—not even a germ! According to definition, a kiss might as well be a hurled brick or a tooth-brush exercise. Only one lexicographer shows a suggestion of insight and feeling by confessing that "A kiss is a kind of confectionery."

This is the sort of sympathy directors were up against when kisses were first manufactured for the screen. All sorts of troubles developed in registering even the simplest labial contact. Actors who were Don Juans in private exhibited the restraints of Saint Anthony when forced to give up a celluloid smack. Actresses who could aim and fire caresses on the

were writ all over the screen. It was just like the gather-round-me chorus of the curtain ensemble in musical-comedy. Just so much footage was always allowed for the curtain-kiss, and it was always delivered and received in the same way. After the lover had overcome all his troubles and put the "heavy" *hors de combat*, the loved one, by a singular prescience, was always waiting for him by the roadside, on the beach, or silhouetted on a cliff against the sun—just where it doesn't matter. She usually twirled a daisy and sighed. This was the cue for the kisser to enter and for the first-nighters to reach for their overcoats. The lover approached yearningly, a bit of conventional skirmishing was done by both parties, the screen-kiss was delivered, and one second afterwards—"Approved by the Board of Censors" chased it out of sight.

A curious thing about the original screen-kiss is that the operators always knew that it was coming, hand-in-hand with the censorship tag. In their hurry to exchange reels they would let the screen-kiss "take care of itself," with the result that the perforations did not mesh and little white dots trailed up and down the face and figures of the kissing couple. So in time the pioneer screen-kiss most aptly came to be known as "the Perforated Kiss."

With the advent into filmland of real actors instead of reel actors, and of stage directors taking the place of broken-down stock actors and two-a-dayers alongside of the camera, the pantomime of silent drama began to mean something, and the screen-kiss slowly but surely was exalted to its proper place. Today it is a fine brush in the hand of a master artist. A celluloid kiss can and does register a thousand shades of meaning. Nevermore is

FRANK MC INTYRE IN "THE TRAVELING SALESMAN"

RUTH ROLAND AND PHILO MC CULLOUGH (BALBOA)

PAULINE FREDERICK IN "THE WOMAN IN THE CASE"

it the final sticky fifty feet of the inevitable dénouement.

The screen-kiss today helps to tell the story of the film. As the case may be, it motivates its characters; characterizes them; makes or mars their destinies, and gives just the proper shading to the sentiment.

It was only recently that Famous Players labeled the kiss paramount by christening a photoplay for it—"The Kiss," presenting Marguerite Courtot and Owen Moore in an idyllic and sentimental light drama. Nowhere in its conception and situations was refined sentiment driven to cover nor ennuied thru lack of imagination.

ROBERT GRAY AND VOLA VALE (BALBOA)

JAMES WARNER AND JESSYLEE ROBERSON (BALBOA)

GLORIA PAYTON AND NEIL HARDIN

The kiss that germinated the plot and vitalized the drama is not the mere stolen-in-a-conservatory kind. It is the young girl's first chaste salute, and with it she forever surrenders her heart's freedom. Her still alertness of pose, the hesitancy of her hands, helps to tell the story—"Her First Kiss."

It is said that the stage is the school of experience and that its portrayals are only the crucial things of life well told. If this be true, what should be more carefully registered than the kiss? It may be the beginning of a woman's life—or its crossways—or its end. And, if a capable actress, she should put every shade of meaning into it to define it. Out in sun-loving Santa Barbara, Gail Kane is undertaking the hardest work of her screen career. By hardest we mean the most intelligent and that requiring the most refined emotionalism. Emotions in the rough are slapstick; in the embryo are purely conventional, but to be fully expressed require the fine and high art of refined emotionalism.

In "Whose Wife?" Miss Kane portrays Constancy, a rather usual and undramatic quality. And it is strictly up to her and her director to present this common attribute (so-called) so finely as to grip the heart and inspire the imagination. A wife is expected to make sacrifices; she must, therefore, touch her audience by the manner in which she makes them. In making her kiss of betrothal in this photo-drama its earnestness and sense of sacrifice have to be made apparent. Its emotion was restrained, yet forceful; deliberate, yet deep. It was the willingness to give and take, to serve and sacrifice for all time.

Kissers can be classified as spiritual, mental or sensuous. By sensuous we do not mean the purely sensual, such as the linger-longer or violent vampire kind. The sensuous kiss has little motive back of it—it is as inspirational and fugitive as a laugh. The cuddlesome kind, like newlyweds are given to overindulge in, freights about as much definition as the antics of a blind and newly born kitten. It simply arrives—by the joy route. But even a kissing-bee of this hit-or-miss type now has its distinct interpretation on the screen. Such a thing often falls into burlesque unless finely rendered, and perhaps there is no finer example of the semi-humorous, semi-serious art of honeymoon osculation than the one Pauline Frederick depicts in "The Woman in the Case." Her kisses are neither sacrificial, sublime nor

new, but properly to measure their joy she cups her hands around her hubby's chubby cheeks—just a little touch that labels it a newlywed kiss.

All acting is either simulated, stimulated (sometimes with stimulants) or inspired. 'Tis the same with the kiss—it must be mighty well "simmed" or "stimmed" or heartfelt to get across. Herein is where Mr. Actor Man sometimes fails dismally. In his effort to register a perfect shot he often goes the cave-man one better, and Mayme in the audience quits mauling her gum just long enough to whisper: "My Gawd, aint he dreadful rough?" The fact is that the swooping, chicken-hawk kiss, with the kissee bent double beneath it, is not even convincing to Mayme, the wash-goods wrapper.

The kiss of resignation is usually a comedy gag, but, strange to say, it can be made a telling point in the most pulsating drama. The Man of God received the kiss of Judas resignedly—a salutation that signalized the world's greatest tragedy. It is a story with a thousand warps and woofs—resignation and the kiss that may mean it—but in screen fancy the "Kiss of Resignation" has been side-tracked mostly to comedy. When mother-in-law arrives in the midst of the happy nest and kisses the bridegroom, if he doesn't register unqualified resignation the laugh will never get across. In "The Traveling Salesman" no lines are needed to abet the screen; you can plainly hear Frank McIntyre saying, "It's all up with me—I surrender—my goose is cooked!"

There are sweet shades of meaning that set apart the farewell kiss from its more showy fellows. After once seeing, who can ever forget the farewell kiss of "The Huguenot Lovers"? The pose and expression of the farewell kiss is caught in every line and limb of this exquisite painting. The saddened, misty eyes, the gentle touch of her lips and arms portray only too well the reverence of a lofty love and its parting.

We are fortunate to possess a photograph of Ruth Roland and Philo McCullough which well illustrates the kiss that lingers on the borderland of the spiritual and the real.

In the picture of Bob Gray and Vola Vale, "shot" on the romantic sands of Venice, California, even the most amateurish heart analyst can see that their duel of lips is a prelude to an engagement. It hasn't been one of those sudden, vacation courtships either, but the companionship of years that has at last brought them to their sweet confessional.

When a kiss is stolen from a maiden she is either surprised or does the next best thing—pretends that she is. It is only in unreality when a kiss is purloined that the girl tells the man "to put it right back!" Sentimentalists, especially women, do not like to see the "Kiss of Surprise." They want all the preliminary hoots that go with it. To a woman, a stolen kiss, even tho it's stolen from another woman on the screen, is a paring without its peach; in other words—a skin! The actress who cant pretend that she's surprised is an enemy to her sex. All in all, the stolen kiss, while short and snappy to the taste, is difficult to register to the comfort of all concerned.

Gloria Payton and Neil Hardin have effectively posed for us the stolen kiss. As can be seen, it is in its first stages, and we can assure our gentle readers that she will at least register surprise as soon as her lips are off on their own hook again. We suggest this merely to save the lady's dramatic reputation from critics who actually know the after-effects of the surprised kiss.

As there is no limit to the length of a siren kiss, just so there is no jumping-off place to a discreet discussion of kissing. But we are resolved to bring our kissing-bee to a grand finale, just like the closing chorus of all stars in the minstrels and the big set-piece of the Coney Island fireworks. So here is a cluster of kisses that thrill, or at least will turn over a back-log in somebody's wood-box of memory. With half an eye we can see Mignon LeBrun is receiving a chaste salute from Edward Jobson, and that she is well aware that he is a plutocrat.

Arma Jacobson and Lewis King are registering such a bucolic and unadulterated kiss that if such things happened every day in the country there would be a lot more "To Let" signs on bachelors' row in the hall-bedroom colony. Ethel Pepprell is putting the "pep" in Pepprell in her attack on the purity of Eddie Peters' lips. We guess it's a stolen kiss—not from each other, but without mama's consent. "The Quizzical Kiss" is a new one, but it's perfectly *au fait*, according to Cullen Landis and Patricia Benson. The idea is that they dont know whether it's going to be painful or not, so they mix in a sort of pain-killer smile.

Every kiss is more or less of an episode in Life's serial, and the next episode starts as soon as the icing on the first kiss has been nibbled off. Altho—and this we cant understand at all—they say that Ralph Kellard did not kiss Pearl White until the twelfth episode of "Pearl of the Army." We received this astonishing news from an indignant girl reader who spent twelve perfectly good dimes waiting for the event. All we've got to say is that there was something the matter with the story, or with Ralph, or with the army, because Pearl is awfully careful of her artistic reputation.

But getting right back to the nunnery, here's a shocking revelation: Having acknowledged that Cullen and Patricia tried out a kiss, we must show them in the act of repeating. I leave it to every fair-minded girl if Patricia doesn't look as tho she had been kist before. It is going a step too far to assert that the first kiss tarnished her kissing tentacles—practice makes perfect. But the case is now in the hands of the lady jurors. Ladies! cant you see that Patricia is an adept repeater? Her closed eyes (how would she know enough to close her eyes if it were her first offense?), the face lifted to just the right angle to receive the accolade of the lips, the expert tilt of the chin—all proclaim guilty! And as such we want you all to proclaim her a perfectly good actress, because she has registered a perfectly convincing kiss.

The History of the Silent Screen

By C. H. T.

Just think! A few short years ago,
We only had one movie show,
The only one in town—
Held in a little, stuffy room,
A total stranger to a broom;
A cracked piano out of tune,
And plaster falling down.

In case of rain, the owner came,
And, with a look of sheepish shame—
A bashful sort of fellow—
He'd say, quite sadly, in despair,
"You'd better get away from there,
Or raise an umberellow."

The show? Oh, no, it wasn't much;
Some foreign pictures from the Dutch,
Or just a few French reels.
As censure was a thing unknown,
A damsel's dress was often blown
Much higher than her heels.

The critics said, "It's all a fad;
These motion plays are awful bad,
And they are doomed to go;
For, like the bicycle and horse—
Most certainly, oh yes, of course—
Farewell, the picture show!"

Prophetic souls! Now were they right?
Well, take a stroll down, any night,
Along the Great White Way,
And you will surely ascertain
They are picture-playing, just the same,
And they are here to stay.

Large oaks from little acorns grow,
Just so the humble movie show,
And now its present station.
Oh, wonderful! 'Tis like a dream!
This history of the silent screen,
Stupendous aggregation.

Where just a few short years ago,
We saw a little one-horse show,
Is now a blaze of glory.
Uplifting, moral, censored plays
Are bound to win deserving praise,
And that's what tells the story.

The Perennial Fannie

By Pearl Gaddis

The Lasky Juvenile Star Makes a Few Confessions

THE age, matrimonial status and a few other trifling things like that concerning Fannie Ward have been the source of much agitated questioning on the part of photoplay fans. We have heard that she was forty years old—then we go to see her in a picture and we make fun of the report, and judge her as about twenty-one or two—altho she looks about nineteen.

I was curious—as usual—so I hied myself to the cream stucco villa that houses the lady, and demanded of a trim, white-capped maid the whereabouts of her mistress. She led me around the wide veranda to the side, which had been fitted up as an outdoor sitting-room. There were ferns and potted plants everywhere, there were striped awnings to shield it from the sun, there were were numerous big, comfy-looking wicker chairs comfortably fitted with flowered chintz cushions. And, most of all, there was Fannie. And there was also Fannie's husband.

"An interviewer?" glowed Fannie (yes, I know it's difficult — but she did it!) "Oh, lovely! Do come sit down and make yourself perfectly comfortable. I just love being interviewed!"

I hastily sought a chair, and dropped, tremblingly, into it. Now in the course of a somewhat extensive career, during which I have interviewed some few hundreds of Motion Picture players, I have never before discovered one who would admit that they were anything but fearfully bored with the ordeal. Because of this, I have acquired a meek, docile manner, something between that of a poor relation and a guinea-pig. Of course, I know that nine out of ten photoplayers really want to be interviewed and that their reluctance is merely a somewhat wearying pose—but the meek and docile manner is necessary just the same.

However, as the dark-blue eyes of Fannie Ward smiled at me, I felt my meek spirits rising. I felt almost giddy, like an aged horse who has had too much oats.

"I—er—I think I shall have to be excused," suggested Mr. Deane, who is better known as Fannie's husband. "I've an engagement." And he bolted—which was just as well, as this interview was with his wife.

"Now," beamed Fannie (the beauty about being an interviewer is that no matter how meek and docile you may be in public, when you can begin writing it is permissible to dip your pen—figuratively speaking, of course—into vitriol, if you like. My only method of getting even is by speaking of a player familiarly, by their first names, with no formality. But this time, it is at the behest of the lady herself—whom I *like*—that I use the informal address. All set? Go!) — "what shall we talk about?"

"Something interesting—you, for instance," suggested I, with a meek attempt at wit. It was such a comfort not to have to soothe and smooth the "temperamental" feelings of a re-

A BIT OF CHARMING CHARACTER WORK

FANNIE WARD AND JACK DEANE IN "A SCHOOL FOR HUSBANDS"

FANNIE WARD AS A TWELVE-YEAR-OLD

FANNIE WARD IN EVENING DRESS—

AND IN EVENING COSTUME ON THE STUDIO STAGE

GIRL WHO BELIEVES IN HOBGOBLINS

luctant interviewee!

"Oh, of course, I'm delightfully interesting," she mocked with a tinkle of laughter. "I must remember that this is an interview, and I'm the subject!"

Just here, I remembered a story that I had read, of Ellis Parker Butler's, in which an author, at his first reception, is prevented from saying the smooth, gentle things that are in order, and thru embarrassment says the rough, crude things of truth. For I felt myself in the position of that poor author.

What I meant to say was: "Wont you tell me about your stage work in London?" a perfectly decent and sane remark. What I really did say was, "Are you really forty years old?"

For a moment she stared, and my knees knocked together, beneath my irreproachably correct gray coat-suit. Then she gave a funny little shout of glee.

"Delicious!" she cried. "This interview is going to be amusing." (To whom? I wondered, in abject terror.) "Yes, I am forty years old; as a matter of fact, I'm more—I'm forty-two. I was born in St. Louis, Mo., November 23, 1875."

Tremblingly I thanked her and jotted the dates down obediently. And then I tried to say, meekly, "And wont you tell me about your stage début?" What I really said, unhappy wretch that I felt myself to be, was: "And did you really marry James Lewis, the South African Diamond King?" I reflected, miserably, that I had no business to drink that second cup of tea. I had hoped to bolster my nerves for the interview—and I had overdone the thing, as usual!

"Really and truly," she answered solemnly, bobbing her beautifully coifed blonde head like a little child. "Suppose you let me tell about it in my own way."

"If you will," I answered, gratefully and meekly.

"Well, I made my stage début as Cupid in 'Peppino', in 1890, at the age of fifteen. Later on, I was on my way to England, for a pleasure-trip, as well as to round out my education. There I met George Edwardes, the well-known English stage-manager. He was quite nice to me and offered me an engagement in 'The Shop Girl,' which was to open in London that season. So my professional career in England began at the Gaiety Theater, in 'The Shop Girl,' in 1895. It was during my subsequent stay in London, where I may say that I had been very successful, that I

(Continued on page 66)

High Jinks at Triangle's Annual Deep-Sea Picnic

By LILLIAN MAY

DURING the month of June, when the carnival is on at Venice, California, every studio-player's thoughts lightly turn to that Mecca of their dreams. Wonderful things are in evidence there—the big fashion parade in which the movie stars appear, displaying party gowns, sport, afternoon and outing dresses—all the styles for the coming season. There's a water carnival, too, in which the contestants pass down the broad beach-walk in electric chairs. "Why!" exclaimed Sylvia Bremer, Australian beauty and one of the newest members of the Ince-Triangle Company, "last year Fay Tincher won first prize—fifty dollars. You know her bathing-suit was modeled on a black-and-white-striped dress which helped to make her famous in 'Ethel, the Stenographer,' and everybody will try for the prize this year."

LINED UP TO BE "SHOT" AT NOON-TIME

"Anyhow," chorused the players, waxing enthusiastic, "beach parties are very much the vogue and no end of fun." So the Ince-Triangle forces organized for an outing, and away they went with their land navy of automobiles filled with a merry crew and all the paraphernalia needed for a real beach party, for it was a private beach to which they went and "all the conveniences" had to be carried with them—studio-tents, camp-chairs, cushions and, most important of all, big baskets of eatables.

BESSIE LOVE

Tents up, and dainty bathing-suits donned, there was no sitting demurely on the beach "scared to go near the water, my dear," and there was no question of what to do first, for "Off the beach and into the water!" came the order—this from Director Reginald Barker, who cant refrain (from force of habit) from telling people what to do, even when on an outing.

"Come on in, the water's fine!" shouted Director Roy Neill, and in an instant the gay party of mermen and mermaidens were frolicking in the surf. It was June and it was California—supposed to be an ideal combination—but nevertheless the water was cold. Nothing daunted, the players rose to the occasion and danced the one-step to the orchestral boom of the breakers. This proved enchanting—at least Wm. S. Hart and Olive Thomas thought so, for they not only won a prize, but continued to dance until the schedule of water-games was sadly disarranged. Mr. Hart proved himself to be a real Romeo of the beach, quite to our surprise. He is supposed to have a cowboy-leap-to-your-horse-and-ride-away way of dealing with ladies, courageous in dealing with men, but—well, we expected pretty, talented Olive

NOT ONE OF THE PYRAMIDS

WILLIAM S. HART AND OLIVE THOMAS

ON EGYPT'S SANDS

THE SAUCY CREW OF THE ABANDONED SCOW

she is obliged to resort strenuously to both hard work and pleasure to keep herself in trim. "It speaks well for the movies," she declares. "There was no danger of getting too fat when I was dancing day and night, but this work evidently agrees with me as much as I like it. And isn't it fortunate that the play being produced makes me

Thomas to completely floor him, and he outdanced her at that!

Speaking of Olive Thomas, it is interesting to note that since leaving New York and "The Follies," where she was reigning beauty and bright, particular show-girl, she has taken on weight to such an extent that

LED OFF IN THE BEACH ONE-STEP

work hard at the very thing that will help 'reduce'?"

There is a completely equipped gymnasium at the Culver City studios, and in a play written for her Miss Thomas and a number of other girls go thru evolutions and do stunts that will make Fairbanks green with envy. And when she isn't doing it for work she does it for fun, taking a turn at the rings and bars, vaulting-horses and rowing exercises, until she will soon be ready for the trenches, she says. So there was method in her madness when she went one-stepping in the breakers and pyramid-building on the sands. It all helps!

Following this, Mr. Hart put his horse, Fritz, thru a number of spectacular water-stunts, quite in his element again, until he was called to assist in athletic stunts, not the least of which was "supporting" four pretty girls—Bessie Love, in her military bathing-suit (one of the rare birds who flew from obscurity into stardom) is perched on the top, of course.

Following the human pyramid, two teams were organized for a game of water-football, and if you dont think this game takes lots of spirit, you should see handsome, accomplished William Desmond in deep-sea action, tho they do say that his principal hobby is baseball. Clara Williams, "the Spanish beauty," proved herself as much of a whirlwind in the water as on a horse, as the female rough-rider, and Jack Richardson, "the man who robs, steals and plunders," lived up to his reputation by stealing the ball every chance he got. And right here is where Jack Gilbert and Kenneth Harlan proved their versatility and became princes of popularity by making themselves "chefs-in-chief" and unloading the big baskets of eatables while the others lazily sunned themselves on the beach. Of course a few of the pretty little stars—Margery Wilson, Margaret Thompson, Gloria Hope, Mary MacIvor, Margery Bennett, and Josephine Headley—offered assistance and assisted at the "dishing up."

"Isn't it fun?" said Margery Bennett. "And dont we eat just like cannibals!"

"Well, you ought to know," chorused her companions, gleefully, "coming from Australia!" For, be it known, Margery Bennett is the same little sister of Enid Bennett who traveled alone from Sydney, Australia, last year.

"Hurrah for our outing!" cried Gloria Hope, looking very much like her name. "Let's come again!"

"And good-by, all!" quoth William S. Hart, looking quite like a modern Lochinvar as he mounted his horse, glanced at the assemblage of youth and beauty, then turned away with a sigh of regret. "Get aboard your chariots," he commanded; "as for me, I ride my faithful steed."

WILLIAM S. HART

Earle Williams—Revolutionist

Getting Into Mysterious Troubles and Getting Fair Maids Out of Them

By DOROTHY DICKINSON

Photo by Campbell

EARLE WILLIAMS (VITAGRAPH)

WHEN final acknowledgment has been made of the debt which the new art of the silent drama owes to the school of acting, the name of Earle Williams will come well up among leaders of those whose dramatic training and performances have revolutionized the former limited sphere of histrionic activities, and have made it possible for the millions, instead of a fortunate few, to see the great artists in the great plays without paying a great price.

Perhaps his dominantly characteristic trait of intense concentration, which is ever strongly noted in everything he does, is the keynote to a comment I recently heard one evening at a "greenroom" gathering: "Earle Williams does good, conscientious work." As a result he has reaped a full measure of reward as an international favorite and holds the exceptional record of having played under the exclusive management of but one producing company, the Vitagraph.

In the long list of screen successes to his credit he has played the gamut of rôles, serious and dignified, sympathetic and tragic, and more recently he has treated his appreciative public to the delightful serio-comic, mysterious, and heart-interest parts he interprets in "The Scarlet Runner," "The Maelstrom," and "Lincoln-by-the-Nine." In each of these he solves a dozen puzzling problems. As the chauffeur in "The Scarlet Runner" he is appropriately named Christopher Race. The experiences of Christopher Columbus with the *Nina*, the *Pinta* and the *Santa Maria* were as serene as a babe rocked in its cradle compared with this modern Christopher's adventures in his flying red-devil go-cart.

In "The Maelstrom," as James Hallet, a millionaire clubman, he gets into all sorts of complications with a gang of international crooks and detectives, thru his efforts to befriend "The Girl." He has six fistic encounters before the five-reel story is told. Four of the fights, in which eight hard customers, international crooks and strong-arm detectives take part, end in knock-outs. In rehearsing two of these encounters, Williams, thru putting into his punch the "juice" required to make the action convincing, severely damaged his opponents. One of them was laid up for three days. Williams himself came out of it with nothing worse than badly puffed knuckles.

Pretty easy, you say, for the leading-man to use minor characters for punching-bags. Sh-h! not so fast. In two of the six fights Williams gets knocked out himself.

After one of these combats he was

(*Continued on page* 65)

The Jaguar's Claws

This story was written from the Photoplay of William M. McCoy

By DOROTHY DONNELL

"NONSENSE!" Philip Jordan's tone was frankly skeptical. "I'm too old to be scared by bugaboos and Bluebeards and Fee-Fo-Fi-Fums! You're in a blue funk, Jones! Wake up, man—this is the year of our Lord, 1917. There aren't any robber barons nowadays, except Broadway taxi-drivers!"

Jones, small, meek, with legs like parentheses, coughed apologetically. "I know it must sound rather like a dime novel, Mr. Jordan, but I do assure you the man they call El Jaguar is the devil himself, if you will excuse me, sir. He's half Spanish and half greaser, and he rules his peons and ruffians like a czar. There are stories——" he shuddered.

"If you listen to a Mexican you'll be seeing spooks next," Philip laughed gaily. "And what proof have you? A few fences torn down, a few cattle stolen! Pooh! And again pooh!"

He swept the acres before him with a glance of satisfaction. Cattle grazing to the rim of the world; the boundary fence, newly patched here and there; and above the dip of the land yonder a lazy curl of smoke marking the ranch-house. Head flung back, eyes alert and eager, the young Manhattanite surveyed his new domains like another Cæsar who had come, seen and meant to conquer.

'Why, it's a cinch!" he declared, and whirled upon the little man at his side, dragging him into a fantastic burlesque of the latest society dance to a whistled syncopation. Breathless, meekly disheveled, Jones groped for his eyeglasses at the end of their flying cord.

"Well, I hope you'll still think it's a cinch a month from now!" he said earnestly. "But I rather expect playing pinochle in the room back of Eb. Slater's barber-shop at Boonton, New Jersey, is going to furnish as much excitement as I'll need the rest of my life. Many's the night I've lain awake listening to the war-whoops of his vaqueros and expecting to be scalped in my bed!"

"They wouldn't take the trouble to scalp you, Jones!" said Philip, with a sly glance at the other's bald, red crown. "Anyhow, you're mixing your drinks. Mexicans aren't Apaches, you know."

"If there's anything bloodier and crueler than an Apache, El Jaguar is that," said Jones, grimly. He held out his hand. "Well, I'll say good-by, Mr. Jordan. I'm going to catch the afternoon train, if they're running one today. I rather expect I can make yesterday's, anyhow. I wish you the best luck in the world." He hesitated, a withered flush creeping over his dried-apple cheeks. "I believe you said your sister was with you, or was coming?"

"My sister is here," Philip nodded. A little smile touched his lips. "It is my wife who is coming as soon as I am certain I am going to make a go of the ranch."

"Well"—Jones did not glance at his companion's face—"you want to keep an eye on the women, Mr. Jordan. One of them would be quite as safe in a real jaguar's claws as in Pedro Costello's power. There are stories——"

He was still shuddering and wagging his bare red poll as he rode away. Philip watched him out of sight, rather contemptuously, then swung his coat over his shoulder and turned his steps toward the 'dobe ranch-house in the hollow.

"A mouse wouldn't run away from that fellow!" he mused derisively. "He'd recognize him for one of his own kind.

Cast of characters of this play as produced by the Lasky Company:

El Jaguar	Sessue Hayakawa
Beth	Fritzi Brunette
Phil Jordan	Tom Moore
Nancy Jordan	Marjorie Daw
Harry Knowles	Tom Forman
Marie	Mabel Van Buren

No wonder a half-breed bully took liberties with him. But Mr. Jaguar will find he's up against a different proposition now!"

He stopped short in his tracks, disconcerted. Below him the low, flat ranch-house squatted in the red sunset, the wooden shutters drawn over every window. Vague unease quickened his steps. The sun got too hot, probably—Nancy wasn't initiated to the unadulterated Mexican brand of sunshine yet; but he was panting from his haste when he flung himself against the door. It was barred.

"Nance!" shouted Philip. "It's only me! Let me in, hon'."

Footsteps dragged across the floor and the bolt was drawn. Nancy, pale and quivering, hurled herself into her brother's arms.

"Oh, Philip!" she wailed, "I thought you'd never come! I was so scared——"

"What was it this time—a spider or a perfectly ferocious, man-eating mouse?" Philip's tone teased, but his eyes were anxious. Nancy giggled shakily.

"It was a mouse-eating man! And *I* was the mouse. Philip, I never saw such a dreadful face, and when he smiled it was *worse!* He kept staring and staring and kissing my hand!"

Philip Jordan's frame stiffened with the muscular fury of a race that allows no tampering with its women.

"The d—d scoundrel!" He gritted his teeth. "What did he want and who was he, anyhow?"

"He asked to see the gringo. I think he meant you, Phil." Nancy wrung her pretty, ineffectual hands. "José and Isador were working on the porch when he came up and I heard them cry out 'El Jaguar!' before they ran away."

"El Jaguar!" Philip repeated slowly. His jaw grew very grim, erasing the dimple in his chin. "So! Well, it might as well be now as any time."

He was drawing on his coat, and Nancy, noting, wept afresh.

"Where are you going? Oh, he'll kill you *dead,* Phil! You *shant* go!"

He put her gently aside. "Bolt the door when I'm gone, Nancy-Prancy." He laughed down at her reassuringly. "Goose! I'm only going to pay a neighborly call. I'll be back at supper-time. I dont suppose"—craftily—"would it be too much trouble to make a chocolate layer-cake?"

He chuckled as he rode away, leaving Nancy fluttering housewifely over her bowls and pans. But the chuckle roughened into a growl of primitive rage, and he set his spurs into his horse's sides.

Pedro Costello, master of a thousand acres, lord of the destinies of all who dwelt thereon, sat in the courtyard of his hacienda, playing with the stem of his wine-glass and smiling a sleepy smile that curled the full red lips back over the slightly pointed white teeth. Very splendid was El Jaguar in his purple velvet suit with the silver bullets for buttons—it was whispered every bullet had slain a peon—and his gold-embroidered sombrero. The lithe-limbed, dark woman crouching watchfully on the tesselated pavement beside him writhed in a single supple movement till her scarlet lips lay warm upon his hand.

"Of what think you, lord?" she lisped in Spanish. "Open thy heart and let me in."

"I am thinking of a woman," Costello replied lazily in the same tongue—"a gringo woman with a skin like new milk and hair the gold of the sun. I like to think of her. She is very beautiful, Marie."

Delightedly he watched the flame of jealousy flare and burn in the dark eyes at his knee. With a bound, Marie was

on her feet, full bosom heaving under the single silken robe she wore.

"False! False as Iscariot!" she panted. One slim hand went to the dark coils that weighted her small head like a heavy flower on a slender stem, and snatched out the silver dagger that held them. "Rather than lose thee I would slay thee—*Dios!*"

Her words shrilled into a wail of terror as the great hand of El Jaguar gripped her wrist like a vise and tore the silver toy from her fingers.

"None of that, daughter of the devil!" A blade was sheathed in the velvet of his voice. "Some day I will very surely kill you—some day when you are no longer beautiful."

He flung her contemptuously to the ground, wheeled at a sharp ejaculation behind him, and confronted Philip Jordan staring past him at the huddled figure on the pavement.

"What kind of a way do you call that to treat a woman?" The young American's voice rang with anger. He took a step toward the Mexican, fists doubled. Under half-drooped eyelids Costello watched him, with a cool smile of disdain.

"*My* way," he replied softly. "*My* woman."

He bowed in ironical ceremoniousness.

"To what am I indebted for the undeserved honor of this visit, Señor Jordan? I know your name already, you see!" The suave composure of the man suddenly made Philip feel boyish and awkward. He was angrily conscious that he was blushing, and his voice shook with young rage as he answered.

"I came over to tell you to quit fooling with my fences and taking my cattle." He went directly to the point without preamble. "And if you dare to show your yellow face at the ranch and frighten my sister into hysterics again I'll pretty near kill you. You can do as you like, I suppose, with any woman of your own kind who is fool enough to stay with you, but keep your dirty hands off white girls or you'll take an express trip to h—l!" He stopped, gulped once or twice, and turned away. "I guess that's all I've got to say this time. If there's any *next* time it isn't going to be talking, remember that!"

He marched out of the courtyard, climbed on his horse, and the drum of hoof-beats died away in the distance. Pedro Costello listened, the same sneering smile twisting his lips.

"Go, young fool!" he murmured. "Men have died for less than thy insults, but there is a prettier way than killing to punish thee!"

He clapped his hands and gave a peculiar call like the howl of a wild animal. Immediately three vaqueros stood before him.

"Tomorrow night, when the moon is high," El Jaguar directed them smoothly, "go to the gringo's house and fetch me the woman there. If it should happen that a raid were made on his cattle at the same hour it would make matters easier."

The three ragged scarecrows grinned knowingly. They worshiped their cruel master as unquestioningly as the child-hearted savage admires and propitiates his diabolical gods who have the power to do him harm.

A red moon glowered at its zenith when they returned from their foray the next evening, a white-gowned figure, with arms bound with a crimson sash, seated on the saddle before one of them. Under the arches of the courtyard they rode, the shadows of their horses flung across the white-washed walls. As they lifted their captive to the pavement and untied her bonds, the mighty figure of their master rose from a low bench and came forward. The flaring torches of the men and the oil-lamps set in rude brackets about the walls lighted up his thick, working lips and bloodshot eyes, and the shifting shadows gave his face a curiously swollen, animal look, like one of the terrible grotesques of Dürer.

EL JAGUAR TORE THE SILVER TOY FROM HER FINGERS

(Thirty)

"So you have come to return my call!" He laughed very low and caught the white, still figure in his arms. Then, taken by surprise for once in his life, he stood dumbfounded, staring down at the face crushed against his breast. Dressed like a bride, white to the proudly set lips, the girl returned his gaze defiantly.

"Fools with the ears of an ass!" gritted Costello, whirling upon his abashed vaqueros, "I will have you flayed alive for this! You have brought me the wrong girl!"

Impossible,

NANCY IN THE CLAWS OF EL JAGUAR'S WHELPS

master," one of the men replied, doggedly. "The woman at the gringo's house, you said. She fought like a wildcat, but we brought her. There was no other there."

El Jaguar's baffled eyes rested on the girl again, took in the proud lift of the chin, slid like a sensual hand down the sweet curves of her body, and began to glow.

"I do not know who you are," he said to her in his fastidious English, "but you please me as well as the other. You have blood in your veins, not milk. Yes, you please me very well." He turned to his hirelings with a wave of his hand.

"Place this woman in one of the cells on the patio," he directed, "and then go back and bring the other one."

At this moment the "other one" lay supine on the dirt floor of the ranch-house, gasping out answers to the frantic questions Philip flung at her.

"I—was riding," Nancy moaned; "I came back—and found Beth——"

"Beth!" Philip shouted. "You dont know what you're saying! Beth is in New Haven!"

"She came—to surprise you"—the thread of a voice was tangled in a flood of tears. "She had on—her wedding-dress. And we were planning—a wonderful surprise for you—when they came——"

"Who came?" the man groaned, white-lipped with dread. He forced himself to speak calmly, realizing that the girl was very close to hysteria. "There, there, dear—take your time. But try to tell me where Beth is, so I can go and get her."

Nancy sat up and began to sway back and forth monotonously, a slim, boyish figure in her white riding-trim. "Ten of them on horseback. They beat on the door. Beth made me hide in the wood-closet. The door fell. I heard her scream. I fainted, and when I came back she was gone!"

She began to laugh, insanely pointing to the newspapers spread on the floor.

"We put them down so—her dress wouldn't get dirty," she shrieked. "That's funny, isn't it? Oh! Oh! Oh!"

Phil shook her thin shoulders roughly. "Stop that and get back into the closet!" he commanded. "I've got to go after Beth! My God! I may be too late now."

He stumbled thru the door and across the prairie with a dim idea of cutting off the distance by road. And so, staggering thru the sage-brush and scrub-growth of the great pasture, he did not meet El Jaguar's bullies on their second raid.

Distances are deceptive on the great plains, where the moon casts long shadows from tiny things and dazzles the eyes with her strange, copper glare. Philip had lost his way a dozen times before he staggered at last up the cactus-bordered driveway that wound to Pedro Costello's fortress-home. The flesh of his hands was laced with blood from cacti-spines; he was drenched with sweat,

and his breath beat his broad chest in heavy sobs. Yet he still had the strength to strike out savagely at the two brawny peons who sprang upon him out of the shadows and dragged him, in spite of his struggles, into the dim hall. The stone pavement and arches rang to the sound of the scuffle, and El Jaguar, sitting in his great, bare audience-room nearby, smiled gently.

"He will be more courteous, this gringo, when I am thru with him," he mused. He drained the last of the wine in his glass and sent it splintering over his shoulder against the wall. "It is going to be great sport, better than cock-fighting or even the bull-baiting, *por Dios!* Miguel—André, bring him in!"

He took a slim, silver-mounted pistol from his belt and seated himself insolently on the edge of the table, swinging one narrow, elegantly booted foot with a stealthy motion, like the silent lashing of the jaguar's tail before he springs. His cold eyes met Philip Jordan's wild gaze unwinkingly.

"Welcome, Señor Americano," he said softly. "Make yourself quite at home under my roof."

Philip flung back his head and folded his arms across his chest. "Dont play with me," he said in a low voice; "if you mean to kill me, do it at once. But before you use that wicked toy in your hands there, tell me one thing. What do you mean to do with the American girl you have stolen?"

"American *girls,*" Costello corrected, gently. "There are two of them, Señor Gringo, if it interests you. One of them arrived a matter of an hour ago."

Philip flinched visibly under the blow of Costello's words. Nancy, too! He had played into this scoundrel's hands, and his cards lay on the table, hopelessly outplayed. He remembered Jones' diffident warning, "Your women-folks would be as safe in a real jaguar's claws."

"What are you going to do with them?" He tried to speak authoritatively. "I suppose you know you will have to answer to my Government for this outrage."

El Jaguar laughed enjoyingly. "Your Government sleeps the fat sleep of a well-fed swine," he sneered. "It cares much for money, nothing for a few lives. Go to your Government with your grievance—whine at its doors. Tell them Pedro Costello is a law to himself, and see what your Government will say. I will let you go tomorrow morning, señor."

Philip started, new hope flashing into his eyes; noting which, El Jaguar's smile grew. "And you shall take with you," he finished deliberately, "one of the women. The other I shall keep with me. Which shall it be?"

The room wavered before the young American's eyes as the full horror of this man's plan was revealed. He forced his stiff lips to frame the hoarse question:

"Which one?"

El Jaguar made a polite gesture with one smooth, lemon-tinted hand. "I am willing to be generous," he purred. "Either of the women pleases me. I leave the choice entirely to you."

In spite of the hands grasping his own,

EL JAGUAR'S HABIT OF STEALING BRIDES

"LET ME LOOSE AND SETTLE WITH ME IN A MAN'S WAY"

"I CHOOSE FOR HIM— I WILL STAY——"

Philip Jordan's rage almost freed him. He cried aloud in anguish when he found that he could not reach his torturer.

"You mongrel fiend!" he gasped. "A white man would be incapable of thinking up such a plot. Let me loose and I will fight you with no weapon but my hands. If you are a man, instead of a devil incarnate, let me loose and settle with me in a man's way."

El Jaguar yawned. "Put him in a cell next to the others," he directed. "Be ready with your choice tomorrow, my friend; if you prefer killing, I will gladly favor you, for then I shall have both of the women instead of one. Good-night, and sweet dreams, Señor Americano."

Thru the thick darkness of the hours of that terrible night Philip Jordan lived as many emotions as most men experience in their entire lives. Never afterward did little troubles have the power to stir him. He was as immune to them as a concentrated dose of deadly bacteria renders a man immune to the ravages of fever. Now he paced the cell, trying to clear his mind to make his ghastly decision; now he beat the bars of the door in a gust of hysteria, shrieking aloud; and now he flung himself on the floor and sobbed weakly, like a tired child. And always he seemed to see the two faces hovering just beyond his reach—Nancy's, quivering with terror, drawn and appealing, under her pale, golden hair; and Beth's—the face of his sweetheart as he had last seen it lifted to his kiss.

"Beth! I cant leave her to that brute. I'll choose her!" he would mumble, and then suddenly writhe to the memory of Nancy, his little sister, in pinafores, sharing a red-cheeked apple with him. "No, no—I've got to take care of little Sis Nancy! I promised mother I'd look after her. I'll have to choose Nancy. Beth! My sweetheart! Oh, my dear love——"

And so on in dreary round until the morning came palely between the bars of his prison-window and found him with his decision still unmade.

In his long audience-room El Jaguar sat over his wine, occupied with the congenial pastime

(*Continued on page 67*)

Photo by C. S. Gardner

A Heart-Smashing King o' Thrills

GEORGE LARKIN has been a heart-breaker almost as long as he has been before the public. He began his devil-may-care, bone-breaking, heart-smashing career in the sawdust ring. Here he frisked near the precipice of eternity, having a glorious time. He broke into the sacred circle of filmography several years ago, but his first real heart-troubling career started with Cleo Madison, in "Trey o' Hearts." He is now flirting gayly with death as co-star with Ollie Kirkby in the new Kalem series, "Grant, Police Reporter," during the course of which he has performed many feats as exciting and daring as they are novel. George is "Doug" Fairbanks' one best rival as a "stunter."

He swings thru the air on the frazzled end of a steamer-rope, and makes love with equal ease, seemingly enjoying the dangerous experiences equally. Of course, his work isn't confined to doing stunts—he can also *act!*

Expression of the Emotions, Second Series—By ANITA STEWART

Daughters of Eve

Transported from the Ancient Garden-of-Eden Paradise, 4000 B.C.,

By NINA

THE Three Graces—a Water-Witch Nymph, as supple as the sunny ripples behind her, balances like a sprite of the air and seems about to float upward, as lightly as a feather, from her companions: Maid-of-the-Mist, whose downcast eyes gaze fascinatingly upon her sparkling beauty reflected in the mirrored surface of the deep pool; Laughing-Water, the graceful Naiad, poised in a flying pose, makes the gliding ducklings behind her appear almost water-shy. Their sister sirens, led by Queen Titania, emerging from the woods and glades and lagoons, greet Psyche at the brink, murmuring weird chants and incantations which only the elves and fairies can understand. They represent the personified spirits of Starlight and Moonlight, Sunset and Sunrise, and Dewdrops and Sea-foam. These entrancing goddesses appear in the most comical and unique and yet altogether artistic dance pageant ever filmed.

Permission was extended to the Keystone Company to stage the scenes of "Her Nature Dance" in these enchanted environs of the famous Busch Sunken Gardens, Pasadena, which were created at a cost of millions by the foremost landscape gardeners of the world. They present an exotic beauty rivaled only by the famous Hanging Gardens of ancient Babylon.

Yvette Mitchell, the alluring Lorelei, clad in airy sea-green drapery of silken seaweed streamers, has a vivid recollection of getting an accidental ducking while clad in dainty attire, when rehearsing in the Universal comedy, "Lord Helpus Investigates."

"HER NATURE

Shirley Mason, the little cave-woman, modishly attired in a fur bathing-suit, realizes the dream of the famous artist, Clarence Underwood, who has been searching for years for an ideal model, a type to represent America's best at sweet sixteen. Mr. Underwood, who is painting her portrait, says: "Miss Mason registers one hundred per cent. in coloring, beauty, figure and intelligence." As the star selected to play a star part

SHIRLEY MASON

in Nature's Dance

to the Modern Sunken Gardens of Busch-Pasadena, 2000 A.D.

DOROTHY GREGORY

DANCE"

in the seven-starred serial, McClure's "Seven Deadly Sins," this wonderful little movie Venus has become world-renowned. The elaborate wardrobe provided for her appearance in this series of sinful temptations cost approximately about eight thousand five hundred dollars. She wore several exquisite dancing-frocks; but, in her "deerskin"—"Dear creature! you'd swear, when her delicate feet in the dance twinkle round, that her steps are of light, that her home is the air, and she only *par complaisance* touches the ground."

Shirley Mason has been dancing ever since she can remember. Her mother believed dancing to be excellent training for young girls, and the three sisters—Edna Flugrath, Viola Dana and Shirley Mason—learnt to dance almost as soon as they learnt to walk.

Edna Flugrath, the oldest of the trio, became so proficient that she studied for professional work and, after she was graduated from the Metropolitan Opera House ballet-school, appeared at the Metropolitan several times in solo dances.

Shirley, while a tiny girl, went with her sister to the ballet-school and there learnt by observation, and by the aid of teachers who frolicked with her between lessons, a great deal about dancing.

Before this, when she was only two and one-half years old, she showed such natural talent that she appeared in little dances at children's entertainments, and it was when she was dancing at such an affair that a friend of William Faversham saw her and gave her the recommendation that obtained for her her first work on the stage, the part of Little Hal in "The Squaw Man."

Altho Shirley has concentrated upon Motion Picture acting, she has found time to keep up in her dancing. She loves to run wild in the woods, making up her dance to suit her mood, but she also gets as much joy as any healthy girl from dancing fox-trots and hesitations at every "off-scene" moment.

"CAVE-WOMAN" SHIRLEY

IMPROVISING THE DANCE OPENING

YVETTE MITCHELL

"The Spotted Lady"

VALESKA SURATT
THE INCONSPICUOUS

Only one detail is lacking to complete harmoniously the unique decorative effect of Valeska's dressing-room —unfortunately, her tame leopard was indisposed the day she posed for this picture. The leopard considers that this startling background was specially designed for his lair. This magnified polka-dot costume is one of the bewildering array of gowns Miss Suratt wears in "The Slave." By way of subdued contrast she also appears in a gown trimmed with real lilies that will bring a thrill to every woman's heart. "The Slave" is a gripping drama of life of today. Many of the exterior scenes were filmed at Lakewood, N. J. The next Fox production in which "Valeska the Inconspicuous" stars is "The Siren."

Our Classic Extra Girl Plays at the Fox Studio

by Ethel Rosemon

ONE more star framed in my personal Hall of Fame; one more chance that I may or may not see myself flickering upon the screen; ten dollars added to the exchequer: one yard of silk maline of the approved Motion Picture hue eaten from the back of my favorite evening-frock, *mise en scène* with Theda, and there you have a ledger I defy even the State Board of Public Accountants to balance.

I neglected to mention that the heroine of this particular venture of Alice in Filmland is a vampire. The neglect was intentional. I know your conception of a vampire and I do not desire to have you think for even an instant that the lady in question made her noonday meal of my pet maline bow or that, jealous of the graceful folds into which my bows naturally fall—in print—she decided that mastication was the most effective, if not altogether the most sanitary, method of humiliating her rival.

Theda did not eat my bow. Betsy did. Betsy who? I dont know. You see, we were never properly introduced—no one ever is in a Moving Picture studio—but I could see from the very beginning that Betsy had conceived a sudden, deep affection for me. From the moment I entered the room she became my constant companion. (I wonder if by any chance she sensed my value as a press-agent.) Not intending to be rude, she followed me into a corner which I had chosen as an ideal spot for a quiet chat with Jackie Vaughn, one of the girls working in the picture. I felt a tugging at the back of my gown. Shoulder-straps are always obtaining divorce decrees at inopportune moments, so my hand flew back in horror—only to encounter the soft head of Betsy. Somewhere in Betsy's esophagus my maline bow was traveling its watery way, while Betsy's pleading eyes begged for just one yard more.

JACKIE VAUGHN AND THE CLASSIC'S EXTRA GIRL TAKING A GRADUATE COURSE IN MAKING UP FROM ANDY CULP, THE CAMERA-MAN ("QUIT YOUR KIDDING, ANDY; WE ALL CANT BE STARS!")

"HAVE A HEART, MIKE, AND TELL US WHEN WE EAT. I'M STARVING!" —JACKIE VAUGHN

Betsy, I learnt, had established a residence at the studio ever since she had won Miss Bara's heart by her simple, unaffected acting in "The Darling of Paris." Altho Shakespeare neglected to mention the fact, every play must have a goat, human or otherwise. Sometimes it is the young country vine who is deceived by the city passion-flower; sometimes it is the young college student who finds his he—hades in the limpid eyes of a snaky-handed vampire; sometimes it is the poor old mother whose gambling son absconds with the mortgage interest the evening it is due; but there must always be a goat. This time it was Betsy.

However, I am not a nature-faker and this is not an animal story, so Betsy must "fade out." (I wish I could describe to you the exquisite joy of being able to use such a melodiously graphic expression and to

top it with the assurance that it is not slang but a technical term most highly approved in élite photodramatic circles. I have served my second term as an extra girl and I have collected a charming vocabulary which I bring forth with or without provocation. By the time I finish this series I expect to have revolutionized the entire language.)

The Vitagraph studio had made me camera-wise, and it was like a veteran returning to the firing line that I sought my second engagement, this time with the Fox Company. And here the chief lesson I learnt, the lesson I will probably continue to engrave upon my memory during my subsequent trips into Screenland, is that an extra girl's life is one wait after another. Her patience must be limitless, her shoes painless, for good footwork is one of the main assets on the road to movie fame.

The Fox Company has no yard such as the one I graced so frequently in my attempt to make my début on the Vitagraph screen. The studio is at Fort Lee. This means thirty cents a day carfare for the venturesome extra who goes over "on spec," as they say of a player who takes this chance of being engaged. Maybe it is to save the actor carfare, maybe it is to spare the director annoyance; anyway, a sign at the New Jersey studio notifies the applicant that all artists are engaged at the New York office on West Forty-sixth Street.

So day after day between the hours of four and six Betty Briggs, for that is the name after sleepless nights of indecision I chose for my second screen appearance—and, by the way, if some kind reader would like to save me other sleepless nights I wish he, she or the goat would send me some favorite names for future flickerings—might be seen wending her ambitious way to the Fox office and back. "At the time of going to press" I think I have a gazing acquaintance with every actor and actress who treads Broadway in the search of fame and food. I know they are all feeling sorry for me, at the same time admiring the courage with which I have been sticking to it. Forty-sixth Street has responded so often to the imprint of my heel that, could the pavements speak, I'm sure the burthen of their song would be, "We Miss You Since You Resumed Dishwashing, Mary Ann."

Semi-occasionally, Mr. Kingston, the casting-director, known to every man and woman who has ever tried to enter Paradise by the extra gate, would appear in the doorway of his little office on the sixth floor of the Leavitt Building—how often have I joined the elevator chorus, "Out, six!"—and with a characteristic shake of his handsome gray head, say, "Nothing tonight, ladies and gentlemen." More frequently Mr. Foley, his assistant, would answer the numerous inquirers with "So-and-So is just finishing his picture," "So-and-So is reading his scenario," or "Director Blank has left for Florida or the Klondike."

Then one day when my face had become as familiar as the cold-cream "ads." in the subway trains Mr. Foley told me to return at 6:30 to see a director who was engaging extras. He said it with such an air of kindliness, of "Here is thy reward, good and faithful servant," that I blessed him for it. Not waiting for the final vote of Congress, I drafted all my make-up and prepared for the sea voyage to Fort Lee. On my return trip I found that I was not the only one who had been given the 6:30 call, for about ten familiar faces greeted me when I opened the door marked "Booking Office." There is still another door that leads to the inner sanctuary, closed except on special occasions to special people. But this was a special occasion and we were special people, so one by one we were permitted to pass thru the magic portal into the director's presence. The pretty applicant who entered before me returned with a happy smile which I caught as we passed in the doorway. But, alas, how short is the life of a smile!

"I've just engaged the last girl I need," the director announced as I stood before him.

"Sorry," Mr. Foley added. "I thought he needed more. Keep coming in. I'll probably have something else soon."

So I kept "coming in" and meeting some of the same girls day after day. They were typical New Yorkers—all well, many richly dressed. From their costly shoes to the latest creation of some smart milliner, they brought back the afternoon receptions that were the bane of my cub-reporter days.

"The girl in moderate circumstances has indeed a hard road to travel," I thought as I watched these pages from the fashion magazines.

Some of them, I learnt as my acquaintance grew, had just returned from the road; others had homes in New York and were following the work for a lark or for added pin-money. With many the lark didn't last long, and as I stood in the group one afternoon after another I saw new faces take the places of the old ones who had turned elsewhere for amusement.

At last Mr. Foley told me to report at Fort Lee at 9:30 the next morning as a shopper in a Paris establishment.

"Dress as you would if you were attending a reception at Lucile's," J. Gordon Edwards, the director, added.

To me Lucile is not a name to conjure with, and the feverish excitement with which I overhauled my wardrobe in a wild endeavor to look like Paris before the war was a fitting climax to my days of anxious waiting. Finally I collected an array of finery which I felt confident would make Lucile fear that a new fashion dictator was about to appear upon the horizon and started for Fort Lee at the appointed hour.

The boat that left the New York side at that hour of the morning carried a complete cargo of movie atmosphere. Several of the large Eastern studios are located at Fort Lee, and the modest ferry-boat seemed to be converted into a private yacht for directors, camera-men and player folks of all degrees. Filmland talk was everywhere, as actors hailed friends and acquaintances in hearty camaraderie. Not the least interesting were the costly limousines of the stars, which the moment the gang-plank was in place whizzed past us and sped up the heights. The ordinary folks boarded the car that wound slowly up the hill, affording a wondrous view of the quiet Hudson and the busy metropolis beyond. For once I can truthfully say that I preferred the democratic mode of conveyance.

Arrived at the studio, I was directed to a tiny dressing-room which was occupied by two other players, one a concert singer who was breaking into pictures via the extra route, and the other a beautiful gray-haired lady who was playing a part. As we made up, the latter's gray hair became the subject of conversation.

"It literally turned white overnight," she told us. "I had a great sorrow—lost my husband suddenly—and it took all the life out of me."

We began to sympathize.

"But I had life enough left to get another soon after," she hastened to add as she put the finishing touches to her eyebrows.

So we turned to the consideration of happier subjects.

But I was keyed up for adventure. I was anxious to get "on the set" and, above all, to see Theda Bara at close range.

Who has not read about her and who has not wondered what sort of woman would be revealed if one could extricate her from beneath the press-agent's fluent writings? She was starting "Camille" that day as a manikin in a Paris shop.

Soon my impatience became too large for my third of the tiny dressing-room, so I went out into the sunlit studio, a huge conservatory entirely enclosed in glass. Nature's lighting did away with the terrible glare of the overhead lamps, tho sidelights were being arranged judiciously here and there to heighten the artistic effect.

The call for luncheon interrupted my waiting and, tho I failed to obtain even a glimpse of "The Queen of the Vampires," I realized that in this case it was now or never, so I hastened to join the other extras at the Bungalow. Here, in exchange for the tickets supplied by Mike, a young man useful in general, and in this case in particular, around the studio, a substantial luncheon was served. It was 2 o'clock when we returned to the scene of our future flickerings.

In the meantime two professional models had arrived and had been assigned to my dressing-room. They had never been in pictures before and were at a loss how to make up. Glad of a chance to display my superior knowledge of the screen, I

proceeded to decorate them. As they were two of the most beautiful girls I have ever had the pleasure of meeting, I am sure I will be proud of my handiwork when it's screened.

Soon "On the set!" resounded thru the corridors. We all filed into the Paris fashion shop at Fort Lee, N. J., and the action began. Men and women were assigned their places in the general scheme of things, and I was stationed back in an alcove with three other women and one lone man. The director called the first manikin, and, amid admiring glances from the shoppers, the camera started to click its busy way.

Next Miss Bara appeared upon the scene, and there was no need of the warning, "All interested in the model!"

The costume the star was displaying for the customers of Madame Prudence was a black evening-dress, but one immediately became unconscious of the frock, of the whiteness of the wearer's skin, of the masses of dark hair simply arranged, as one gazed into the eyes of this woman who has done so many weird things—on the screen. One realized at a glance that her success was due to no trick of the camera, no guidance of a clever director, but to the intelligence and thought that shines from those deep gray eyes. They plainly said that Miss Bara does not take her art lightly, that she is ever reaching out for perfection. In short, the real woman behind the screen vampire has a mind that makes itself felt, that causes one to know intuitively that she would succeed in any line of work she undertook. Her voice as she talked to the director had that soft, low quality that made even the most loquacious extra stop to listen.

The fact that Mr. Edwards greeted all her suggestions with a hearty "Fine!" put the stamp of approval upon my first swift reading of Miss Bara. Evidently he knew from the past that his star had come on the set with a wealth of ideas gained from a careful study of the script, that would prove profitable to even his wide experience.

Perhaps the Fox press-agent will not thank me for presenting his star vampire in such an unvampirish light. Probably I should picture her ranting up and down the studio and making things generally interesting. I will leave that to him and, tho not questioning his veracity or that of any man following the same calling, will simply state that I am pledged to tell the truth on the honor of an extra girl and that here you have a realistic picture of Miss Bara taken from the side-lines.

THEDA BARA'S PROGRESS FROM MODEL TO FORSAKEN MISTRESS IN "CAMILLE"

But the director says "Back to the scene!" Miss Bara is parading up and down the fashion shop, for Mr. Edwards was not satisfied to have his Camille come "out of the nowhere into the here," as she does in some of the stage versions, so he gave her a definite past in an establishment catering to the fast life of Paris. Here the Duke de Meuriac, who has come to the shop with his sister, the beautiful white-haired lady with "life enough to get another," sees in the manikin a resemblance to his lost daughter and adopts her while we all look on in wonder.

Up to this time I had been far from the camera's unlying eye, but now the field of action changed and camera-man and machine came into close range. Had they been lured hither by the hope of a "find" in the Classic's extra girl? Not so. As I told you before, these are true stories.

But two of the girls who shared the alcove had confidentially remarked that they were not ordinary extras, but embryo stars there for a test. I could almost hear their hearts beating high

with thoughts of future fame as the tripod was set in place for a close-up. However, their hopes were not nourished by the lone man ensconced in the alcove. In a fatherly way, in spite of his youthful appearance, he pointed out the stony path up the Moving Picture hill and did all he could to change their rosy dream into a weird nightmare. He gazed at me as if he admired my good sense in not looking beyond the five dollars I was earning that afternoon, and I began to feel like a very superior person. I hope the camera will register that fact.

About 4 o'clock the sun began to forsake the studio and Mr. Edwards called "All thru!" There was to be a reception the next day at which the Duke would introduce his ward to his fashionable friends.

"Would I be invited?" that was the question.

Good luck! Mr. Edwards told me to report the next morning in evening dress.

This time eight other girls and I were assigned to a room in the Eclair studio about half a block away. At least, we started with eight. An hour later two more rushed in breathlessly.

"Oh, girls, we did such an awful thing!" one of them explained. "This is our first day in pictures. We got into the wrong studio. A dressing-room door was open. The place looked cozy, so we walked in. A few minutes later a maid appeared as if by magic.

"'I guess we'll keep this dressing-room,' I smiled. 'Will you help us to make up?'

"'I'd like to but I cant,' she returned. 'You see, Miss Suratt wouldn't like it.'

"'What has she got to say about it?' Ida inquired.

"'Well, I'm her maid and this is her dressing-room and'—she hesitated—'she doesn't like extra girls to occupy it,' she concluded, timidly.

"We took the hint and quickly viewed the room from the other side of the door. Sure enough, there in letters so large that only two blind pieces of atmosphere could have failed to see it was the star's name.

"We simply fell out of that studio and here we are. Wont some one please make us up—that is, of course, if Miss Suratt wont mind?"

Half-a-dozen rushed to the aid of the newcomers, for they are a happy, helpful lot, these extra girls.

"Dont forget to take your powder-puffs with you," admonished Jackie Vaughn, who shared my popularity with Betsy and continued it all the way up the line to the directors. "You never can tell when you'll get a close-up. I had one a couple of weeks ago. My nose was greasy. If I never become a star I'll know that my shiny nose was my downfall."

"Wouldn't it be great to be a star and not have to arrive at the studio until you pleased?" a pretty blonde girl yawned. "My idea of heaven is to tumble from bed into a purple limousine and be whirled to Fort Lee."

"Wake up and run for the boat, Geraldine," her friend laughed as the girls filed out of the dressing-room and made their way down the country street to the studio.

Again we were sent to the Bungalow before the scene was taken.

"You cant put anything over on Miss Bara," one of the girls at my table remarked. "Just heard the property-man throwing a fit because he had to go 'way down into the heart of New Jersey to get camelias. She wouldn't wear fakes."

"She's right. Why should she?" another added.

But probably we had dawdled too long between eating and gossiping. Anyway, there was soon a frantic call for the extras to appear at the reception. Being rather uncertain about the quality, quantity and reality of the Duke's refreshments, we hated to leave the pie, so silence reigned while peach, apple and cocoanut disappeared.

This time the scene was one befitting the residence of nobility. Expectation filled the air, for the Duke's ward was to be introduced to society. How would she take it, and how would they take it? We would soon see.

An unconscious murmur of admiration went around the room. Miss Bara was descending the stairs. The reflection from a mirror held off scene in the direct rays of the sun shone on her hair and lit up her eyes, making her look like some beautiful portrait come to life. The old Duke tottered forward and proudly escorted her thru the throng. He was sure she would create a sensation. She did. As she passed, we shrugged our shoulders and turned our backs upon her.

"Breaking into society, indeed—a shop-girl!" we murmured.

How we hated to do it! But Mr. Edwards had ordered this for all—all but the men. True to the conception prevalent among male humans, tom-cats are non-existent for this wise director.

One man was particularly fascinated by the beauty of the Duke's ward. This was Walter Law, who as Count de Varville afterwards becomes Camille's lover.

"I wonder where they'll find that cute little cottage in the country where Camille goes to live with Armand Duval after she gives up the Count and the gay life of Paris," remarked one girl who boasted that she knew the book "from cover to cover." "How do you think Miss Bara will get consumption?"

"Artistically," I answered.

"Yes, I suppose so," she assented. "Wouldn't you just love to play that part and have Albert Roscoe whisper in your ear, 'Courage, Camille; you will live till spring'?"

"Personally, I'd rather have Mr. Edwards shout, 'Cheer up, old girl; you'll have another day's work tomorrow,'" I answered materialistically, and with a withering smile my romantic friend turned her back upon me.

"Perhaps you will," volunteered Jackie Vaughn, who had taken me under her wing. "I hear there's another scene with extras. Ask Mr. Foley about it."

"Good; more copy," I registered mentally, when at the end of the day Mr. Foley promised he would engage me for the next scene.

"I cant tell what day it will be, tho. Keep coming in," was his parting instruction.

And then old Sol began to get disagreeable. Day after day Mr. Foley informed me that the scene had been postponed on account of the weather.

The weather is still with us. The Classic is going to press and still I "keep coming in."

At the Fox office this afternoon I heard some terrifying news.

"Did you know that Miss Bara had been thrown downstairs at the studio today?" the man who had been my companion at the Duke's reception inquired.

"Oh, what happened?" I gasped.

"Dont look so frightened," he said, soothingly. "The Count got peeved because Camille no longer loves him and took this gentle method of showing his feelings. But dont worry; Camille will live till spring."

So the ways of vampires are laid in bumpety places. Would I rather wait at the gate for a day's work as an extra or be thrown downstairs by a discarded lover? It depends upon the stairs.

HER M8 OF F8

By ALLEN F. BREWER

A country lass was little K8
When Motion Pictures turned her P8
And made her strive to EMUL8
The stars whose salaries are GR8.
She used her fairest smile as B8,
Until at last she signed a D8
To play in "Writing On the SL8,"
A story famed in every ST8.

And on the film she met her M8;
He spied her weeping by the G8,
A-registering love and H8,
Because the villain did BER8.
He rushed up at a mighty R8
And pushed said villain in his CR8.
Then lo! his love would ne'er AB8—
He wooed her early, wooed her L8.

For her at eve he'd often W8
To dine at seven bucks per PL8,
Till they were married; then he'd PR8
And scorn her as a mere INGR8.

That's why we're really glad to ST8
This painful tale of little K8
Is only just a film of F8.

"Here Comes the Bride!"

By H. H. VAN LOAN

IT all started at Levy's. In fact, 'most everything that happens, in a social way, in the Moving Picture world in and around Los Angeles, gets its first chance in the immediate vicinity of this famous café, which is tucked away behind a lot of tall buildings on the third most important street in the town.

The big clock was just bringing its hands to eight as she entered, and everything was going fine, including cocktails, lobsters, steaks, and the orchestra which was playing a very catchy fox-trot as a score of couples traveled around the floor.

She had finished the twelfth episode of "The Purple Mask" late that afternoon, and, after laying aside her costume, had jumped into her car and pointed its nose straight for Hollywood, Los Angeles and the café. She hadn't come to dance, drink or gossip with the large coterie of Moving Picture stars gathered at the various tables, who looked up as she passed thru the entrance. She was tired and hungry and had come here for the purpose of eating, after which she intended going straight home; for she had a lot of "exteriors" scheduled for the next day and wanted to get an early start.

There was only one vacant table, and it was right next to one which was surrounded by a merry little party consisting of Herbert Rawlinson, Harry Carey, Mary MacLaren, Lois Wilson, Claire McDowell and Ben Wilson. In fact, Universal City seemed to be pretty well represented on this particular evening.

"Why so exclusive?" inquired Carey as she sank into a seat.

"I bought a new car yesterday and ran it for the first time today," she returned by way of explanation, as she smiled to the group.

"I understand," added Ben Wilson. "I bought one myself about a month ago, and spent all my leisure hours in seclusion so that nobody could hear what I had to say about it."

"What's the matter—doesn't it run well?" inquired Mary MacLaren.

"Oh, it runs all right," replied the "Queen of Serials" as she moved over to the table with her friends. "But it seems to get inflated so with its own arrogance that it blows out all four tires simultaneously. My trip to the studio this morning cost me exactly two hundred dollars!"

"That's something to think about," remarked Carey, thoughtfully.

"Yes, especially if you had just such a scene scheduled in your picture," she answered dejectedly.

"I should call that a rehearsal, then," said Rawlinson as he lighted a cigaret. "Too bad there were no camera-men

Photo by Witzel

around," sympathized Claire McDowell. "For that would have made an excellent fade-in."

"Please dont," pleaded the other. "It's too serious to joke about, for it put me back a day. I'm already a day late with the next release."

"Just think, and there are twenty million fans, with throbbing pulses, awaiting the outcome of 'Patricia Montez' and the mystery that surrounds her," said Wilson, as he shook his head sorrowfully "Well, there

from serials," said the star. "However, I think I'll stop after I've finished this one."

"What are you going to do, get married or buy a dog?" asked Carey, who has always managed to escape matrimonial entanglements because he loves his horse.

"Maybe," she

is one thing about a Grace Cunard serial," remarked Lois Wilson, encouragingly, "they're full of punches and well worth waiting for."

"You are always so generous," smiled Grace as she patted the hand of her friend.

"Yes, I saw Francis Ford get a lot of them the other day in one episode," agreed Carey.

"Still," mused Grace thoughtfully, "if you dont put those in the public wont go to see them."

"Dont you ever get tired of writing serials?" asked Rawlinson.

'Do you ever get tired of making money?" she inquired of him.

"Yes, when it doesn't come fast enough," he replied.

"With the completion of 'The Purple Mask' I will have made approximately one hundred and fifty thousand dollars

calmly replied as she scanned the menu.

"Grace Cunard will never marry," declared Claire McDowell.

"How can any one, who is not even serving in the capacity of my personal representative, presume to make such a

decisive statement?" she inquired as she summoned a waiter and pointed to "filet mignon."

"You'd want to scenarioize, direct, star and novelize the whole production," interjected Ben Wilson slyly.

"It's because such a spectacle, no matter who's directing it, requires too many retakes," she smiled as she bowed to Chaplin, who was seated with Roscoe Arbuckle at an opposite table.

"She never falls in love, except when the script requires it," said Carey.

"That's a bad synopsis you've got there," said Grace, with a little tone of rebuke in her voice.

"You've got to show me how you can improve on it," continued the screen cowboy.

"Everybody in Universal City has decided that you are going down to old age decrepit and alone," added Lois Wilson.

"I've got a hundred dollars to back that up," remarked Ben Wilson, with a certain amount of nonchalance.

"You cant afford to lose that, Ben," she reminded him. "You've got a wife and children—and a car, too."

"There's the yellow boys to prove that I can," insisted the hero of "The Voice on the Wire" as he drew ten crisp, new notes from his purse and threw them on the table.

"I'll add another hundred," said Carey as he threw a brand-new "century" on top of Wilson's money.

"You fellows must have been paid today," remarked Lois Wilson as she stared at the pile of notes.

"Then they must be working by the month," chimed in Rawlinson, playfully.

"It's my rent money," confessed Wilson, "and if I lose this bet I'll have to move the family into a tent."

"You'll be fortunate if you have enough left to move them," ventured Claire McDowell.

"I'll bet her four brand-new tires for the car that you fellows win the bet," spoke up Mary MacLaren.

"Let me add to that a perfectly good grayhound pup, with a pedigree that would reach from here to the Grand Cañon and back," Rawlinson added. "I've had it only a month, and it's the biggest dog for its size I've ever seen."

Not to be outdone, Lois Wilson offered to buy dinners for the entire group, provided the others lost their wagers, and Claire McDowell said she would send ten per cent of her salary to the Belgian Fund if Grace won.

By this time the waiter had arrived with the filet mignon and had deposited it before the beautiful star, who was the subject of such lengthy discussion at that moment. But she paid little attention to his service.

She was thinking and thinking hard. Her gaze was centered on the white cloth before her, and occasionally she shifted it to the beautifully engraved notes which rested on the center of the table.

Those around her studied her with intense interest. Not one of them believed there was the faintest possibility of her accepting their wagers, for they had labored with her long, and knew her to be a girl so enwrapped in her work that she never gave a thought to the hundreds of endearing letters she received daily from admirers all over the country. Grace Cunard had always lived for her art, and tho she had received offers that would have made some hearts throb madly, to Grace they were little more than interesting. Had they not felt entirely secure there would have been little danger of their making such remarkable bets.

As they watched her they saw her lift her eyes and study the countenance of each one of them for an instant. Then, suddenly, her whole expression became resolute and her attitude that of one who has reached some important decision, and the next instant they received a thrill which made all their work in past productions seem like a regular meeting of some old ladies' sewing-circle. "I'll take your bet!" she quickly exclaimed as she turned to Ben Wilson, who leaned back in consternation. "And yours—and

yours—and yours!" she continued as she looked at each one of them. "Furthermore," she continued, "I'll bet you all an additional hundred dollars that I can be introduced, wooed and married within twenty-four hours!"

The little group shot questioning glances at one another as she spoke. They knew Grace Cunard well enough to appreciate that she meant what she said. She watched them in silence for a moment and then added:

"Is it a bet?" she continued.

"It is," replied Carey.

"It is," agreed Wilson, "and I can now give up the idea of living in a tent; for I'll be rich as the dickens tomorrow this time."

"And what am I to do with four tires?" asked Mary MacLaren, who plainly evidenced that she was worried.

"Here's where I keep the pup," added Rawlinson with an air of assurance, which caused the other to laugh heartily.

They refused to take her seriously, even tho there was a grim determination from which there seemed to be no appeal. The clock at that moment was three minutes this side of midnight, and, as they looked at the hands, they arose. And a few minutes later all had entered their cars and were speeding homeward, and each was thinking the same thoughts.

Grace lingered until after the others had left, and took a few bites of the filet mignon, which had now grown quite cold. She pushed it aside and had to be contented with a cup of coffee; for the waiters were clearing away the tables and preparing to close up the place for the night.

She left the place, alone, shortly after midnight and, stepping into her big, white car, started for Hollywood. And she wasn't thinking of the wager she had made, either; she was thinking of those "exteriors" she had to make early that morning. When she arrived at her bungalow she drove her car into the spacious garage at the rear, and then returned to the house, where her maid was waiting for her with sleepy lids and a face full of yawns.

Five hours of sleep was all that Grace Cunard got that night, for at five-thirty she was up and, as the big cathedral-clock in the hall struck six, she was partaking of an orange and a cup of coffee. Fifteen minutes later she was seated behind the wheel of her car speeding along Lankershim Boulevard on her way to Universal City.

When she arrived Francis Ford and several other members of her company were already awaiting her. In addition there was a large group of extras on hand for a big mob-scene she was going to "shoot" that morning. Her assistant, the property-man and the camera-man were all ready, and, after placing one or two costumes in her car, Grace gave the signal to start for the rear of Universal City, where the "exteriors" were to be taken.

Everything went along fine that morning, and as noon approached, the author-directress-star was highly pleased with the results she had obtained. She had one more scene to be taken outside, and she decided to take this before stopping for lunch, as the next stuff was all "sets" which would have to be taken on one of the big stages. These would have to be "shot" the next day, as it would require the entire afternoon, and most of the night, to get them ready.

Now it happened that this scene was to be the exterior of an automobile factory, and "Patricia Montez," disguised as a boy, comes there to discover the plot which has been framed against the owner, who is a friend of hers. Among those in league with the plotters is the nephew of the owner, "Jack Elliott," who made his first appearance in this production in this scene, in the rôle of the superintendent of the factory.

For this rôle the assistant-director had chosen a young man by the name of Harold Moore, who was almost unknown in the Moving Picture world, except for several minor parts he had played in various productions.

Just previous to the taking of the scene, the star was introduced to him, and, as they shook hands, each stared at the other in deep wonderment. She was impressed with the big, handsome features of the boy. There was something awfully nice about him, and she decided right there that he was just about the finest chap she had ever met, while he, on the other hand, felt that something had happened to his heart, and, almost unconsciously, he held onto her hand as he gazed down into the big, gray eyes which looked straight up into his.

After the scene was finished, Harold stepped over to where the star was standing, giving orders to her assistant for the studio "sets," and when she had finished, he turned to her.

"Are we thru for the day?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied softly.

"May I wait for you?" he ventured.

"If you care to," she replied. Then she darted away and, jumping into her car, drove to her dressing-room.

When she appeared later Moore was standing outside waiting for her.

"Let me drive you downtown in my car," he said as they started towards the big garage.

"Where are we going?" she inquired.

He paused a moment and looked into the questioning eyes. "Say, do you know, you're just about the greatest girl in the world?" he said.

To spill any more of this story right here would have a tendency to spoil the plot.

But, late that afternoon, as Ben Wilson was rubbing the make-up from his face he received a telegram which stated that "Grace Moore, *née* Cunard," would be pleased to see him and those who were members of the party the night before, at Levy's that evening, when she would have the pleasure of introducing them to her husband!

"Egad!" exclaimed Wilson, as he ran from his dressing-room down the hall to Harry Carey.

"What's up?" inquired Carey.

"Read that," said Wilson as he thrust the telegram into his hand.

"Well, she's won," said Carey as he finished reading it.

"Show that to Mary MacLaren, Lois Wilson, and the others," added Wilson. "I've got to go home and get that hundred!" And with this he hurried back to his dressing-room.

It was a very unusual party that gathered at the famous café that night. Herbert Rawlinson had brought the grayhound pup; Mary MacLaren had four excellent "Never-Skid" tires, 34x4, in the bottom of her car outside; a very appetizing menu-card rested beside eight plates, and had been prepared by Lois Wilson; two envelopes were on one plate, at the end of the table, and on the outside of each were the figures "$200." Enclosed in another was a check which read, "To the Belgian Fund," with the signature "Claire McDowell."

As the clock approached eleven-thirty the little party took their places at the table and waited for the arrival of the girl who had so cleverly defeated them. They had not long to wait, and a few minutes later the bride, looking very attractive in a gray taffeta gown, and carrying a large bouquet of roses, entered on the arm of a very handsome chap immaculately dressed in a suit of blue serge.

She was escorted to her place at the head of the table by Ben Wilson, while Carey led her husband to a seat at the opposite end.

"Let me introduce to you my husband, Mr. Joseph Moore," said the bride, as she looked proudly upon the smiling chap at the other end of the table.

"Wha-what?" ejaculated Ben Wilson in surprise.

"We thought it was Harold Moore," explained Carey, equally at a loss to understand.

"No, he introduced us," remarked Grace, who evidently enjoyed the astonishment of her friends. "I'm one of the tribe of Moores now—there's Alice Joyce Moore and Mary Pickford Moore and Tom Moore, Owen Moore and Matt Moore. I dont know," she added, "whether I will be one of the happy family or not—it all depends on how well I behave."

"Wel-l, I'll be——" started Carey.

"So will I," interrupted Wilson.

Then they all looked at the clock. It was three minutes of twelve.

"Well, you've still got three minutes before the hour is up," remarked Herbert Rawlinson; "isn't there something else you can crowd in before midnight?"

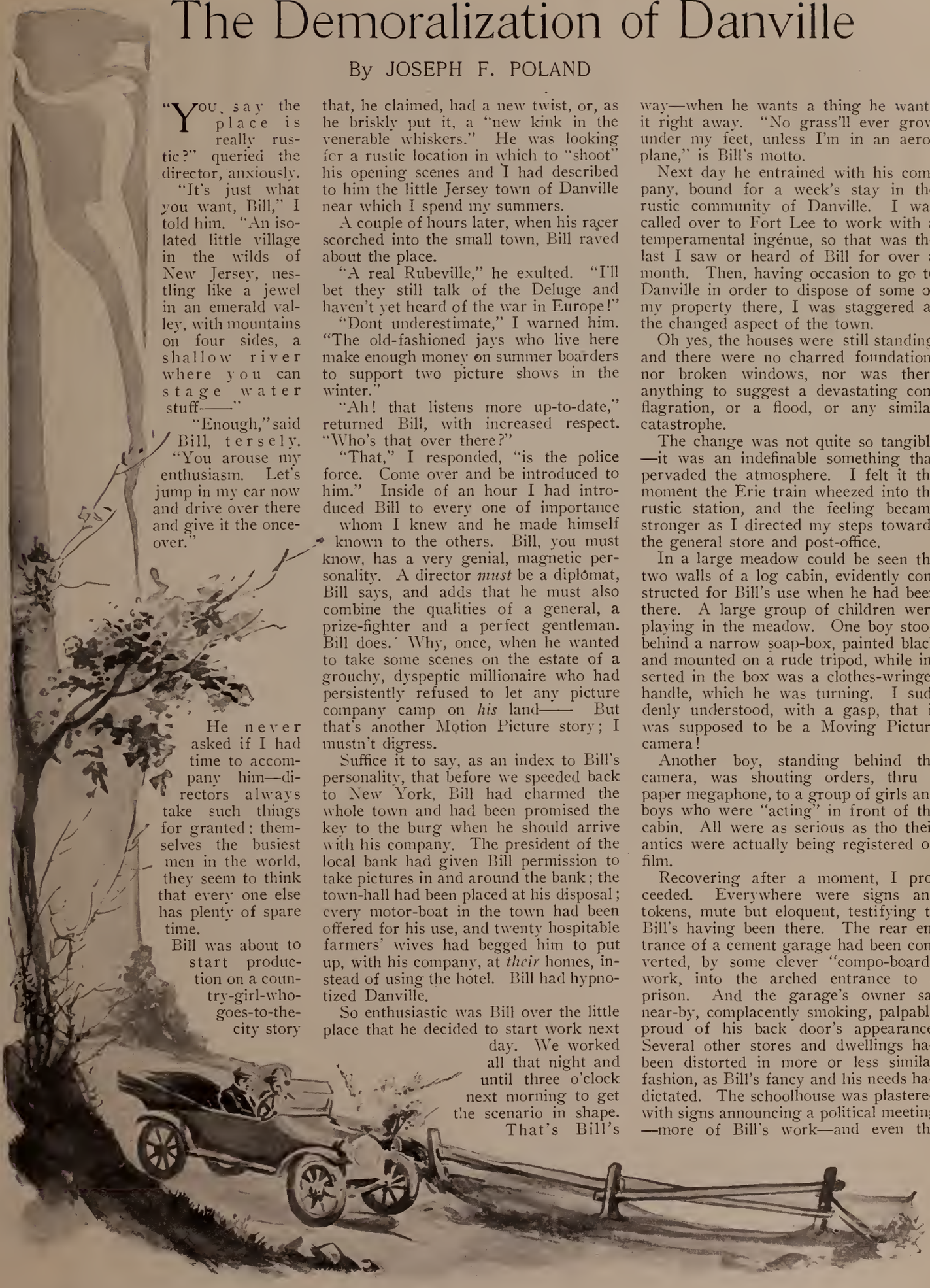
"Yes, I'm going to outline a scenario from this," she remarked as she started making notes on the menu-card beside her plate.

"Well, I never did like grayhound pups, anyhow," said Rawlinson.

And they all laughed.

The Demoralization of Danville

By JOSEPH F. POLAND



"You say the place is really rustic?" queried the director, anxiously.

"It's just what you want, Bill," I told him. "An isolated little village in the wilds of New Jersey, nestling like a jewel in an emerald valley, with mountains on four sides, a shallow river where you can stage water stuff——"

"Enough," said Bill, tersely. "You arouse my enthusiasm. Let's jump in my car now and drive over there and give it the once-over."

He never asked if I had time to accompany him—directors always take such things for granted; themselves the busiest men in the world, they seem to think that every one else has plenty of spare time.

Bill was about to start production on a country-girl-who-goes-to-the-city story that, he claimed, had a new twist, or, as he briskly put it, a "new kink in the venerable whiskers." He was looking for a rustic location in which to "shoot" his opening scenes and I had described to him the little Jersey town of Danville near which I spend my summers.

A couple of hours later, when his racer scorched into the small town, Bill raved about the place.

"A real Rubeville," he exulted. "I'll bet they still talk of the Deluge and haven't yet heard of the war in Europe!"

"Dont underestimate," I warned him. "The old-fashioned jays who live here make enough money on summer boarders to support two picture shows in the winter."

"Ah! that listens more up-to-date," returned Bill, with increased respect. "Who's that over there?"

"That," I responded, "is the police force. Come over and be introduced to him." Inside of an hour I had introduced Bill to every one of importance whom I knew and he made himself known to the others. Bill, you must know, has a very genial, magnetic personality. A director *must* be a diplomat, Bill says, and adds that he must also combine the qualities of a general, a prize-fighter and a perfect gentleman. Bill does. Why, once, when he wanted to take some scenes on the estate of a grouchy, dyspeptic millionaire who had persistently refused to let any picture company camp on *his* land—— But that's another Motion Picture story; I mustn't digress.

Suffice it to say, as an index to Bill's personality, that before we speeded back to New York, Bill had charmed the whole town and had been promised the key to the burg when he should arrive with his company. The president of the local bank had given Bill permission to take pictures in and around the bank; the town-hall had been placed at his disposal; every motor-boat in the town had been offered for his use, and twenty hospitable farmers' wives had begged him to put up, with his company, at *their* homes, instead of using the hotel. Bill had hypnotized Danville.

So enthusiastic was Bill over the little place that he decided to start work next day. We worked all that night and until three o'clock next morning to get the scenario in shape. That's Bill's way—when he wants a thing he wants it right away. "No grass'll ever grow under my feet, unless I'm in an aeroplane," is Bill's motto.

Next day he entrained with his company, bound for a week's stay in the rustic community of Danville. I was called over to Fort Lee to work with a temperamental ingénue, so that was the last I saw or heard of Bill for over a month. Then, having occasion to go to Danville in order to dispose of some of my property there, I was staggered at the changed aspect of the town.

Oh yes, the houses were still standing, and there were no charred foundations nor broken windows, nor was there anything to suggest a devastating conflagration, or a flood, or any similar catastrophe.

The change was not quite so tangible—it was an indefinable something that pervaded the atmosphere. I felt it the moment the Erie train wheezed into the rustic station, and the feeling became stronger as I directed my steps towards the general store and post-office.

In a large meadow could be seen the two walls of a log cabin, evidently constructed for Bill's use when he had been there. A large group of children were playing in the meadow. One boy stood behind a narrow soap-box, painted black and mounted on a rude tripod, while inserted in the box was a clothes-wringer handle, which he was turning. I suddenly understood, with a gasp, that it was supposed to be a Moving Picture camera!

Another boy, standing behind the camera, was shouting orders, thru a paper megaphone, to a group of girls and boys who were "acting" in front of the cabin. All were as serious as tho their antics were actually being registered on film.

Recovering after a moment, I proceeded. Everywhere were signs and tokens, mute but eloquent, testifying to Bill's having been there. The rear entrance of a cement garage had been converted, by some clever "compo-board" work, into the arched entrance to a prison. And the garage's owner sat near-by, complacently smoking, palpably proud of his back door's appearance. Several other stores and dwellings had been distorted in more or less similar fashion, as Bill's fancy and his needs had dictated. The schoolhouse was plastered with signs announcing a political meeting—more of Bill's work—and even the

front of the bank, the town's pride, had been altered so as to conform with Bill's idea of what a small-town bank should look like.

"The place looks a little different," I remarked cheerfully to Hammond, the general storekeeper. He sat on the store veranda, smoking.

He snorted: "Should say it does." There was a look of settled gloom on his countenance; the gloom deepened as a group of children clattered by in pursuit of a youthful soldier, who turned now and then to snap an unloaded cap-pistol at his pursuers.

"Look at that!" said Hammond, with a groan. "Say, your friend the movie director just plain mesmerized this town. Did you see what he's done to the houses and the stores and—and—the *bank?*"

"Yes, I saw," I responded, and tried to look sympathetic.

"Well, they're all so proud of havin' had a movie company here that they wont let a thing that that movie director did be changed back again. But that aint the wust!"

His voice grew huskier as he continued. "You see how the kids is actin' up—why, you cant get a boy, for love nor money, to help on a farm, nohow. They're all rescuin' helpless damsels from drownin', or from burnin' houses, or from deep-dyed scoundrels. Which makes the demand for helpless damsels so great that there aint any girls to help their maws with the dishes any more.

"I tell you," he continued, dismally, "that the entire social structure of this here town has been ruined! Why, there's the Hose Company—a finer, braver bunch of fellers couldn't be collected in New Jersey. Hi Nevis was chief, and, believe me, that feller was a wild-cat when it came to fightin' the flames. Then along comes your movie friend and turned the Hose Company into a parcel of prancin' fools. Hi's left town, and the fire-house is shet up for good."

The storekeeper sunk his teeth into his pipe-stem and blew clouds of wrathful smoke.

"But why should my friend break up the Hose Company?" I asked gently.

"'Cause why? Jest because he staged so many sulphur-pot fires down at the old stone distillery thet the boys turned up their noses at the real thing. Three dollars per to run the hose-cart down to the cross-roads—huh!"

"But what made the fire-chief leave town?" I persisted.

"There you come to the wimmen agin—every time. There was a tow-haired filly in the troupe thet was supposed to get kotched in the burnin' mill, and it was Hi's job to see that she didn't get her knees skinned when she jumped. Hi sent to Newark for a life-net, and each time the onjinoo came to the winder and screamed and the smoke-pots and fire started to curl around her, Hi stood alongside the life-net and told her to jump."

An ominous silence followed, broken only by the clutter of his pipe.

"When the movie troupe went back to the city, Hi trailed along. He had got so fond of savin' the onjinoo's life that he persuaded your friend to take him along—and I cal'late the onjinoo didn't mind the tender way he used to pick her up out of the life-net, either."

"You infer that he fell in love with her," I sympathized. "It would take a modern Saint Anthony to resist the temptations that ingénues put in the path of callow young men. She must have snared him in his own net."

"But that aint all, nuther. Some of the older girls an' wimmen folk acted in some scenes as 'extries,' an' consequently there is somethin' like thirty-seven buddin' Bernhardts of the screen in this here town right now. Why, my daughter Jane refused two fine offers of marriage this week, an' she's a-studyin' elocution an' arm movements—plannin' a career!"

His distress was poignant. I tried to interrupt his gloomy remarks:

"The lure of the pictures is great, but the good they do more than counterbalances any harmful——"

He wasn't listening to me.

"But that aint all," he iterated. "Come round to the stable-yard."

In the yard he pointed out to me a fine-looking horse and a mild-eyed Guernsey cow.

"Do you see that horse? There warn't a better delivery-wagon animal in the county—until Percy Pembroke, the hero of the Movin' Picter company, rode him to the rescue of the fair heroine. An' now, blast it! if he ain't movie-struck, too. Yessir, it's all your neck's worth to drive him in the traces; he gallops along madly, like he thinks he's carryin' the hero to the girl's aid."

He paused for breath only, then resumed:

"But that aint all. Look at that cow—look at her! There warn't a better milk-giver in twenty mile—before they put her in a scene where the on—on—onjinoo, you know, the heroine, skipped playfully round that ol' cow. An' now I cant get a quarter of the usual amount of milk from her. She's movie-mad, too, an' acts like she was an onjinoo cow. Watch!"

He stepped up to the cow, calling softly, "Co' boss! co' boss!"

The cow tossed her head skittishly and playfully skipped away, looking back over her shoulder in true ingénue style.

Hammond waved his hand with a despairing gesture and started to speak again: "But that aint all——"

It may not have been *all,* but it was quite enough for me. I hurried away, mumbling a hastily-thought-of excuse.

Looking back, I could still see the "onjinoo cow" skipping about and tossing her head with a little flirting motion that was a perfect imitation of the ingénue in Bill's company!

The storekeeper was perfectly truthful—the village had gone movie mad!

The Moth

Selznick

by Gladys Hall

WHEN Lucy DeWitt married Valentine Spencer she had a shower of ingénue-ish curls *upon* her head and a general lack of anything substantial *within.* She had fallen deliriously in love with him, or, rather, with his smart clothes, bored manner, perfect bursts of passion and general air of a seasoned cosmopolite. Were the truth to be told, there was n o t h i n g else to Vallie Spencer to *love,* save a very damaged set of m o r a l s, which, incongruously, seem to be lovable.

Having a pair of otherwise engrossed, injudicious progenitors, she was permitted to marry him. This feat she a c c o m p l i s h e d with t h e assistance o f a matron of honor who looked with jaundiced eye upon the marriage-rite, twelve jealous bridesmaids, a score of ushers, two score of debts, and a trousseau that filled t e n innovation trunks to overflowing, after which followed a honeymoon spent at one of the smart springs — eugenically awful, and more or less supervised by Vallie's valet, Lucy's maid and politely curious acquaintances.

In due sequence came two infants, smashed ideals, the departure, bag and baggage, of love's fond dream, a mistress for Vallie, spare time, idle hands and the devil for Lucy. The devil wears many a guise for an unoccupied woman, a woman with futile hands and hollow heart. 'Most always he wears the guise of an equally unoccupied man.

Lucy Spencer's will-o'-the-wisp heart was hollow because the god she had worshiped proved to have feet—entire limbs, indeed—of very frail clay, which crumbled dismally when her fatuous, girlish hands became a woman's, needing . . . . It was empty because the child-love her babies might have inspired comes more with the caring than the bearing. However, one did not tend one's own children. It simply wasn't *done.* And—here is something *every* woman knows—of the Seven Deadly Sins, the deadliest is this: To Do the Thing That Simply Isn't Done! Therefore she hired enormously salaried, enormously mechanical and unmaternal trained infant nurses and governesses, and abdicated the high throne of her motherhood thankfully.

Having been given in marriage, conferred two entirely undesired offspring upon her lord and master, and achieved a c e r t a i n s t a t u s along with her twenty years, L u c y proceeded to enjoy life as she saw it, or as it presented itself to her hand. It is superfluous to state the many things she did; perhaps not so superfluous the many things she *didn't.* She bought bizarre animals and priceless cars—gave and was entertained at grotesque, deliciously improper "parties"—made other wives unhappy, was correspondingly unhappy herself—made of her beauty a sacrament; of her body, a fetich; of her brain-space a vacuum. Also, she acquired world-knowledge of a sort, a very dreary sort: To distrust all women as felines; all men, as carnivorous beasts.

And just when she was about twenty-one, and sick to nausea of life and all that it held, the tiniest ghost of an ache began to throb in the place where her heart-throbs were, the wannest, palest shade of a pain, of a hunger, of a wish. It began to manifest itself by unprecedented night-excursions to the nurseries where lay Larry and Babs in rose-pink sleep—to lie wide-eyed, afterwards, thinking of their pursed, lush lips, the sweet calm of their shut lids; wondering whether, when they were twenty-one, they would have gourmandized on the rich sweets of life and be ready to vomit them forth.

There grew also a loathing of the garish Mrs. Marbridge in the garish mansion, with whom, in the most amicable understanding of her husband, Vallie lived in hectic and spontaneous fits and starts.

Cast of characters of this play as produced by the Norma Talmadge Company:

Lucy Spencer	Norma Talmadge
A. Valentine Spencer	Hassard Short
Captain Anchester	Eugene O'Brien
Nita Marbridge	Virginia Dare
Teddy Marbridge	Adolph Menjou
Ned Cunningham	Donald Hall
Mrs. Cunningham	Maude Allen
Laurence Gillam	Frank Kingdom
Tutor	Robert Vivian
Babs	Aida Armand
Larry	Kenneth Worm

Mrs. Marbridge, before her marriage, had been the daughter of a notorious, none too pleasantly notorious, gambler. Upon her marriage to Marbridge, who had committed the sacrament for the sake of the gambler's opulent bank accounts rather than for his opulent daughter, she had aspired to society. Society had rejected her, flatly. She had retaliated by instituting and presiding over orgies beyond the most indiscreet imagination. To these orgies she lured the young blades and the married males of the society that had turned thumbs down.

The bright, particular luminary was Vallie Spencer. Him she chained by his seven jaded senses and danced about like a pet marmoset. She was a shade *more* voluptuous than all the voluptuaries on his previous records, so Vallie was content to dance. Teddy Marbridge was blandly acquiescent, considering no woman worth the jolly good-fellowship of a convivial man-friend, so the arrangement was of the serenest sort.

Lucy didn't count.

For a long time Lucy hadn't *cared*.

Then, all at once, with the beginning of that gnawing little pain, she began to care quite terribly, not because of Vallie Spencer. He had long since crumbled, along with his feet of clay, into an impersonal thing—sort of a sottish, disgusting thing — decidedly unpleasant to have about, the Marbridge woman being the most hideous part. Lucy had been fast and loose, but never vicious. She began to dread the twin sounds in her house: his hiccoughs, Larry's shrill, clean call; his stumblings after dark, the bare patter of the babies' good-night steps. Something was horridly all wrong.

Lucy didn't just know what, and wouldn't have known how to remedy things if she had. She'd been reared on scandal, cigarets and cocktails, and the staunch bark of the staff of life would have torn the soft flesh of her hands.

When things with Lucy became particularly muddled and perplexed, there were always two out of the phosphorescent tide of her acquaintances on whom she could count—two who stood staunch and sane, holding their lone heads high, reaching out warmly with understanding. These two were Edwin Cunningham, district attorney of Boston, and his wife, Margaret.

They loved Lucy for her hummingbird brilliance, the bright, swift whir of her wings, the tintinnabulation of her immature laughter. They loved her more for that which they knew lay deep within—deeper than Vallie Spencer or his set would ever reach—the deep something that cared so terribly about the Marbridge woman, that impelled her night-steps nurseryward, that sent her to them questing . . . .

Margaret Cunningham had considerable to condone in Lucy. A lesser being would have fallen down flatly on the job. There was, in particular, the time Lucy called Edwin Cunningham from Boston by 'phone—a matter of the utmost importance, she had told him. Upon his anxious arrival at the Shore she had greeted him alone, laughed at him, and begged his kiss. "I fairly *tantalized* for it," she told Margaret afterward, in her childishly contrite confession of her act, and Margaret, viewing the situation manwise, and knowing how tantalizing Lucy could be, had said gravely, "Poor Edwin!"

"He told me I was not 'playing the game,'" Lucy had wept. "Oh, Margaret, where is my wild heart going?"

"Home, dear," Margaret had said, gravely sweet; "home, some time soon; home into a man's large love—a love that will be bread to it, wine, and blood."

As tho responding to a cue, a few days following there arrived upon the scene Captain Erik Anchester. Captain Erik entered Lucy's life in the extremely Samaritan-like, if frequently played, rôle of escorting her limply drunken husband home in the dark of night. Lucy was accustomed to unaccustomed gentlemen performing this rite for Vallie. Generally, they deposited their flabby burden in the apologetic arms of his valet, and bade a brief good-night to his coldly unapologetic wife.

Captain Erik Anchester deposited his flabby burden according to custom, but there he deviated. He bade a very prolonged good-night to the unapologetic, headily impertinent Lucy.

"There's *one* good point to Vallie's souses," she laughed up at him, impishly.

"And that is?" he had queried, looking down at her and marveling at a woman whose sense of humor mantled even her husband's grossest folly.

"And that is," she mimicked, "he always finds a gentleman to bring him home."

Somehow or other, in that detached manner in which momentous things happen, they sauntered off the veranda on to the moon-shod beach. And they talked fitfully—a bit deeply—a bit treacherously. And once in a while Lucy's tintinnabulating laughter would ring out, and once in a while there would be fraught silences. . . .

After that, Anchester came often. Many things made his visits easy, the chief thing being Vallie's open admiration of Anchester, whom he had sponsored in the clubs. Anchester had brought with him from England no credentials save the fact that he had fought big game in their native lairs, and won from them, bloodily, their priceless pelts and trophies; plundered manfully virgin remotenesses—and won no man's ill-will. There were also the incidental facts of Lucy's perpetual male-coterie, and the additional item of her husband's part-residence with Mrs. Marbridge. All told, it was a hugely satisfactory arrangement. It provided an escort for Lucy—one who did her honor. It thereby made considerably more leeway for Vallie and his amorosa.

It was satisfactory even to Larry and Babs, who fastened upon Anchester the proud title of "Daddy," and insisted upon it vociferously, thereby awaking to lusty life that ghost of an ache in Lucy's breast; thereby instilling into Anchester's hitherto torpid brain the fact that it *was* pretty jolly to be "Daddied" by a lusty lad and a winsome lass, and that he was not getting any younger—the young, ripe years were fleeting, and Lucy—— But here, being a self-dominant man, he stopped.

Justice and Margaret Cunningham alone were unapproving. "I dont like it, Margie," the district attorney confided to his wife. "Anchester as a man's man seems a pretty level sort, but with a woman . . . Well, Lucy has been playing with candle-glimmers up to now. This time she's playing with *flame*—blue-white flame—and I am afraid the lovely down of her wings will be burnt away."

Margaret maintained silence. She rather liked Anchester, credentials or no. But she perceived him to be a man of stormy deeps—a man in whom the fierce lusts of the jungles he had tracked raged rampant; and Lucy — child — woman — weak and strong—provocative—joyous—lovely—undeveloped. . . . .

"Why dont you talk to Lucy about him, Edwin?" she asked. "If you get her right, Lucy will tell you the truth. Why not run down to Sealwarren tonight? It will do you good."

Cunningham acted upon the suggestion. He had a strong desire to see Lucy Spencer surpass herself and the stuff that she was made of, win past the unclean stuff of her environment to firm footing in her children's love—the children who loved tremendously Erik Anchester.

He found Lucy "not at home" when he arrived at Sealwarren. The butler, stifling a distasteful cough, mentioned the roadhouse where she was "dining out."

Cunningham, as he proceeded thence in his car, smiled at the characteristic transparency of Lucy. It was so like her to give out for publication the unsavory rendezvous they had chosen.

Lucy, in a private dining-room of the very remote and somewhat dubious tavern, was learning the first law of her nature. Clasped in Erik Anchester's massive arms, she knew her girlish infatuation for Vallie Spencer to be a pale, a sickly thing. This, that she felt, was *real*—almost unbearably real. It made her want to tear off the trappings of the garish world she lived in, the Vallie-things, the hot, nauseous, shallow things that she had known. It made her long for unpeopled places, untrodden lands, forever forgotten isles. This was blood-stuff, soul-stuff, the torrid, lava-like stuff out of which "man and woman created He them."

"Dear, humorous, tragical sprite," he was whispering tensely; "will-o'-the-wisp, mother of sorrows—which?"

"A little of both," Lucy whispered back. "Oh, Erik, have pity! A hungry heart only now—hungering and thirsting —for love . . . ."

Anchester released her, and something sacramental dawned in his eyes, called

there by her child's confession of her woman's frailty.

Upon Lucy, waiting for Anchester to summon the car, arrived Cunningham—a rather perilous-looking Lucy, dishevveled, unduly flushed, quick-breathed—a defiant, unrepentant Lucy.

"You are coming home with me," Cunningham said to her, sharply, "at *once!*"

"I am not," retorted Lucy. "I——"

Cunningham took her severely by the arm.

"Mrs. Vanderskelt Channing is watching us with intense interest," he said, briefly. "As she is more notorious for her astonishingly proficient tongue than for her anciently moneyed lineage, I advise departure—with me."

Lucy acquiesced.

On the return ride Cunningham told her of his fears of the unheralded, unvouched-for Captain Anchester, and Lucy retaliated with a burning admission of their mutual love. "It is the only *real* thing I have ever had in my life," she finished, tensely. "What were my parents? Shams! What is Vallie? A filthy imitation of a man! What are my babies? Strangers who, thru the big, child-heart of Erik Anchester, are coming into mine. Now that it has come to me at last—big, and clean, and wonderful—you ask me to sweep it aside for the *truck* I would gain? What do *I* care for his credentials, O ye of little faith? What do I care *who* he is to others—to all mankind? I know what he is—to *me,* and that's all—that's all that counts—just as it is—just the same—as you—and Margaret——"

And all at once Lucy was sobbing—not the rainbow tears of the chimerical yesterday, but bitter tears, stern tears, and dreary.

Cunningham comforted her, and prayed heaven that Anchester was as much of a man as he had to admit he appeared to be, and, to relieve the stress of the situation, began to discourse on lesser, lighter things.

"Anchester had a big run-in with Marbridge, the other day," he said, lighting a cigaret for himself and one for Lucy, "at the Badminton."

"What about?" asked Lucy, incuriously. Marbridge had always struck her as a harmless, inefficient mortal—perhaps because of the notorious mismanagement of his home.

"Bridge," said Cunningham, "and I must say that Anchester was right—dead right. They were playing partners, and Marbridge was beguiling his dummy-time with side-bets that Anchester would lose——"

"How *horrid!*" exclaimed Lucy.

"Poor, very poor," assented Cunningham. "Anchester objected, Marbridge sneered, and Anchester escorted Marbridge from the sacred precincts of the club rather unceremoniously. I'm afraid, tho, that the Captain has laid up for himself an unending enemy."

A RATHER PERILOUS-LOOKING LUCY

"Better an enemy than a friend in *that* case," scoffed Lucy, as her car drew up to the house. "The whole bunch of them are rotters. Better stay the night, Edwin, the roads are vile by night."

In the dim, wide hall Vallie stood, an incongruous picture of a watchful, injured husband. About him hung aggressively the patchouli-like fragrance peculiar to Mrs. Marbridge. He faced them aggressively.

"Well, Cunningham, you old whited sepulcher, you! bringing Lucy home at 1 A. M.! And what would poor, devoted Margaret say to this—th—you old rake, you!"

Cunningham compressed his lips. He had a fleeting, pleasurable thought of how easy it would be to stifle the taunts out of that vitiated body! Lucy smiled contemptuously. Vallie caught the smile and felt the superiority of Cunningham's silence.

"Platonic friends!" he derided. *"Some* slur on old Plato! Say, that tale would make Noah yawn! No doubt those old sports, Adam and Eve, kidded themselves along with the same idea, but——"

"Really, Vallie," interposed Cunningham, coldly, consulting his watch, "I——"

"You're going home to the saintly, trustful Margaret, I suppose," rudely thrust in Vallie, who was in a state of frenzy, after an evening of wild scenes with Mrs. Marbridge, "and fill her full of a sanctimonious tale of being counselor to 'poor, dear Lucy,' who suffers so from her 'impossible husband.' Well, District Attorney Cunningham, dont be surprised to find yourself named as co-respondent in a divorce suit in the very near future. Good-night."

"Good-night, Lucy," Cunningham said, quietly. "Come to your senses, Vallie."

As the door closed on Cunningham, Vallie eyed the tired-eyed Lucy savagely. "Do you come across with that coin I asked you for this morning, or not?" he demanded.

"What for?" asked Lucy, insolently. "Some new whim of Nita Marbridge's?"

"That's none of your d—n business!" shrilled Vallie. "I——"

"Well, it's my 'd—n' money," replied Lucy, curtly, going toward the stairs, "and that ends it."

"Oh, no, my fine lady, that *doesn't* end it," snapped Vallie. "This ends it—a divorce suit, naming Cunningham as co-respondent, or——"

He paused, waiting for the first threat to sink in.

"Or what?" demanded Lucy, faintly.

"Or a money settlement, a fat one, and —one of the kids."

Vallie added the last as an afterthought — one of the most brilliant thoughts of any kind he'd ever had, he thought, as he saw the wound it made. He had not the remotest idea of wanting one or either of them. The fire of

paternity had never kindled in his narrow chest. But if paternity were to be a marketable commodity, then paternal he must be.

"Never — never — *never* that!" Lucy hissed at him over the stair-rails.

Vallie shrugged. He could afford to be magnanimous, now that he had caught his victim, squirming, between two bottomless pits.

"LET'S NOT—LET'S PLAY THE GAME—LET'S——"

"It's up to you, ol' dear," he said, nonchalantly. "'Night—I'm all in."

The night seemed to Lucy to be peopled with faces; just faces that pressed in upon her until their warm breaths woke strange fevers in her cheeks — Anchester's, passionate, protective; Vallie's, vicious, threatening; Cunningham's, kindly, grave; the babies', dewy and fresh. And hands—hands, too—that twisted her heart-strings to the torture point.

Before Vallie's departure the next morning, Lucy waylaid him in the wide hall, fresh with the sea-salt air, heavy with waking flowers. She had the babies with her.

"Val, it's all a rum go," she accosted him briefly, wide eyes on his appealingly. "It isn't shuffling the cards—for *them*. We brought them here, Val. Heaven knows life's a shoddy gift enough. Let's not—let's play the game—let's——"

Vallie cut her short. "Drop the heroics, Luce," he admonished. "It's too late for that stuff between you an' me. I stand on what I said—Cunningham, platonic friend, as co-respondent, or half your estate and—Larry."

At the Badminton Club, Erik Anchester was having a bad time on his own account. The little affair at the roadhouse the previous night had shown him where he stood in regard to Lucy. He had taken things pretty much as he had found them all along—thinking of women, with Nietzsche, as "the most dangerous diversion"—but he knew now that here was danger, and it was *not* diverting. It looked like the waste places for him forevermore if Lucy Spencer danced her lightsome way out of his life, yet it seemed infinitely *more* dangerous and even *less* diverting to remain.

He had had another run-in with Marbridge at bridge that very morning. Marbridge had referred insolently to Lucy and their evident intimacy; Anchester had boiled over at the free badinage of her name in the club; there had been considerable calisthenics, and Marbridge had found himself uncomfortably ensconced on the door-step.

All this was not doing Lucy any good, nor those jolly kids who called him "Daddy."

Lucy needed a man's protection—all the way around. Vallie Spencer was not a man, but, in the absence of a better, he would have to do. Anchester supposed that if the Marbridge woman could be got to keep her hands and her demands off Vallie, things might come clean for Lucy and the kids. It was a bitter task—to smooth his own way out of her life. But men had done gallantly bitterer things than that, that a woman's name might shine.

Anchester motored down to the Marbridge place and was admitted into the notorious presence.

The woman was befogged with drink, insolent with drugs. She heard Anchester's plea for the domestic solvency of the Spencers with a leer.

"The black cat comes to the black cat for help," she scoffed. "If I abandon the husband, my friend, will *you* abandon the wife?"

"I——" began Anchester, seriously.

The woman reared up on her couch. She raised her voice shrilly. "I—you—me—the other one," she yelled crazily; "for God's sake get out of my affairs—get!"

Anchester retreated. This was worse than the most formidable of the big game. To protest with a woman on her pet *liaison* is a luckless job at best; to protest with a woman in whose veins runs the poison of every deadliest vice is to commit fool's suicide.

At the door of the retreat Anchester encountered Vallie, looking haggard.

"I advise you, Spencer," the Captain said, "to stay away—at least temporarily. She's — she's decidedly overwrought and unbalanced at present."

Vallie laughed, with a sort of dreariness.

"She's always that," he said. "Let me by, Anchester."

Nita Marbridge glanced at Vallie as he entered. Upon his slanting shoulders she hurled the injury of Anchester's interference.

Vallie stood still. When she had finished, he said brusquely, "I'm quitting, ol' kid. Wifie's out for a divorce, and if they get the goods on *us* it'll be nix on wifie's dough for little Vallie. I'm playin' for high stakes, lovey-dovey. After I get 'em, it's you and me for Europe and the long hike."

The crazed brain of Nita Marbridge absorbed, like a half-good sponge, only Vallie's announcement of a breach. In the sad, savage, cruel, hectic way of a woman of her sort, she loved Vallie Spencer.

"You're quittin', are you?" she raged, rising up and falling back on the couch like a dying pantheress. "You're quittin' me—*me!* After all that—after—God! my God! It's the 'long hike,' is it? Good enough! It's the long hike, ol' dear, and Nita's taking it—alone!"

A shot, a sob, a blood-spurt, a silence.

Vallie, collapsing, ran from the place and up the beach to his own home.

In the hallway he came upon Lucy bidding a white-lipped farewell to Erik Anchester. Tragedy stalked with him, and they demanded his trouble. Mute, palsied, he evaded them.

An hour later, Edwin Cunningham, peculiarly grim-looking, came down in his car and demanded an interview with Vallie.

"Nita Marbridge is dead. Marbridge just 'phoned me," he said. "We've got to find out how she died."

Vallie, defiant, wrenched open his door and faced Cunningham. He read accusation in the district attorney's eye, and his craven spirit wailed.

"It's a lie!" he yelped. "She shot herself!"

"Ah-h!" said Edwin Cunningham.

Vallie's yellow streak jaundiced his whole bearing. He fairly whined at Cunningham. "You've trapped me," he wailed, miserably. "You've caught me unawares and trapped me into admitting my presence there. But I'll call quits with you, Cunningham. An eye for an eye—you shut your mouth and I'll shut mine on the co-respondent scandal. Be a good sport, Cunningham; dont ditch us both to h—ll! I swear—I——"

Cunningham's face contracted. He admitted a temptation. For Margaret, he dreaded his political death—his social ruin. But Margaret, he knew, set higher values even than these.

"I am acting officially, Spencer," he said, incisively. "In this capacity I must tell what I know."

Lucy's entreaties were harder. She pleaded for the kiddies. "There is enough disgrace," she said. "Living things down is hard. I am——"

After Cunningham had gone, Spencer besought Lucy to go to Anchester—"for the kids," he bluffed, fear stamped on every feature. "He loves you—he has nothing to lose; he came out as I went in—he'll take a chance on everything coming out all right. O' course everything's coming right, Luce—right as a fiddle; but the kids—my—er—connection with her—d—n her, anyway! Go on, Luce; you're strong on the sacrifice stunt. Pay his price; let him—you know——"

With every emotion wiped clean from her—like a hollow thing—Lucy sought Anchester in his bachelor quarters, and, with tongue that stumbled cruelly, made Spencer's plea—offered herself, if the price were high enough—waited for his answer.

It came—slowly at first, then in a rush of broken words.

"I didn't know you at first, Lucy—your weakness or your strength, the dear woman part of you. I hated your husband for a cad and a coward, and I hated you because you had been touched—perhaps tainted—by him.

She took his accusations mutely, ready for his decision.

"I came," he went on, "out of the nowhere into a life of fever and fraud and I found your butterfly wings daubed in it." He seized her hands eagerly. "But there came a night of agony, of self-communion, and in the sweat of morning you stood out good and clean—yes, adorable! Lucy, poor moth, I love you beyond the power of words!"

When Marbridge and Cunningham arrived, sent there by Vallie, they brought a man's glove found by Mrs. Marbridge's side.

Lucy silenced Anchester with a word.

"Try on the glove!" she commanded. "Try it on, Captain Anchester!"

It fitted the big Captain's big fist as tho it were an infant's.

"Oh, Lucy," he whispered, as Cunningham and Marbridge conferred together, the latter evidently enraged at the failure of this evidence—"Lucy, you have queered this, dear. You——"

"Hush, love; hush!" she whispered.

Cunningham was summoned to the 'phone in the next room. The three who waited listened tensely to the rapid fire of his voice. When he returned, his face looked as tho it were cleared of a storm.

"The coroner's verdict," he said, clearly: "Mrs. Marbridge came to her death by *her own hand.*"

When Lucy, escorted by Anchester, arrived home, Vallie Spencer, fear-broken, had, as his pitiable note read, "skipped."

"Divorce me if you want to," he scrawled. "This is good-by."

"And for us?" questioned Anchester, tenderly, anxiously.

"Daddy, Daddykin!" came shrill, imperious voices.

Lucy laughed, with a touch of the old irresponsibility.

"'Out of the mouths of babes,'" she said.

"IT'S A LIE—SHE SHOT HERSELF!"

At Home With Helen

By ROBERTA COURTLANDT

HELEN HOLMES

I SUPPOSE all of you, who have enjoyed watching Helen Holmes' daredevil, death-defying feats——fifty thousand feet (count 'em, ladies and gentlemen, fifty thousand feet) above the —er—sea level, I think, would imagine that home, for Helen, means a bird-like perch far atop a telegraph pole, or at the very least a slipping, sliding, private car tacked onto the end of the New York Limited. You'd never imagine anything else possible, would you?

Of course not. But I'm going to burst that pleasant little bubble of your own imaginings and tell you what Helen really calls home—aside from the pretty, vine-covered bungalow just off the studio lot where Signal plays are produced. This is her real home—and it's a *farm!* On my word of honor! And what's more, it's a Western ranch-farm, some three or four hundred acres in the home-farm alone, not to mention the alfalfa ranch, the cattle-ranch and mere details of that sort. Her farm-home-ranch is on the Colorado River, twenty miles from the nearest town.

After "The Girl and the Game" had been finished, Mr. MacGowan, the director, also Miss Holmes' husband, decided that the pretty star needed a vacation, so he sent her home for a couple of weeks, little wotting what she would find to do on that same vacation. She was busier there than she had ever been at the studio, but it was such good fun, she says, that it wasn't work at all.

First, she decided that a new shed was needed for the proper housing and safeguarding of the sizable bunch of agricultural implements necessitated by the very up-to-date farming methods on Holmes Ranch. So, with her customary rapidity of action, she hired men, bought lumber, arranged for its being hauled from the somewhat primitive saw-mill, and, by noon of the same day, the first boards of the new shed, which was in reality a compact, serviceable house, were going up. Miss Holmes was everywhere at once, superintending, and the men soon came to realize that she knew what she was talking about and was thoroly conversant with their own line of work — overseeing, criticising and helping generally.

She also learnt to milk—and, later on, while filming "Judith of the Cumberlands," this knowledge proved more than handy—and took charge of the dairy herd at Holmes Ranch, installing some decidedly up-to-date and sanitary methods, much to the improvement, no doubt, of the milk sold from the ranch.

One day, when she had been at the ranch for a week, and time was hanging a little heavy on her hands, she received a telegram from Mr. MacGowan, announcing his impending arrival for a couple of days. Never was there such a bustling excitement at Holmes Ranch. Not since the housekeeper had received a telegram from "Miss Helen" some five years ago, announcing her marriage, and the fact that she and the lucky man would spend a brief honeymoon of one week at Holmes Ranch.

Mr. MacGowan arrived, and was properly impressed with the amount of work his lovely, vigorous, happy little wife had done during her week's "vacation." He stayed only three days and carried her back with him—for they were to sail in two weeks for the Hawaiian Islands, for six weeks, during which a smashing five-reeler was to be filmed—which is the MacGowans' idea of a vacation.

That really is all there is to tell about Helen Holmes' vacation, for she never has any, except for brief days. But perhaps you'd like to know how she happened to acquire Holmes Ranch. And, as it is a most interesting story, and one that I like to tell, I'm nothing loath to set it down herewith.

It begins seven years ago in Chicago. Three people are seated about the cozy, comfortable little living-room. The first is a fine-looking man of middle age, whose kindly eyes show wrinkles of worry and carefully hidden pain and anxiety. The second is a boy of about nineteen or twenty, thin and weak-looking—his whole story told by his almost transparent skin and the little, racking cough which he tries so bravely to conceal. The third is a girl—and such a girl! Seventeen years old, dark-brown hair in cascading curls down her back, dark-brown eyes that seem made for laughter, but which are now filled with tears, she is leaning forward, watching brother and father, as she pleads earnestly.

Of course you have guessed that the girl is Helen Holmes, the boy and man are her brother and father. The boy had just received the doctor's verdict—tuberculosis. If he would leave at once for the West, immediately, and live there, he had a chance of recovery. The doctor was kindly, brutally frank, and the little family had gathered to discuss ways and means. Helen's mother had been dead for several years, and Helen had mothered her dad and brother since then.

"Dad, let me go West with brother," she pleaded impetuously. "It is impossible for him to go alone; he must have some one to look after him. You cant go, and that leaves only me."

And it was finally settled that way. Then came the brilliant idea. Since her brother's health demanded that he be out-of-doors a great deal, and since she herself loved the out-of-doors, why not file on Government land and establish a ranch? Thus the brother's health would be regained, Helen would get all of the out-of-doors she wanted, and they would, at the same time, acquire a fine ranch.

So the seventeen-year-old girl and her twenty-year-old brother went West and located their claim, attending to all the red tape by which a beneficent Government gives to its worthy citizens as much land as they can carefully till, then turns them loose to get rich. Of course their father was the legal claimant of the land.

Then ensued fourteen months of the hardest work any girl is ever called upon to stand. The brother was too weak for very strenuous labor, of course. So Helen, with the aid of the few farm-hands she was able to employ, attended to all the necessary work—and there was a stupendous amount of it—in order to hold their claim. For fourteen months she never knew the feel of a petticoat or skirt. Overalls, flannel shirts and heavy, stout-laced boots, with a wide slouch hat, as a protection against the sun, formed her wearing apparel. During this time she never saw a hair-pin, for her hair was braided in two braids and tucked up out of the way, being tied with a string, or bailing wire, or anything else that came handy. The ranch improved and thrived under its careful tending.

But the brother did not, alas! His weakness refused to yield, and he grew steadily weaker and weaker. Many nights, returning to her own tent after her hard work, Helen lay awake, crying over her brother, until nearly dawn. But she refused obstinately to admit that he would not recover. With the steady faith of the sunny-natured, she believed that he would grow strong and healthy again. She had visions of a day when, the ranch their own, her brother would be strong and well again, and, with their father, they would again set up housekeeping, a loving, closely united little family.

And then, one morning, her brother died.

During the terrible days that followed, Helen went about her work, cold and quiet, almost stolid in the bitterness of her grief. Her father arrived from Chicago, and together they set about trying to piece together the broken strands of their happy life.

Quietly taking charge of things, Mr. Holmes sent his daughter out to Los Angeles, on a long visit to her old friend and chum, Mabel Normand.

Later on, the skies brightened for the brave, lovely girl who had dared the terrors of the wilderness—for such the ranch was at first—for the sake of her dearly loved brother. Her entry into the movies was as surprising as it was romantic. She had no intention of being an actress, but one day Mr. MacGowan wanted a leading-woman—and Helen Holmes applied half out of curiosity, and was engaged. Her marriage followed shortly afterward. The rest you know.

Such is the history of the Helen Holmes Ranch, near the boundary line of California and Nevada, where the Colorado River makes its snake-like curves, in pursuit of its unquenchable determination to empty into the Gulf of California — probably because, in so doing, it may curl lovingly around the ranch that means home to Helen Holmes!

The Kiddies' Frozen Echoes

By LILLIAN BLACKSTONE

Author and Inventor of "Frozen Echoes," "Pipe Fancies," etc.

BOBBY CONNELLY

MARJORIE DAW

JANE LEE

DODO NEWTON

DID the kiddies think I had forgotten them and had remembered only the grown-ups? Impossible, especially when I know that they are like other healthy, care-free children and that they like ice-cream just as well as, if not better than, other thirsty kidlets. Wasn't it some little man of the pictures who wanted an everlasting ice-cream soda, and wasn't it a little miss of seven—who, by the way, is quite well known—who wanted a candy cane as big as a telegraph-pole? Seems to me they did—anyway, if they didn't I know that's what they wish their pennies could buy in addition to the customary pony, goat and cart, and caliber rifle. And now some of them have an ice-cream dish they can call their very own and they can have it made as big as they wish—it's theirs and they can have it made to suit them. Now isn't that saying, that "patience is at last rewarded," fully justified?

Bobby Connelly War-Dish—Does little Bobby Connelly wish he were a soldier so he could march off with his gun and fight the Boches? We hope not, for we want him to stay right at Brooklyn and be in all the plays he can, 'cause we like him so. His expression, his clever ways, his cute little mannerisms—they all delight us. How could Vitagraph have all their plays and not have Bobby in at least one?—and he couldn't be in that one if he went over to France. It's all

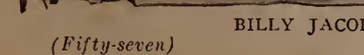
FINE ARTS KIDDIES

right for him to put on his war-paint and go whooping about as an Indian, and he can eat his war-dish till he can eat no more; we dont care what he does so he stays right home and minds the director and—his mother. This war-dish is very different from ice-cream sodas and lemonades—it's very sweet (just like Bobby), and it has the very peculiar effect of making you dream about great things—"Injuns," and all that. It's better to have it made in a brown dish—all the soldiers and Indians wear that color. In this dish you put some chocolate ice-cream and make it just like a fort—I mean have it in the center so the enemy (if there were any) couldn't get to it from the outside of the dish. Around this put lots and lots of pecans and then comes the best part—the chocolate marshmallow poured over the

ZOE DU RAE

KITTENS REICHERT

nuts and ice-cream till it almost overflows. In this stick a little American flag, just the kind in miniature that Bobby would carry if he went to war. And once more we say, "Dont go."



BILLY JACOBS

Marjorie Daw Vamp-a-cream — Wasn't it little Marjorie Daw who said she wanted to be a vamp? I know it was, so she ought to eat the vamp-a-cream with a relish. Marjorie just had a birthday and no doubt feels rather annoyed at being called a kiddie, but that's just what she is and that's what she will be for some time. We've missed her for a long time, but now that school is out we'll probably see her soon and maybe when she's older we can watch her on the screen as a vamp. Just at present we'd much rather see her as a sweet, unaffected little girl. This can be made in any kind of dish—the ingredients suit anywhere, just as Marjorie does. Somehow I cant think of her being out of place anywhere except at a very formal ball where only the grown-ups are. And very soon she can be there—too soon. In a dish put a slice of brick ice-cream—the kind with lots of flavors—and over this pour some thick strawberry syrup. With a big candied or preserved strawberry on top it makes such a dish that you'll fall in love

immediately with Marjorie and her vamp-a-cream.

Dodo Newton North Pole—This young star would find the North Pole if she wanted to go out hunting for it—determination and being a natural born leader seem to be two of her chief characteristics. However, so she can stay in sunny California and at the same time be in such fine plays as "Soul Mates," we have made a North Pole just for her—much better than the Cook variety. And when it gets too hot and Dodo gets warm she can go down to the corner drug-store and have the man make up her dish. And just think how her little friends will look at her—why, I can just picture them yearning for a dish of their own. Dodo, you will have to share up with those not as lucky as you.

In a glass—the kind sodas come in—put some caramel, strawberry and vanilla ice-cream and then pour in some chocolate syrup. Then comes the whipped cream and I think a flag should grace the top, for a discoverer never leaves a new place without leaving some mark—preferably an American flag. At least that's what they do at the North Pole. See if this dish isn't as delicious and nice as the little heroine of "Soul Mates."

Jane Lee Fairy Queen—Does little Jane wish she could see the fairies that dance around on the velvet carpet of the forest and that come and sit about her bed when she's in dreamland? Does she? Well, I cant make that wish come true, for I haven't a magic wishing-ring or wand. But I have made her a Fairy Queen dish that I want her to enjoy every bit as much as she delights in fairy stories and fairy dreams. Then when she's eating it the little fairies will sit by and watch her and smile at her as they continue to make lovely prophecies for her.

In the most delicate of glass dishes put some vanilla cream—the kind that is so rich that it is yellow. Over this pour a syrup made of pineapple and maraschino cherry, and in each side stick a lady-finger. Then serve it and see how lovely and fairy-like it is.

Fine Arts' Kids Special—This is for those delightful children who appeared in "Going Straight"—George Stone and all of them. In the "pantry party" they enjoyed the cream-puffs so and it wasn't merely acting. Weren't they sweet-looking as they tore thru the hall in their nighties and pajamas! I could talk about them thru several pages, but this dish must be made—and it will have to be pretty good to suit so many kiddies.

In a dish put some vanilla ice-cream and over this some lemon ice. Around it place cherries and mix in some nuts. On top put chocolate cream and then try it and see if it doesn't just suit you. It's one of my favorites.

Kittens Reichert's Marjo Surprise—Kittens will no doubt be glad that I didn't forget her little chum—the one the big fat man almost scrunched to death. Be it known, however, that Marjo is different from most children—different in every way but feelings. Kittens informs us she is very sensitive, but I'd better tell what she is or people will blame the fat man. She's Kitten's imagination friend and the two are inseparable. Where one goes the other goes. I hope both of them enjoy the surprise I made for them.

In a dish you put some ice-cream—any flavor. And over this goes a fruit syrup made up of big fat strawberries, nice yellow peaches, juicy cherries, and every other kind of fruit you could think of. And dont forget to mix in some chopped nuts to make a nicer flavor. On top place either a cherry or strawberry and you will soon begin to think that Kittens and Marjo are the very nicest persons imaginable.

Zoe Du Rae Clavelitos Sundae—A typical American and bound to be successful from the way she works. I know, for she was in a dancing-class with me. She has big, blue eyes, thick golden curly hair, and when she dances she looks like a little fairy. No doubt she has danced in a picture you saw her in—this little genius of seven. Zoe is the kind of girl you have a bright-colored dish of cream named after—I hope it suits you.

It is better to use vanilla ice-cream so as to make a contrast with the bright cherry syrup that goes over it. In the syrup be sure there are a number of fat juicy cherries. With a few nuts mixed in and some pecans on top, it makes a typical clavelitos sundae—the former word, by the way, meaning carnations, the brightly colored pink ones. See if you dont start the clavelitos habit by either trying a sundae or wearing a carnation. Little Zoe will like it and you will like it; and Zoe and the public will have mutual admiration for each other.

Billy Jacobs Fun Dish—"Billy, now, tomorrow, forever" is what his friends and admirers must say as a slogan. Who can resist him? I'll bet he has a dozen or more sweethearts, and I'll wager that he's in love with the films, the public, and his mother. Isn't he the cleverest little youngster! How could any one sit thru one of his pictures and not love him? He's so tiny and clever and does everything so naturally and with such finished acting. It seems as if he must always work and never have fun. But I dont believe that, and on the days when he's so terribly busy he can call up the "soda fountain man" and have a "fun dish" brought over. Let's see what it is.

Over some caramel ice-cream put some marshmallow that has been flavored with caramel. Then pour a little caramel syrup and cover with pecans. See if it isn't good and think of Billy when you eat it—he put it in my thoughts and made me make it.

Kidlets, kiddies, children—how many there are! I only wish I could fix up something for each one of them, but I cant. The lucky ones will have to share up with their less fortunate sisters and brothers, and they in turn will have to work harder and in time get up to the point where they cant be missed when any more dishes are made. Every one of them is talented and they have a great many feet of interesting film made of them. They have their little parts and go thru them with the understanding of one three times their age. Surely these representatives of America deserve credit and praise. To each and every one of you I wish the greatest success and happiness.

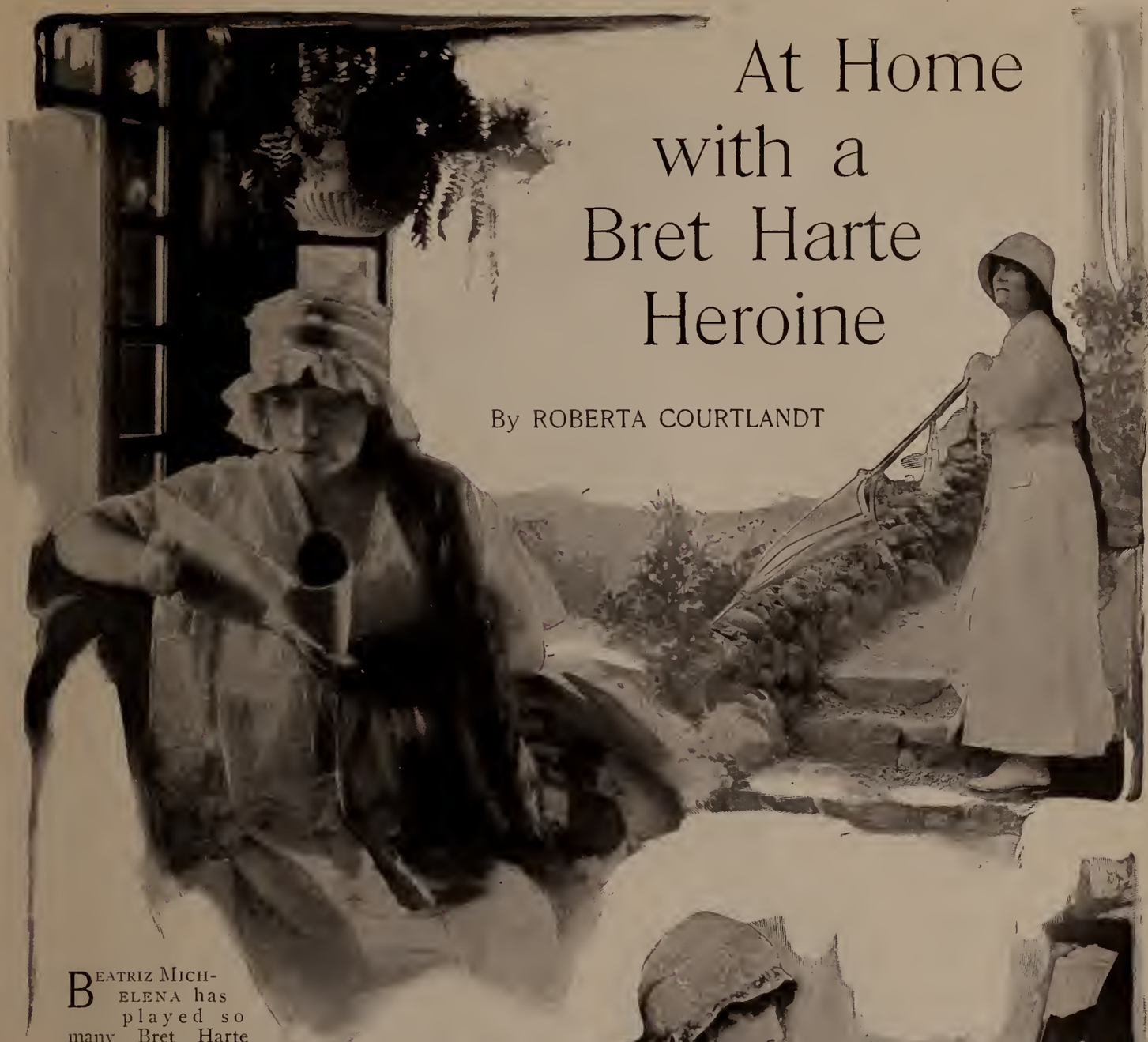
Ye Movie Gossip

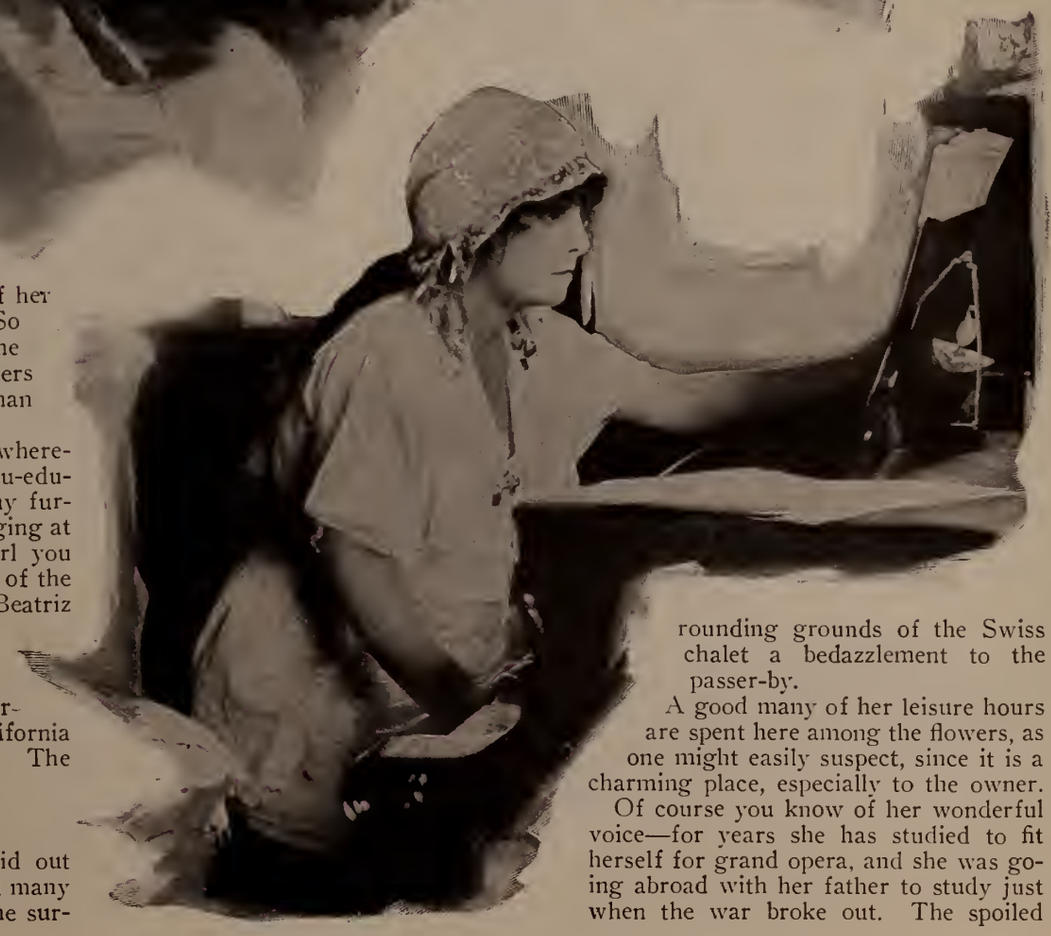
By MICHAEL GROSS

LAST NIGHT.
I WALKED past.
A MOVIE place.
ON OUR block.
THAT RARELY runs.
FEATURE FILMS.
OR FAMOUS stars.
BUT THIS time.
A BIG poster.
IN THE entrance.
SHOWED CHARLES Ray.
AND FRANK Keenan.
IN A Western drama.
AND ANOTHER.
ANNOUNCED MARY Pickford.
IN HER newest feature.
AND A poster.
OVER THE door.
HAD CHARLIE Chaplin.
IN HIS latest release.
IT LOOKED good.
FOR ONE jitney.
SO I went in.
WELL, THE first film.
WAS A poor one.
AND THE second.
WAS WORSE.
AND BY and by.
WHEN I had waited.
ABOUT AN hour.
AND WATCHED seven reels.
OF BUM stuff.
THE SHOW ended.
AND I hadn't seen.
ONE OF the films.
I THOUGHT I'd see.
AND I resolved.
TO GET my nickel's worth.
BY LOOKING.
AT THE posters.
SO WHEN I got out.
I LOOKED them over.
VERY CLOSELY.
AND ALL at once.
I SAW two words.
AT THE bottom of each.
THAT I hadn't noticed.
THE FIRST time.
THEY WERE so small.
BUT NOW I read.
THESE HOPEFUL words.
"COMING SOON."
I THANK YOU.

At Home with a Bret Harte Heroine

By ROBERTA COURTLANDT





BEATRIZ MICHELENA has played so many Bret Harte heroines that a number of people never think of her save as one of these characters. So it's about time Miss Michelena came from her hiding-place of characters and became the lovely, lovable woman her friends know her to be.

If you are interested in the "where-were-you-born — where-were-you-educated" sort of story, dont read any further, for this wont satisfy your longing at all. This isn't a story of the girl you know on the screen—it's the story of the girl very few people do know—Beatriz Michelena at home.

In the first place, "home" to her is a beautiful Swiss chalet perched high up in the hills that surround San Rafael, where the California Motion Picture studio is located. The grounds are somewhat perpendicular—meaning that, as they are on the mountainside, they are somewhat mountainous. They are laid out terrace-fashion, rock-bordered, and many flowers, shrubs and plants make the surrounding grounds of the Swiss chalet a bedazzlement to the passer-by.

A good many of her leisure hours are spent here among the flowers, as one might easily suspect, since it is a charming place, especially to the owner.

Of course you know of her wonderful voice—for years she has studied to fit herself for grand opera, and she was going abroad with her father to study just when the war broke out. The spoiled

trip was a terrible disappointment, but being a very sensible and philosophical young person, she accepted an offer from the California Motion Picture Corporation, and settled down to resume her studies when her picture work didn't interfere, and to bide her time until the war was over so that she might be ready for her opportunity when it came.

Of course I was interested in her pretty home, and she was graciousness itself in showing it.

I believe, of all the house I liked best the music-room, which opens onto a broad, glass-enclosed porch. The furnishing of the dining-room is simple, but in the best of taste. The wainscoting, the old-fashioned but very decorative plate-rail, all make a most effective background for the pretty mistress.

Wide, white French doors lead to the glass-enclosed porch, where ferns and potted plants have been persuaded to make themselves at home and to grow for sheer joy of growing. Here hang two cages, each holding its pair of happily trilling little birds. Tables, chairs and books invite one to repose. I can imagine nothing more enjoyable than an afternoon spent here. From this porch, or sun-parlor, one has a magnificent view of rolling valley, mountains and water. No wonder she loves her home, I thought—no wonder she finds such inspiration in a quiet hour here.

On the wide, breeze-swept porch, comfortably fitted up with swinging seats, big, comfy-looking lounging chairs, wicker tables and the like, Miss Michelena loves to spend her leisure hours, planning her new costumes, studying the scripts for her next production—or just resting and inviting her soul in repose. "What is your highest ambition? I

HER SIMPLE BREAKFASTS, SET IN THE TONIC OF MOUNTAIN AIR, ARE INVIGORATING

(*Continued on page 73*)

Kings and Queens of the Screen Contest in Full Swing

The Classic's Great Personality Test Is Starting a Country-wide Vote

THE CLASSIC promised its readers something startlingly new in the way of contests when it announced the Kings and Queens Contest in the June CLASSIC. From the responsive manner that votes are coming in from every section of the United States we now feel sure that our readers are heartily endorsing it. It is generally dangerous to disturb hide-bound traditions, and the traditions of popularity contests are as rigid as a hermit and as rigorous as his cell. "Who is the most popular film actress?" "Who is the most popular film actor?" These have been the perpetual questions of newspapers and magazines in their efforts to create popularity contests.

The CLASSIC ventures to break the rules of tradition in conducting the Kings and Queens Contest. Popularity means nothing without personality back of it. The medal and ribbon of the Legion of Honor means more than the man behind the guns—it's the recognition and reward of the *personality* of the man behind the guns. And it's the same with the great artists of the dramatic profession who are making the shadow-stage their life-work. Their mere popularity is nothing. What is back of it: Beauty, Charm, Ability? These things are what we eventually recognize and reward.

BE YOUR OWN JUDGE AND JURY

The CLASSIC asks its readers to join with it in selecting those three actresses and those three actors who best represent the following attributes:

Beauty: Regularity of feature or form, or both—physical gifts that delight the eye. Handsomeness: The same attributes for male players.

Charm: Winsomeness, personal appeal, attractiveness, womanliness or manliness, manner, and all that goes to make up a charming personality.

Screen Portrayal: Acting ability, command of technique, characterization, naturalness. A fine and finished reflection of Life, whether dramatic or comic.

It is a common error to believe that the players themselves look for prize-money rewards from popularity contests. Their large salaries amply take care of their needs and their luxuries. Something finer is needed—an appreciation of themselves.

SIX PRIZES FOR EACH CONTESTANT

The CLASSIC has decided to break another tradition. In the Kings and Queens Contest no prizes shall go to the players. Here is the pleasing novelty of the awards: Each reader of the CLASSIC will personally share in the prizes. At the completion of the contest, when you have finally selected what players shall best represent Beauty, Charm and Portrayal, we will ask the new-crowned Queens and Kings of Motion Pictures to sit for especially posed portraits that will best typify the attributes that our readers have selected them for. Each portrait will be the exclusive property of our readers, will be especially posed for them, will be autographed by the players, and will be beautifully reproduced in color on heavy paper suitable for framing. On the month following the closing of the Great Personality Contest we will publish one or more of these exquisite pictures, and follow with one or more each month thereafter until the six kings and queens have all had their reign. After that we shall probably do likewise for the six next highest on the list.

WHAT DOES A PLAYER MISS?

Ask this question of a hundred well-known screen actors and actresses and they will say: "Our audience." 'Twas ever thus. The giving of one's heart into the keeping of fine acting must have its reward, and the audience of the stage-players responds with hand-claps and applause that always bring curtain-calls from the players and often tears of gratitude. Fine art in any form is temperamental—and the actor or actress must have appreciation or his art starves.

Night after night, we have laughed or our eyes have misted thru being with the shadowed images of our favorites—yet we cant get our message of applause across to them. The souls of them are there on the screen—not the flesh. It is the purpose of the Kings and Queens Contest to make this silent message of yours speak—to have it tell your favorites your appreciation. That is their right; all they ask; and it is your duty and delight to give it in good measure.

On another page will be found a voting coupon, which entitles each contestant to cast ten votes for their six favorites. One player, if desired, may be selected for all three attributes. *In the September issue will be found a coupon good for twenty votes*—a double coupon, so you wont fail to get in an extra boost for your favorites for the same money.

THE FIRST COUNT OF THE BIG VOTE

When this announcement was written, the Kings and Queens Contest had not quite a month's publicity. It is just beginning to be talked about—its original features, its fairness, its rewards—and each mail is piling up a heavier vote. We ask you to make this the most interesting, the most praiseworthy and the most influential contest that has ever been conducted in the interests of the players. Here are the results of the twenty leading Kings and Queens up to June 19th:

LEADING KINGS

HANDSOMENESS		CHARM		PORTRAYAL	
Harold Lockwood..	1,830	Francis Bushman...	2,550	William Hart.....	1,980
Ralph Kellard.....	1,610	Wallace Reid.....	1,790	Theodore Roberts...	1,540
Wallace Reid.....	1,130	Earle Williams.....	1,690	Harry Northrup....	1,520
Francis Bushman...	1,060	Harold Lockwood..	860	Francis Bushman...	1,070
Earle Williams.....	820	Warren Kerrigan...	740	Henry Walthall....	900
Warren Kerrigan...	640	Douglas Fairbanks..	630	Wallace Reid.....	840
Antonio Moreno....	500	William Farnum....	570	Earle Williams.....	710
William Farnum....	430	Creighton Hale.....	490	Warren Kerrigan...	590
Douglas Fairbanks..	390	William S. Hart....	390	Harold Lockwood...	440
Carlyle Blackwell...	260	Charles Ray.....	290	Antonio Moreno....	370
Crane Wilbur.....	160	Tom Forman.....	180	Francis Ford.....	290
Creighton Hale.....	160	Ralph Kellard.....	170	William Farnum....	270
George Walsh.....	150	Jack Pickford.....	170	Douglas Fairbanks..	160
Dustin Farnum.....	150	Crane Wilbur.....	160	George Walsh.....	150
William Hart.....	150	Harry Hilliard.....	160	Robert Warwick....	140
Charles Ray.....	140	Carlyle Blackwell...	160	Owen Moore.....	140
Jack Pickford.....	130	Francis Ford.....	150	Thomas Meighan...	140
Owen Moore.....	130	George Walsh.....	140	Charlie Chaplin....	130
George Larkin.....	130	Henry Walthall....	140	Ralph Kellard.....	130
House Peters.....	120	Owen Moore.....	140	Jack Pickford.....	130

LEADING QUEENS

BEAUTY		CHARM		PORTRAYAL	
Anita Stewart.....	1,830	Mary Pickford.....	2,290	Edith Storey.....	1,560
Pearl White.....	1,760	Mary Miles Minter.	1,560	Louise Glaum.....	1,540
Beverly Bayne.....	1,720	Bessie Love.....	1,500	Flora Finch.....	1,510
Mary Pickford.....	1,090	Marguerite Clark...	930	Mary Pickford.....	1,020
Marguerite Clark...	820	Pauline Frederick..	810	Pauline Frederick..	960
Clara K. Young....	720	Theda Bara.....	700	Theda Bara.....	810
Pauline Frederick..	640	Anita Stewart.....	620	Pearl White.....	720
Theda Bara.....	530	Pearl White.....	570	Beverly Bayne.....	640
Olga Petrova.....	410	Beverly Bayne.....	470	Marguerite Clark...	510
Mary Miles Minter.	230	Norma Talmadge...	380	Grace Cunard.....	410
Norma Talmadge...	200	Clara K. Young....	290	Anita Stewart.....	390
Ethel Clayton.....	200	May Allison.....	180	Clara K. Young....	270
May Allison.....	180	Grace Cunard.....	180	Olga Petrova.....	260
Grace Cunard.....	170	Olga Petrova.....	170	Norma Talmadge...	200
Margarita Fischer..	150	Billie Burke.....	160	Mary Miles Minter.	170
Mae Murray.....	150	Mae Murray.....	150	May Allison.....	160
Violet Mersereau...	140	June Caprice.....	140	Mary Fuller.....	160
Mary Fuller.....	140	Viola Dana.....	140	Mae Murray.....	140
Marie Doro.....	130	Mary Fuller.....	140	Virginia Pearson...	140
Alice Brady.....	120	Lillian Gish.....	140	Kathlyn Williams...	140

Via Camera, Wire and Telephone

Illustrated News of the Players Told by the Lens, 'Phone and Night-Letter

Realizing the big interest in up-to-the-minute photographs that carry movie news-value, the Classic has organized an exclusive photographic and news service that is in constant touch with every studio in the country. Many of the pictures in these news columns are the product of our own Kodak and Graflex reporters.

HAROLD LOCKWOOD AND THE "MOUNTAIN CANARY"

"THE HAUNTED PAJAMAS," Harold Lockwood's first comedy, led him a merry chase into the mountains of California in search of discreet locations in which to don his silken nighties. The abashed star told his director that he felt like a cross between a bally ass and a wood-nymph in his unseemly tho becoming costume. His director was obdurate, and we have the evidence herewith that Harold was wont to adjourn to the hotel corral to commiserate with the herd of commissary mules. The local breed are known as "mountain canaries."

ALICE BRADY RECEIVING A DELEGATION OF COLLEGE BOYS WHO EXPECT TO BE SCENARIO-WRITERS, AT HER FORT LEE STUDIO FORTRESS

ADMIRAL MARJORIE RAMBEAU AND HER NAVY IN A FOREST RETREAT

"DOUG" FAIRBANKS ROUNDING A CORNER

While hunting atmosphere for "The Sawdust Ring" blithesome Bessie Love traveled from town to town in Northern California with a circus—that is the reason that "Ignatz" will never be fed to the lions. Be it known that "Ignatz" in his younger days was a creamy white, arch-necked saddle-horse, but the arch has long since departed from his neck and the saddle from his back. He followed the circus because it had been his life-long home. When the management announced that "Ignatz" was to be shot, Bessie Love promptly had a good cry, with the result that "Ignatz" became her property for the sum of $22. He was shipped to Los Angeles—car-fare $150. But Bessie didn't care. Lucky "Ignatz"!

After a strenuous Broadway season in

BESSIE LOVE "BOUNCING THE DOG" BETWEEN SETS

GAIL KANE INITIATES DOUGLAS MC LEAN INTO THE MYSTERIES OF MAKE-UP

"Cheating Cheaters" and long studio hours during daylight, Marjorie Rambeau is taking a brief vacation. The woods and forest-belted streams have claimed her. Marjorie is paddling her own canoe with a double purpose. She is about to sever the matrimonial knot that bound her to husband Willard Mack.

Getting back to horsey chat, "Doug" Fairbanks has been having an awful lot of fun with his mounts in "Wild and Woolly." Citizens of Hollywood now know enough to take to the fences when "Doug" and his pack round a corner.

A movie star never knows what's coming next, and she's got to be posted on every conversational topic under the sun—and up among the stars as well. Recently Alice Brady was preparing to climb into acting harness at the Fort Lee studio, when a delegation of embryo scenario-writers walked in upon her. They were from a New York school of journalism, and each future litterateur was bent upon securing enough information about the whys and wherefores of "continuity" and "cut-backs" to last him a young lifetime.

Speaking of good boosting—a friend in need—Gail Kane was there with the rescue stuff between scenes of "The Upper Crust.". Douglas McLean is not on speaking terms with studio make-up as yet, so Gail took him in hand, mounted him on a handy sofa and added just the right touches to his complexion. Which proves that a star can be right handy in a pinch, and that if there's a lull after every storm there's a make-up following a Gail.

Vitagraph powers decided to move the "little red house," their office-building,

RUTH CLIFFORD FORDING A STREAM WITH THE AID OF HER KNEE-DIMPLES

and to replace it with a mission-style building. Mary Anderson was on the porch when the office started to come to life and slowly move off the lot. Like Casabianca, the little star decided to "stick by the ship," and we have her here, just a bit thrilled, as the "little red house" moved majestically off the lot.

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T. Chatterton—Rancher

By ROBERTA COURTLANDT

(*Illustrated on page* 15)

DID you ever imagine that Tom Chatterton, the good-looking Lieutenant Hope, of American's "Secret of the Submarine," spent his leisure hours, and his money, in the White Light district, buying wine and singing for lovely women? If you ever did, change your ideas instanter. Your ideas are miles from approaching the truth.

Dressed in very businesslike khaki riding-trousers, with leather puttees, a soft shirt open at the throat for comfort, and a disreputable piece of head-gear that was once a cap, Mr. Chatterton spends his leisure time on his ranch on the Sacramento River, one of the most fertile portions of the blossomy State of California. A little different from your preconceived notions of an actor's off-hours, eh?

This ranch is run on absolutely the most practical, up-to-date system you ever heard of. It measures, in area, some five hundred acres, two hundred and fifty of which are in cultivation, the remainder furnishing timber for the different outbuildings, pasturage for his hundred head of cattle, and that taken in by the home buildings. The two hundred and fifty acres are divided into sections, with a foreman for each section. Then there is a general overseer, or foreman, who is responsible to Mr. Chatterton for the entire ranch. Each foreman is responsible to the head-overseer for his particular section, and the head overseer is responsible to Mr. Chatterton. So, you see, there's no excuse for things not running smoothly. The main room of the home-building is turned into an office, with typewriter, filing cabinets, businesslike desks with roller-tops and important-looking drawers that lock. Then there is a good-sized, burglar-proof safe—all very, very modern and very, very practical.

Mr. L. M. Culver, who is Mr. Chatterton's partner and foreman, is a man who has studied "book-farming" from cover to cover. Then the two men together apply their knowledge, thus gained, to practical ends. And the results are readily seen. They have more than a hundred head of cattle and a large drove of fine hogs—blue-ribboners, every one of them. Lately, Mr. Chatterton has installed an up-to-date chicken plant, one of the most complete and interesting on the Coast. And it is running, according to the man whose duty it is to look after it, like clockwork, and has already practically paid for itself.

One of these pictures shows Mr. Chatterton and Mr. Culver in conversation with the "alfalfa foreman," as he is called, deciding how best to clear a patch of timber in order to put it in cultivation. Mr. Chatterton insists that it be so cleared that, when cultivated, it will join two other fields separated by this same timber, making in all over forty acres in alfalfa. The "alfalfa foreman" showed undoubted admiration of the "big boss's" clean-cut judgment, while Mr. Culver admits his inferiority in the question of cleared fields and alfalfa.

Another of these pictures shows late evening on the ranch—milking-time. A choice herd of dairy cattle is being driven to the corral for milking. And Mr. Chatterton, almost literally lord of all he surveys, forgets that there was ever any such thing as movie cameras, secret submarines, lost papers and beautiful but much persecuted heroines.

The next picture shows what follows a subtitle—"An Hour Later." In discussing the dairy problems with the man who is responsible for their solutions, the foreman of this herd, Mr. Chatterton is deeply interested. The dairy herd is looked after on strictly scientific principles. The milking is done with gloved hands, and the milk from each cow kept separate and tested daily. When it is found that the milk from one particular cow is falling below standard, that cow is disposed of. So that the dairy herd is kept choice and the finest in that part of the State. (My conservative principles forbid my making that statement any more sweeping.)

On the ranch, a short time ago, a freak—albeit a somewhat pathetic little freak—was discovered, a calf with only two legs. It was found in the timber with its mother, walking upright on its two pitiful little legs. As it grew older and stronger, however, it ceased to be pathetic, since it seemed to travel as rapidly as its fellows and had just as much fun. Mr. Chatterton spends a good deal of his time at the ranch in teaching the little fellow tricks for the circus. It is a queer-looking little thing, with two extraordinarily strong legs, and, where its front legs should be, nothing but tiny tufts of hair. It's a red-and-white calf—was there ever a kiddie who didn't rave over "the li'l spottedy ca'f, muvver; a white li'l ca'f wiv red spots"? If Mr. Chatterton succeeds in his endeavors—and it's quite likely he will, since Spot shows unusual intelligence in learning tricks—I foresee a bright and much-loved future for poor two-legged Spot. Why, it's easy to imagine a scenario for him now and to make him a sort of Milky Way star. He would fit in so nicely in an "Alice in Wonderland" or "Wizard of Oz" fantasy.

On the ranch is a beautiful natural lake, well stocked with fish, and where there is fine duck-hunting. Mr. Chatterton and Mr. Culver have agreed that

no clearing shall be done about this lake, leaving its natural beauty untouched, and, at the same time, leaving its wild denizens unalarmed and undisturbed. Deer often come down to the lake to drink; and if one will keep very, very quiet, hardly daring to breathe, why, in the late evening one may see them—shy, elusive, lovely things—stepping daintily down to the water, with seemingly never a touch of fear of man-made things. It was wise indeed of the joint owners to leave this lake as Nature finished it.

Mr. Chatterton, besides his half-interest in the beautiful Sacramento Valley ranch, owns a pretty bungalow in Santa Barbara, and when he cant get off long enough to go up to the ranch he potters around in his garden at home. He has, with rare wisdom, left the garden as much as possible in its native state—its beautiful shade-trees untouched, the underbrush cleared away, and vines and flowers planted about them. There is at one side of the house a cleared space in which many flowers bloom in riotous profusion. But the part of his garden that he likes best is the Nature part, where he may wander, lost in dreams, with only friend pipe as a companion.

You see, Mr. Chatterton was born in Geneva, N. Y., and early went on the stage, where for thirteen years he traveled over the country, getting glimpses of quiet, country homes and fine farms that made him heart-sick with envy and longing. It was during these thirteen years that he made up his mind to get into some work where he could have a home. The first step was Motion Pictures—N. Y. M. P. Co., then Universal, and finally a long-time contract with American. The first thing he bought was a bungalow, the second an automobile. Then he began to save in earnest. This movie business began four years ago; and today he has accomplished a good part of his highest ambition—to own a really big cattle-ranch all by himself and to run it in as modern and up-to-date manner as possible. And that naturally leads to the statement that his hobby is raising chickens, hogs, cattle, and acquiring a vast library of worthwhile books.

He likes his work, but his heart and soul are in farming. It wont be very long, if he continues at his present rate of speed, before his highest ambition will be realized, and he will acquire a wonderful ranch—while we, the picture public, will lose a much-loved and admired picture favorite. Still, he who works for the accomplishment of his dreams and ambitions as hard as Mr. Chatterton has worked, and is working, deserves the best his dreams can grant. And he will certainly get it, for such work and faith have never yet gone unrewarded.

The actor-farmer is setting an example to other "Adonises of the Arc-light"—the out-of-door life, the broad horizons, the greens and browns of nature have planted the brown in his cheeks and the clear flash in his eyes.

Earle Williams—Revolutionist

(*Continued from page* 28)

compelled to lie still on the floor for quite a while—so long that he got completely chilled. He had to lie there holding the same pose until they had taken another scene. Now, a studio floor in March is only a faint bit warmer than a studio floor in January or February, and one can imagine how even a robust man like Williams couldn't heat a whole studio floor with his frame. And you should get out of the notion that a Motion Picture hero has all the soft part of the work.

The result of this tale should move the most hardened to tears. He contracted rheumatism, and the misery in his arm and shoulder made him wince and groan. If the next fair admirer who receives an autographed photo of Mr. Williams finds the handwriting painfully cramped, she can shed a few commiserating weeps thereupon.

In his latest play, "Lincoln-by-the-Nine," he is a wealthy man-about-town whose hobby is Secret Service work. A society moth on the surface, he proves to have the ability and purpose of a great detective. Politics, diplomacy, foreign intrigue against Washington, and all sorts of adventures figure in the story.

The versatility and spontaneous vigor with which Earle Williams has transferred his punch from the eloquent art of the dramatic stage to the action of the silent drama is characteristic of his intense power of application. He *is* a "good actor"—a fixed star who is now radiantly illuminating lighter rôles.

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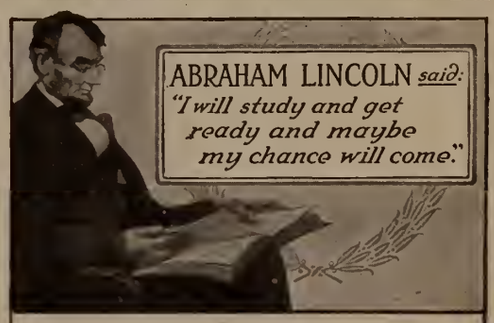

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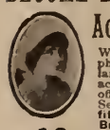

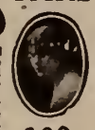

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The Perennial Fannie

(*Continued from page* 25)

met and married Mr. Joseph Lewis, the man who was called 'The South African Diamond King.' The marriage was not a happy one, and later I returned to America, as Rita Forrest in 'A Marriage of Reason,' and I secured a divorce from Mr. Lewis. From then on I played alternately in America and England, in such plays as 'In the Bishop's Carriage,' 'A Fool and a Girl,' 'The Marriage of William Ashe,' 'The Three of Us,' 'Fannie and the Servant Question,' 'The New Lady Bantock,' 'Madame la Presidente,' and so on. In 1911-1912 I played in vaudeville, in dramatic sketches.

"But of it all I liked pictures best, and now I'm here to stay. Jack and I have our home here and we are very happy. The pictures are lots of fun, they give one wider scope for work, and incidentally I have discovered that I am a dramatic actress. I never knew it until Mr. DeMille gave me the script for 'The Cheat,' and I was quite surprised to see that it was a very emotional, dramatic rôle that he wanted me to play.

"'But, Mr. DeMille,' I told him, 'I am a comédienne—I have never played emotional rôles!'

"'Which is exactly the reason I want you to play "The Cheat,"' he laughed.

"Well, I did, and now I'm very glad that I did, for I like it better than anything I have ever done. I wept real tears, and did the best work that I am capable of in that play. And I loved every bit of it."

I said something nice and complimentary about the play—I had seen it four times, and every time I liked it better—and I told her so. I had by this time gained control over my unruly tongue.

"Have done a number of photoplays—but of them all, I liked 'The Cheat' and 'Tennessee's Pardner' best. I have given my reasons for liking the former; and the reason I liked the latter—I fell in love with Mr. Deane in that play. You see, I had to ride a big white horse. I told the director that I couldn't ride that horse, but he only grinned. I gritted my teeth, climbed aboard the horse and did my best. But he catapulted me off his back, right into Mr. Deane's arms, thus saving me from a nasty fall. Mr. Deane had probably saved my life—so what could I do but marry the man? And I did. I'm awfully glad I did, too," she added, her blue eyes tender and gentle.

"Since then we have played in ever so many photoplays together and, too, have played quite beautifully at being husband and wife—both have been a very real and charming life to us."

Mr. Deane strolled up the walk, his engagement apparently over.

I took my departure at this moment, feeling just a little more like a human being, after having been treated as such by a famous actress like Fannie Ward—and a charming woman like Mrs. Jack Deane.

Flickerings from Filmdom

By MARY BLANCHARD

If you like a serial, it is moving and you know there will be more of it—if you don't like it, it is moving and will soon be over.

Broadway—the haven of those who cant get into the movies.

Some picture houses are so dark that the lighted screen looks like the way out of a tunnel.

The saving grace of many a slapstick comedy is a child's appreciation of the fool stuff.

Certain people are born rich—others have screen positions offered them.

A film star has bought a lavender automobile—perhaps to match his Bee Vee Deez.

If the picture houses had the pay-as-you-leave plan the housing problem of the unemployed would be solved.

A modern Job—a man who sits thru a fashion picture.

Nut—the man who is always telling us that the East Indian scenes were made in California and the Alaskan scenes—ditto.

One knows that some pictures are rancid as soon as one sees who goes to them.

The average vaudeville voice makes a film fan thankful that the movies are the silent drama.

Many a mother allows her children to see what they would not allow them to read.

It's a knowing scenario writer who recognizes his story on the screen.

A woman's idea of a poor picture—he was not good-looking and her dresses were too short for the prevailing mode.

Some cities have laws against Sunday movies—other cities employ traffic cops for movie corners.

A director who believes good acting will hide a poor story should be made to see a few pictures of this kind.

The last slapstick comedy we saw we thought was the worst ever, but the next one will prove to us that we were mistaken.

A vampire—the actress that all the bachelors go to see and at which all the married men laugh.

There are so many movie queens that people are wondering what has become of our republican nomenclature. Why not call the beauties movie mayors, or maovie? Well, we give it up.

A rare insect is the movie pest who keepeth to himself what he see-eth.

It is a successful actress indeed who tells her director of another's merit.

There are enough soldiers fighting in the pictures to whip the combined armies of Europe.

Some people clap at good acting—other people have an unpleasant habit of breathing their appreciation.

Highbrow—the person who says spectators instead of audience when thinking of those who go to the fil-ums.

Actors change directors so often that

(*Continued on page* 77)

The Jaguar's Claws

(*Continued from page* 33)

of rousing Marie's jealousy to white heat.

"You shall take care of my new beauty," he assured her. "Yes, I will make you her servant, and if so much as a scratch from your claws mars her white body I will have you nailed to a cross naked and set up in the field for the vultures. Do you hear what I say, Marie?"

"I hear you," said the woman, sullenly. Her hands went to her breasts, outlined under the thin crimson of her robe, and touched something hidden between them. Then, with a bend of her lithe body, she brought the poison flower of her full lips, the languorous glance of her heavy-lidded eyes, close to his face. "Oh, my lord," she whispered, wooingly, "look at me! Am I not more beautiful than those pale, cold, unwilling women, who know not how to please thee? We have been happy; we will be happier, I promise thee. Only send them away!"

Pedro Costello flung her aside with a curse and clapped his hands.

"Bring me the women," he directed his vaqueros, "and afterward bring the man. Him you must hold very carefully, for I think by this time he will surely be a little mad."

Silent, motionless, Marie stood by the side of her master and watched the women brought in. She saw their smooth skin, like the petals of the camelias, and their fair hair; she saw, too, the way Costello's eyes gloated and gleamed as he stared at them, and the black waters of bitter anger washed over her soul. This man was life to her, and his love the breath of life! To be cast aside was worse than death! Her fingers closed on the slender thing between her breasts till fingers and steel seemed welded into one. But still she waited, eyes on Philip Jordan, who had appeared in the doorway.

"Good-morrow, Señor Americano!" El Jaguar saluted him. "But you are a trifle pale. I hope nothing disturbed your rest?"

Philip did not glance at him. His haggard eyes rested on the faces of his sister and his sweetheart, both worn and white with the strain of the night's vigil, both smiling bravely, both infinitely dear.

"Beth!" he cried, hoarsely. "Nancy! Do you know what this fiend has told me to do?"

He saw in their stricken eyes that they did know, and clenched his impotent hands.

"Which shall go? Which shall stay?" the level voice of El Jaguar sounded in his ears like the notes of doom. Again Philip glanced from one to the other hopelessly. He *could* leave neither—he *must* leave one. There was no solution—none.

Suddenly Beth turned upon the Mexican, holding out pleading hands.

"You did this to punish a young man's slighting tongue!" she cried. "Surely his punishment is enough. He has spent a night in hell. You are a great man—be a generous one. Your power is shown as clearly if you tell us to go freely, as it would be if you kept one of us here."

She was very beautiful as she stood there, all her pure heart in her eyes. Philip's soul sickened to see the approval in Costello's face. It was evident that he was going to refuse, and Nancy's frail hand crept to her heart. Beth looked from the fainting girl full into her lover's eyes—a tender look of farewell. Then she moved to the table and laid her hand quietly on Costello's.

"I choose for him," she said clearly. "I will stay with this man."

Philip cried out incoherently, but she did not glance in his direction for fear her resolution should falter. A palpitant silence hovered over the room. Blindly Philip Jordan held out his arms to his sister and she ran into them, shaken with soundless sobs. Then, in the silence, Pedro Costello laughed aloud.

The low, caressing sound penetrated Marie's frozen senses, rang along her veins like fire. So had he laughed, looking at *her* beauty, many a passionate midnight, many a scarlet noon. And now he would hold another in his great arms' caress! Never!

The Death beneath her flame-colored robe stirred, was withdrawn and glittered in the air above El Jaguar. Still warm from lying on her unhappy heart, the blade found his heart, and the tyrant fell forward on the passionate breasts where his head had so often lain.

"Go, gringos!" cried Marie, fiercely, even as Philip Jordan sprang to his sweetheart and caught her in his arms. "Go and leave my lord to me. For he is mine! Yea, Pedro, I am coming! Wait for me!"

With frenzied strength she drew the dagger from her lover's breast and fell forward upon it, red lips brushing his cheek in a last kiss.

Awed and shaken, the others stole away and left them so—El Jaguar and his mate together in a close embrace of Death!

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By HARRY J. SMALLEY

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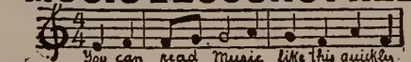

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THE ANSWER MAN

This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, relationship, photoplay writing, and technical matters will not be answered. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies, or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn. Read all answers and file them—this is the only movie encyclopædia in existence.

ETHEL C. B.—Marguerite Clayton and Jack Gardner in "The Night Workers." Vivian Reed was Nakhla and Charles LeMoyne was Ben Saada in "The Lad and the Lion."

JANE NOVAK ADMIRER.—Tom Reed once said that no gentleman ever weighed over 200 pounds. I am still within the limit. Why, that was Elmer Clifton in "The Little Schoolma'am" (Triangle). I should say about half of my readers write on the typewriter. Jane Novak isn't playing now.

E. K. F., FREDONIA.—Of course I am glad to hear from you. Julian Eltinge has joined Lasky. Yes; Eugene Pallette was leading-man for Triangle.

JOHN S.—No; I have never seen any of Cleo Madison's stationery. I cant tell you when the war will end. The belligerents have apparently stopped fighting and are waiting for each other to starve. Write again.

TONY, TOMMY.—Yes; Edward Hearn in "The American Girl." He played in "Idle Wives" also. So you dont care for the old Vitagraph and you say you would rather see Triangle films. Well, how about the new Vitagraph?

LILLIAN, LA.—Marie Osborne is now with Horsley. Enid Markey was in "Civilization." She played personally in the prolog when it was shown in the Criterion Theater, N. Y. Seena Owen is with Triangle. It hasn't been announced when the King and Queen Contest will close. No; I dont send out photos of the players. You should buy them from the manufacturers or players.

Z. Y. X., ZANESVILLE.—Ruth Allen, yes, Artcraft. As I have said before, we are born crying, live complaining, and die disappointed—but that does not excuse a chronic fault-finder.

JANE NOVAK ADMIRER.—We published a picture of Nell Shipman in July 1915 issue. Most of the World and Fox films are taken in Fort Lee, N. J. That is where their studios are. So you thought the Classic was really worth 20c. Glad you like the Farnum painting. I will let you know later about that Kalem.

MOVIE FAN, SANDUSKY.—Sorry you are ill. I wish I could make health contagious instead of disease. Yes; Helen Gibson has gone with Kalem. Why, Ruth Roland married Lionel Kent, of Los Angeles.

MARIETTA T. C.—You pay a high compliment to that company when you call it "small potatoes," because that word is now equivalent to "potentate." Yes; William Russell recently married Charlotte Burton.

RUTH R.—We had an inexperienced writer here who wrote those titles, and consequently they were wrong. You are right. That blue hair was the fault of the color-man.

JULIUS T., BROCKPORT.—That's so; everybody discovers something somehow. Archimedes discovered the law of specific gravity while taking a bath. Thackeray discovered the title for "Vanity Fair" in a dream. Columbus discovered America by looking for India. Newton discovered the law of gravitation by watching an apple fall from a tree. Watt discovered the theory of steam by observing a tea-kettle lid rise and fall. You discovered the best magazine in the world by picking out the prettiest cover. Kathleen Kirkham was recently married.

LINDA W.—Peggy Hyland is playing in her own company now. Clara K. Young is still playing for Selznick under contract, but they have been fighting over it in the courts.

FLUFFY, 13.—You have torpedoed me with your sarcastic jest. Sorry you had the scarlet fever. That's something every child ought to have, like the mumps and measles, and have it over with. Helen Holmes was Helen, Leo Maloney was Wallace Burke, and William Brunton was Roy in "Railroad Raiders."

MARIE ANTOINETTE.—Yes; Richard Barthelmess opposite Marguerite Clark in "The Valentine Girl." He also was Louis in "The Soul of a Magdalene." Yes; Constance Talmadge is with Selznick.

FREITZI T., ROCHESTER.—Jackie Saunders says if she cannot get to war any other way she will dress in boy's clothes and trade on her name of Jackie. Charlie Chaplin's last play was "The Immigrant."

TIVER.—Why, Arnold Daly was playing in "The Minute Before" at the Belasco Theater. Shirley Mason is playing for McClure Pictures and Alan Forrest in "Periwinkle" (American). Ann Schaefer is now with Mary Miles Minter.

MARTIN T. P.—The ingénue is characterized by youth, simplicity, innocence and is generally romantic or sentimental. The work ranges from the strong demonstration of the emotional actress to the comedy lines of the soubrette. Her comedy is more of an elaboration of simplicity than the ingenious witticism of the soubrette. Carlyle Blackwell and June Elvidge in "The Price of Pride" (World). Evelyn Greeley was Kathleen.

EVELYN, NEVADA.—That's a good thought, but you must look upon an idea as a fact until you positively know that it isn't. Billy Quirk is making Black Diamond comedies for Paramount. Marie Walcamp is back with Universal.

RALPH T. Z., SAN FRANCISCO.—Yes, it must be delightful in California. I have never been there, but expect to when my ship comes in. Why, Miles Standish was the military leader of the Pilgrims. He was seventy-two years old when he died at Duxbury, Mass., Oct. 3, 1656.

SOCRATES.—Hughey Mack was an undertaker, but he isn't working at it now. The undertaker who joined a club and took his dues out in trade was no friend of the organization. No indeed! William Desmond was Ray and Clara Williams was Olga in "Paws of the Bear." Charles French was the general.

TOTO.—I haven't heard at this writing whether Mae Murray and Marie Doro have re-signed their contracts with Lasky. They are all new players in "The Golden Lotus."

JUST ME.—Buttermilk is the best drink in the summertime. That's all right; you cant tell much about his voice. A Guy with a deep voice may have a mighty shallow mind. Wilfred Lucas was James, and Joseph Kilgour was the political boss in "Her Excellency the Governor" (Triangle).

LORD WILLIAMS.—Charmed indeed! This weather is so beastly hot. I manage to keep cool, tho, in my 2x4 hallroom, with the aid of a fan and an ice-box. Viola Dana was Patsy, Augustus Phillips was the genie Jehaumarara, and Edward Elkas was Luke in "Aladdin's Other Lamp."

RAOUL T., DETROIT.—Raymond Hitchcock in "The Ring-tailed Rhinoceros" deals with the adventures of a backsliding hero in the land of purple snakes. Hitchcock is rated as an A No. 1 screen actor because "his hair is human, his smile sublime." Stop in some time.

JEANNE.—I doubt whether they are sisters. You people seem to think that everybody is related. Send a stamped, addressed envelope for a list of film manufacturers. Carl Stockdale is with Essanay. Look for him in "Land of Long Shadows."

MYRTLE S. T.—No, I never chew tobacco, so dont send me a cuspidor. Cuspidors were invented by Charles Dickens after his visit to the United States in 1841. Before that time Americans were skillful at avoiding them. Spottiswoode Aitken played in "Souls Triumphant" (Fine Arts). I haven't heard where Howard Messimer is at present.

LITTLE SILVER BELL.—At a conservative estimate $300,000,000 is expended yearly in staging and advertising and selling and exhibiting photoplays. The population of the U. S. is over 100,000,000—about 8,000,000 of whom attend some show daily. Righto! spread the gospel of kindness broadcast—it has converted more sinners than zeal, eloquence or learning. Arthur Ashley in "The Divorce Game." That's one game I have never played in, nor do I hope to.

LOUIS T., NEVADA.—Chester Barnett played in "The Submarine Eye." Yes, I agree with you that that is a pretty absurd title, "Fat and Foolish." Belle Bennett had the lead. That's so, try again.

MIDGET.—That was a mighty old Kalem. Tom Moore was the mountaineer and Irene Boyle was the sweetheart. Bluebeard's beard was really blue. It is the custom in parts of the Orient to stain the beard blue, green or any other shade suitable to the wearer's complexion. Honor bright!

KIMBALL T. C.—There were two plays, "Lily of the Valley." Vitagraph and Selig produced them. Of course you can manufacture acetylene gas. It is composed of carbon and hydrogen and is used largely in search-lamps and automobiles.

CLARA B.—Leo Pierson was George Fuller in "The Font of Courage." He also played in "The Framed Miniature" with Virginia Kirtley. Yes, I rather like the large collars girls are wearing now—the girls are wearing a lot of this Kolinsky nowadays.

ROBERT T.—Nellie Grant is playing for Metro. Jack Devereaux was Monte, Walter Walker was Father Boggs, and Winifred Allen Hazel in "American—That's All."

HARRY T., SALAMANCA.—Congratulations. Dont wonder you got lost imitating Charlie Chaplin; trying to follow in his footsteps? Wouldn't you like to walk in his tracks breaking a path thru the deep snow? He's some pathfinder and pacemaker. I'd suggest you name the triplets in this way: write several names of your movie favorites on slips of paper—shake in a hat, draw one, two, three.

DONALD C.—Earle Williams was Robert, Billie Billings was Arline in "The Soul Master." Yes, I should imagine it would be a nice trip to Hawaii from where you are. The Hawaiian Islands have a total area of 6,740 square miles, and a population of about 160,000. The climate is semi-tropical, and pineapple-growing and sugar-making are the principal industries.

MARIE, SPENCERPORT.—So you didn't care for "The Jaguar's Claws." I didn't see it. It was at the Rialto for a week. You will find that our story differs considerably from the film, because they changed it from the original scenario.

JOHN T., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—June is the month of matrimony—also bugs, and I am glad it is over, for I dont care for either. A sweetheart is loved most, a wife best and a mother always. Mary Anderson was Jess in "The Magnificent Meddler."

DANNA L.—All right, come right along. Will be glad to see you. Of course I belong to all the clubs.

WILLIE DIDN'T.—Wallace Reid and Myrtle Stedman in "The World Apart." There is a Walt Whitman with Triangle, but he isn't the poet. How many times have I said "Hold your head high, for the world will take you at your own estimate!" You can do so without being vain.

MARION, LITTLE FALLS.—Grace Cunard was born in Paris, April 8, 1891, but is strictly American, having been brought up and educated in Ohio. Miss Cunard has big, expressive, blue eyes, a perfect figure and carriage, and a wonderful head of hair with a tint of gold in it. She is five feet six.

SIDNEY.—Dorothy Phillips, William Stowell and Lon Chaney in "The Doll's House." Miriam Cooper and Ralph Lewis as Lady Lou and as Hatfield in "The Silent Lie."

ANNOUNCEMENT OF CHARADE PRIZE-WINNERS

THE COLUMBUSES OF THE HIDDEN NAME VERSE-CHARADES

THE May Classic published twenty-four verses, each concealing the name of a well-known photo-star, and offered $25 for the most accurate, neatest and most artistic solutions. The prizes were divided as follows: For the best solution, $10; for the second best, $5; for the third best, $3; for the fourth best, $2; for the fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth and ninth best, $1 each.

The verses ran with a charming rhythm and jingle that evidently set the "contest blood" to coursing in the veins of thousands of Classic readers. Many unusually artistic solutions were received, including hand-painted books, calendars, drawings, silk-embroidered flags and countless other tokens of skill and ingenuity.

In closing the contest and awarding the prizes, the judges (the editors and staff of the MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC) used every care. Each correct solution was separately voted upon by each judge.

And now for the awards to the following charade contestants, to each of whom a check has been sent: First prize, Katherine G. Grove, R. F. D. No. 2, Lancaster, Pa.; second prize, Mrs. G. C. Hampton, 1501 Washington St., Toledo, Ohio; third prize, Mrs. R. R. Dawson, 106 Pennsylvania Ave., Watsontown, Pa.; fourth prize, Margaret Toner, 533 E. 144th St., New York City; fifth prize, Vera L. Hassert, 314 Kensington Ave., Montreal, Can.; sixth prize, Mildred Waska, 1509 S. Avers Ave., Chicago, Ill.; seventh prize, Charlotte Singer, 356 Lincoln Ave., Rutherford, N. J.; eighth prize, Mrs. Louisa Kunath (no address given); ninth prize, Helen Bingel, 214 Marion St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

The correct answers are: Marguerite Clark, William Farnum, Ruth Stonehouse, William S. Hart, Fannie Ward, King Baggot, Pearl White, Frank Keenan, Blanche Sweet, Edwin August, Theda Bara, Henry King, Enid Markey, Robert Warwick, Edna Goodrich, Carlyle Blackwell, Marguerite Snow, Charles Ray, Cleo Madison, Elizabeth Burbridge, Robert Mantell, Nell Shipman, Maurice Costello, and Conway Tearle.

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Sally Crute
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Now his future lay plain before him. His name would fill the world and make people shudder. And, at the zenith of his fame, how he would suddenly appear at the old village and stalk into church, brown and weatherbeaten, in his black velvet doublet and trunks, his great jackboots, his crimson sash, his belt bristling with horse-pistols, his crime-rusted cutlass at his side, his slouch hat with waving plumes, his black flag unfurled, with the skull and crossbones on it! His career was determined.

Remember the days when you dreamt of being a Pirate?—When you thought you would be a black avenger of the Spanish Main?

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Now, facts about their favorites is the public's latest fad,
And Molly's popularity, it nearly drove her mad.
She couldn't get away from it, and even in her sleep
She dreamt of interviewers around her three rows deep,
Till at last she grew quite desperate and sent a little note
To all the movie magazines, and this is what she wrote:

"Now here is my biography for all the world to know,
And every one who wants to may believe that it is so:
My mother was an Eskimo from Greenland's icy cold,
My father was an Indian of the Mohawk tribe so bold,
And I was born in China, beside the Pyrenees,
On February twenty-ninth, in eighteen fifty-three.
In my previous position I was not a footlight queen,
But shone in quite a different sphere—in Childs' I reigned supreme.
And when I came upon the screen I changed my name, 'tis true,
But if you're labeled "Phœbe Hicks," now tell me, wouldn't you?
I'm fond of reading "Mother Goose," and classic things like that,
And always I'm accompanied by Lily, my pet bat.
My favorite fruit's a lemon, tiger-lilies I adore;
The coin that I get every year weighs half-a-ton or more.
I've buried seven husbands, living I have three,
And Colonel Heeza Liar hasn't got a thing on me!

It's mean to go away and leave
Me sitting on the floor,
Just 'cause I'm neither eight nor six,
Nor even half-past four.
What of it if I'm only two?
I'm not too small to go;
I like as well as any one
The Motion Picture show.

THOMAS A. INCE is definitely out of the Triangle Company. He has also sold out all his stock for the pretty little sum of $750,000. The great producer's future plans have not definitely shaped themselves, but he will undoubtedly continue as a Motion Picture impresario. Rumor has it that William S. Hart and Charles Ray are two of the stars whom Mr. Ince will use as a nucleus for his new company, but Triangle emphatically denies that these favorites are going over to him.

The Liberty Loan was ably abetted by the Motion Picture industry—over $5,000,000 was subscribed by the various companies and the individual players. Among those who loosened their purse-strings most liberally were Marguerite Clark, Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Charles Chaplin, Doris Kenyon, Roscoe Arbuckle, Maxine Elliott, Mabel Taliaferro, Earle Williams, Linda Griffith and William Farnum.

Constance Talmadge, the little sister of "Our Norma," who arose to stardom overnight in "Intolerance," has come back to Broadway and has joined the Selznick Company. Constance will be starred in her own name in friendly competition with Norma.

All the players in Los Angeles are registering under the state military law. As "actor" was not one of the classifications on the enrollment blank, several heated arguments occurred. Among the boys who have received their blue identification cards are Charlie Chaplin, Charlie Ray, Jack Pickford, Harold Lockwood, Herbert Rawlinson, Raoul Walsh, George Walsh and Marshall Neilan.

What wont they be doing next? Iliodor, the mad monk of Russia, who was such an awful cut-up in the ex-Czar's court that he was given a free passage to America, is about to be featured in his own picture company—first release "The Fall of the Romanoffs." Among those who will support him are Nance O'Neil and Conway Tearle. And to go him one better, the Jotter has a copy of the original telegram which Edwin Thanhouser sent to the premier of Russia as follows: "Could you spare Czar to do one feature picture? Salary $5,000 per week, to be devoted to your cause. Four weeks guaranteed." How have the mighty fallen!

Robert Warwick, who also came across for $10,000 worth of Liberty Bonds, is his own producer and capitalist of "Today." Mr. Warwick states that part of the profits from this picture will be devoted to an ambulance and its equipment for service in France.

Carlyle Blackwell has joined the ever increasing alimony club. Long known as the "Romeo of the Screen," he states in his action that Ruth H. Blackwell played a very indifferent Juliet. Nevertheless he has agreed to give her $110 a week. Studio friends diagnose their failure to agree as "temperament."

Those desiring closely to follow the stars in their courses are advised that during July the following stars will reach the zenith of their ascendancy in new pictures as follows: Mary Miles Minter will display pathos and guilelessness in "The Rose of the Alley"; Harold Lockwood will intoxicate the senses in "The Secret Spring"; Mabel Taliaferro will delight her audience in "Peggy, the Will-o'-the-Wisp"; Allen Holubar and Louise Lovely will co-star in "The Reed Case"; Robert Leonard will thrill in "The Punishment"; Olga Petrova promises big things in "The Law of the Land," and Jack Pickford and Louise Huff will continue their charming screen companionship in "What Money Cant Buy."

Pauline Frederick recently returned from Troy, N. Y., where she literally set the town ablaze. Many of the Trojan fire-laddies were called upon to assist the emotional Pauline in her coming release, "The Love That Lives."

There is a touch of patriotic sentiment connected with S. Rankin Drew's last production, "Who's Your Neighbor?" Sidney Drew, his father, sat in the audience during the picture's projection run, and vividly recalled the fact that Rankin was then serving with an American ambulance unit "somewhere in France."

Tom Mix, Harry Carey, Neil Hart and their bunch of range-riders recently held an indoor round-up at the Strand Café, Venice, Cal. Art Acord carried off the prize in the one-step contest; Hank Mann was the most artful dodger in the fox-trot contest, and Tom Mix ran away with the "bull-throwing" monolog.

Bill Hart has arrived back in Los Angeles after his big jaunt to and from New York. He was met at the train by the Inceville cowboys and their band. There were a parade and great doings at Clune's Auditorium, where Bill unlimbered a heart-felt speech.

Geraldine Farrar recently laid aside her film activity for a day and entertained her friends in the Hollywood picture colony with a pergola party at her home. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Cecil De Mille, Mr. and Mrs. William De Mille, Mr. and Mrs. Hobart Bosworth, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Reid, Blanche Ring, Fannie Ward, Mr. and Mrs. Tully Marshall and Blanche Sweet.

Film fans who long to have intimate peeps at stars in their own homes will have a wished-for opportunity gratified when Norma Talmadge appears in "The Moth." A country estate was badly needed for a "location" and Miss Talmadge's director was sadly up a tree, but "Our Norma" saved the day by whisking her company out to her summer home at Beechhurst, Long Island, N. Y., where the garden scenes in her coming feature were taken.

Dorothy Dalton has returned to Culver City after a brief vacation spent with her parents in Chicago. She was entertained by the Exhibitors' League of Washington, in Seattle, while en route.

And now for a rush of midsummer changes and happenings: The irresponsible Billy Quirk has turned up again, this time making celluloid laughs in Black Diamond comedies; Marie Walcamp has made up with her first love, Universal, and has rejoined the Hollywood studio; the contracts of both Mae Murray and Marie Doro with Paramount are soon expiring and neither one of the charming misses (madames) will hazard a guess as to their future plans; Mary MacLaren has left Universal and has formed her own company to release thru Horsley; Francis Ford is back again with Universal and is directing Mae Gaston; Monroe Salisbury has been engaged to play opposite Theda Bara; Holbrook Blinn and Barry O'Neil have fled across the border to play with the Canadian Feature Company; and, lastly but not leastly, two old friends camp out together when E. K. Lincoln resigned from Mutual to star in the S. and M. Film Company, under the direction of Romaine Fielding.

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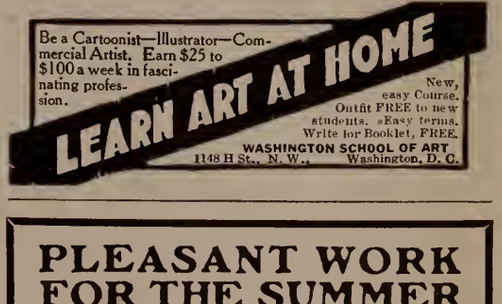

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Speaking of another recent romance, Kathleen Kirkham, who was the leading-lady in Clune's "The Eye of the World," has recently decided to hereafter run in double harness. The fortunate benedict is a well-known broker of California.

Ruth Roland, who very recently changed her name to Mrs. Lionel Kent, sends the Jotter a charming little slice of her honeymoon in the form of a letter written while the bride is en route to Los Angeles. The blushing bride states that her trip West is a combination business-honeymoon affair (if such can be mixed) and that she will very shortly return to New York to resume her place as a princess of filmdom again.

An urgent telegram has just followed Gerda Holmes to Chicago, where she had gone for a sadly needed rest after the expiration of her contract with World. The telegram offered a new contract, which started her on her way East to begin a new picture in which she will co-star with Montagu Love.

Two more members of the famous Barrymore-Drew family have pooled their interests. Lionel Barrymore, the well-known actor, will be handed his first film experience as both a director and author when he will shortly begin to produce "The Whirlpool," starring his sister, Ethel Barrymore.

Patsey De Forrest has been obliged to give up her picture career for the time being. The popular little star is threatened with blindness from the glaring "overheads," due to doing double service in two productions at the same time. Under the constant care of specialists it is hoped that she will soon recover.

"Little Mary" Pickford announces quite a bit of her season's production: following "The Little American," "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" will be filmed, and thereafter "The Little Princess," from Frances Hodgson Burnett's novel, will engage "Little Mary's" attention.

The one and only "Doug" Fairbanks says that following "Wild and Woolly" he will cut his original capers in a story by himself, the working title of which is "The Optimist." "Doug" is now enjoying a well-earned vacation and on his return Eileen Percy will continue to be his leading-woman.

"Seven Keys to Baldpate" was the talk of Broadway for two full seasons and now it is announced that George M. Cohan is about to adapt this "melodramatic farce" of his to the screen.

It is reported on good authority that the government, at the request of the Vitagraph Company, have arrested and imprisoned one George Hann, an operator at the Windameer Theater, East Cleveland, O. The story of his capture and arrest reads like a thrilling fiction romance. He is accused of being a German spy, and part of his plot consisted of an ingenious contrivance whereby films would explode and burn up when they came in contact with sulphur match-heads concealed in the film magazine. Many of these match-heads were found in the metal boxes containing prints of "Womanhood." It is supposed that the alleged spy aimed to destroy this Vitagraph super-feature on account of its patriotic appeal.

Bessie Barriscale, supported by her husband, Howard Hickman, is having her first experience in "going it alone" as a producer of screen dramatics. James Young, of Vitagraph-Lasky-Essanay fame, is directing the ambitious couple who propose to have their first play, "Rose o' Paradise," ready for exhibition in early August.

Lasting fame is crowning the Lee starlets early in life. Tiny Jane, five years old, and big sister Katherine, who confesses to seven years, are about to be starred all by their little lonesomes. Keenan Buel will direct their new film destinies, but the title of the "Baby Grands'" starring vehicle has not yet been announced.

Julian Eltinge, the stunning female impersonator, who is about to appear in pictures under Lasky management, has selected for his first screen medium a comedy of mystery and thrills, "Mrs. Raffles' Career," from the pens of Gelett Burgess and Carolyn Wells.

Viola Dana has just returned to New York from what started out to be a lazy vacation, but which became a series of overcrowded days. She tells us that she gained six pounds, caught sixty fish, made six public appearances in Boston, sold $60,000 worth of Liberty Bonds, led a parade of six hundred people, watched sixteen flights of navy aeroplanes and has returned to work on her sixth Metro picture—all this in six days.

Followers of film favorites will find their coming productions of pictures herewith neatly set forth: Violet Mersereau cuts up circus-rider capers in "The Little Terror"; Dorothy Dalton blazes forth in "The Flame of the Yukon"; Bessie Barriscale is a cub reporter in "Hater of Men"; Bryant Washburn offers a patriotic appeal in "The Man Who Was Afraid"; Mildred Manning and Marc MacDermott will delightfully render "Mary Jane's Pa," and Dorothy Phillips will wear fifty gowns in "The Rescue."

Referring to "Smiling Doug's" vacation, we might add that, just before he left for a few days of concentrated fun, the cowboys in his support presented him with a complete ranger's outfit from saddle to boots, silver spurs and all.

Another pair of sweet bells jangled out of tune are Yancsi Dolly, film and stage dancer, and Harry Fox, vaudeville and revue headliner. Their matrimonial knot has been tied for only three years, but each has now decided to dance or sing on his or her separate way.

Here is a budget of brief news and rapid changes: Lois Meredith and Irving Cummings have decided to run their own picture shop—their new company is known as the Superlative Pictures Corporation; Mabel Ballin crosses the Brooklyn Bridge on her way from Famous Players to nest with Vitagraph; Leo Delaney retires from Art Dramas in favor of Metro; Lew Fields, the famous stage comedian and "gag" artist, has accepted an engagement with Selig; Harry Ham side-steps from Pathé to mix in with Christie; Edward Langford has forsaken Ethel Clayton as leading-man to don Uncle Sam's costume of army khaki; Milton Sills will take his place, and lastly, the news has just leaked out that Lillian Gish, Dorothy Gish and Robert Harron have arrived safely in England, where they have joined David W. Griffith.

Leon Bary, hero of Pathé's serial, "Mystery of the Double Cross," has taken unto himself a bride—Mlle. Marie F. Crousaz, of Paris, France. At the outbreak of the war, Mr. Bary bade his sweetheart good-by and hurried to the front. He was wounded, and thru the long months of convalescence Mlle. Crousaz was his constant nurse, and recently made the trip "across the pond" to become his wife.

With four dozen real cowboys before the camera, several thousand head of cattle in an annual round-up for atmosphere, and a chuck-wagon outfit as a base of supplies, the Harold Lockwood company has settled down on the largest cattle-ranch in Arizona for three weeks for the filming of "Under Handicap," the next Metro-Yorke production, from the novel by Jackson Gregory.

Jane Cowl, the distinguished stage star, who is about to make her début on the screen in Goldwyn pictures, has gathered around her two of her former support on the stage. Orme Caldara played leading-man in "Lilac Time" and in "Common Clay," and Henry Stephenson had a prominent rôle in the former.

Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne have just returned from their tour of the Southern States and are resting. As soon as the production in which they will co-star has been selected, these "twin stars" will commence work at the Quality studio under the direction of Edwin Carewe.

At Home with a Bret Harte Heroine

(*Continued from page 60*)

asked her, suddenly, when she seemed likely to be lost in reverie.

"To become a wonderful grand opera singer," she answered, with a trace of wistfulness in her rich voice. "It is the highest aim of my life. All that I am doing now is merely a preparation for what is to come. I spend hours over my music, studying the scores of famous operas, working and planning. I go into Los Angeles every time a worth-while singer is advertised. I never miss an opportunity to improve my voice. Oh, I do so want to sing!"

This last was a pathetic little wail, that, somehow, made me, an inoffensive reporter for the best Moving Picture publication in the business, sorry for this beautiful star of a big film company. Somehow, I felt that she had been cheated—that life had promised her something, and then had forgotten the promise.

"Dad promised to take me to Europe to complete my musical studies, and perhaps to make a début abroad," the rich, full voice resumed, still with that little appealing note that was somehow so wistful and pathetic. "But just as we were ready to go, the war came—this horrible, horrible war. But we didn't think it would last long, and I still hoped. But now—there doesn't seem to be any end to it. But I am still hoping. Some day my opportunity will come, and then I shall prove what I have always wanted to do—to sing!"

And there was that in her voice which convinced me that she would succeed.

At this moment, a huge, silvery-white dog, more beautiful than I ever dreamed a dog could be—since I have a strong aversion to the canine family—moved majestically thru the hall to the porch and laid himself down at the feet of my beautiful hostess. She stopped and patted him affectionately.

"My pet hobby," she laughed, with no idea of a pun I'm sure—"Nicholas II, who has won more prizes than he has years—a champion wolfhound. Nicholas, say how do you do to the lady!"

Whereupon, Nicholas rose politely and offered an immaculate paw, which I accepted with like politeness. Then, having "made his manners," he resumed his place at Miss Michelena's feet with an air of having seen his duty and performed it in his best society manner.

The sinking sun, which alone was worth a trip to this lovely mountain home, threw its opalescent rays over the wide porch and reminded me that, if I expected to return to Los Angeles that night, it behooved me to hurry. I rose, made my adieux to my hostess and left. As the car rolled smoothly down the well-kept drive, I looked back to see Miss Michelena standing in the rosy glow of the setting sun, her magnificent white-clad figure standing out vividly against the woodwork of the Swiss chalet.

Tasty Reading in Sweet Cider Time

September Motion Picture Magazine Is a Vacation Week in Itself

News and Views of—

Earle Williams
Alice Joyce
Mabel Taliaferro
Mrs. Vernon Castle
William Farnum
William S. Hart

HAROLD LOCKWOOD

Views and News of—

Harold Lockwood
Viola Dana
Theda Bara
J. Warren Kerrigan
Marguerite Clark
Hundreds of Others

When the pages of the September Magazine flutter in the wind, something cooling and seasonable—outing clothes, frozen dainties, yachting and deep-sea pictures—reveals itself to the reader's eye on every page. It is just the sort of a summer pal to take out under the shade of the trees or stow away in the canoe. And to those stay-at-homes it brings the greens and sweet smells of the country right into your room. Here is a partial list of the gems that are scheduled for the next number:

Dame Fashion's Horoscope—A continuation of the dressy article in August issue. In the September Magazine screen favorites will be shown and described at length in sport clothes, outing toggery and beach and boating duds in the latest modes.

"Extra Ladies and Gentlemen"—leaves off in such an interesting place and is such a corking "inside" tale of life in and about the Los Angeles studios that every picture fan will want to read its conclusion. Illustrated with new photos of the "army of unknown actors."

All About the Submarines—Edwin M. La Roche takes his readers a-cruising on a deep-sea pirate, tells how they swim, dive, see and fight and gives some thrilling tales of how the submarine has played the heavy rôle in Motion Pictures.

"How I Got In"—A new department in which leading players tell of their beginnings in pictures and how they got their first start. In September are Harold Lockwood, Roscoe Arbuckle, Creighton Hale and Bryant Washburn.

Their Favorite Rôles—By Roberta Courtlandt, one of our favored and favorite authors, is with us again in a delightful summer chat in which Marguerite Clark, Bryant Washburn, Cleo Madison, Theda Bara, Dorothy Gish, Jack Kerrigan and several others tell about the parts they liked best to play and have contributed their favorite photographs to beautify the stories.

Fighting on the Screen—L. E. Eubanks, whose "Screen Venus" and "Screen Apollo" are still being talked about by Magazine and Classic readers, describes the famous fighters in Studio-land. A man's tale, with a punch and a strangle-hold, and finely illustrated with photos of Harold Lockwood, William Farnum, Jack Richardson, Jack Kerrigan and William S. Hart.

The Movie Gossip-Shop—A real "scoop," as newspapers say. Brand-new news about the stars—their intimate doings—illustrated with exclusive snapshots.

A Shower of Midsummer Chats—the cozy, homey, out-of-doors kind are coming in the September Magazine. Players' vacation days, their outdoor fun, their home life, will charm you and get you acquainted. And, too, all the regular features—pages of clever short stories, up-to-the-minute news, gossip and hundreds of outdoor pictures will flutter thru your fingers.

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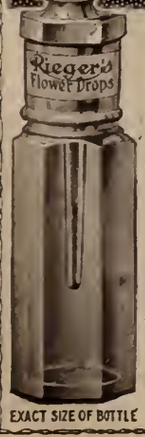

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VACATION—OR PREPARATION—TIME?

Close Views and Inserts

Summer is upon us and most of us have a feeling that our manuscripts will receive short shrift in the editorial offices. All Editors go on lengthy vacations and many Companies do little buying during the summer months.

In a great measure this is true. But fall and winter are coming, when the going is good.

In other words, dont stop writing just because the market is dull. Summer is working time for the author who expects to succeed. When the demand for the material comes there is no time then for getting into the flood-tide of the market.

Why not spend a few hours a day of your vacation-time to corral your plot material, or to develop any plot germs you may have, or to sketch out in full several complete plots for immediate future use?

You may as well know at once that this writing game is no pastime for the idler. There is no clock to punch for an eight-hour day—your working day is just as long as you stay awake. There are no holidays—for the time for noting down plot material is when it enters your mind and no other, which may be on a Sunday or a Fourth of July or Christmas.

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If the winter is the time for sales, NOW is the time for preparing that which is to be bought.

Screenings from Current Plays

Some of you no doubt saw "Today," George Broadhurst's play, when it was produced on the stage year before last. If so, you will never forget the terrific punch the playwright got into his smashing last act. The hero strangles his wayward wife.

This climax was not pleasant, to be sure. "Today" is not a pleasant play, but it deals unflinchingly with a vital feature of loose living as we know it today. Yet no one will ever forget the dramatic power of the play.

Along comes a photodramatization of "Today," which almost scored the most thrilling photoplay that I have ever witnessed. In fact, the dramatic development up to the strangling of Lily by her husband was not a whit behind the stage play in its tense effect on the audience.

The next moment our artistic senses are dumbfounded by a disclosure that the whole dénouement was A DREAM!

Oh dear! Oh dear!

We suddenly find Lily's fickle and shallow character changed to one of sterling depth! We find that the author had fooled us into believing that here was a hopeless, soulless vampire who was beyond redemption. That was the only excuse for the play.

Was it the censors that the producers were afraid of? Or was it changed for the benefit of the tired business man who is eager to devour all the horrible *facts* of life in the yellow journals, but cannot bear to come face to face with an artistic presentment of the sterner *fancies* of an interpreter of life? Or was it the audiences who demand that the bad taste be taken out of their mouths if they must be made to witness a common problem of Today?

I have just seen two good Paramount Plays in a row!

And one very, very poor one the next day.

"The Primrose Ring" is a sheer delight. This is a play for skeptics to see and learn some of the treasured depths of the Photodrama.

"The Primrose Ring" magically pictures some of the daintiest fancies of which the imagination is gifted. That is, it gives us the most real exposition of fancy that any art has yet been able to inter-convey.

Take that little touch of the Ogre Pain and the little crippled humans under his spell, and the White Knight of Healing, and all the rest of it—why, it is one of the most exquisite little chapters in fancy painting that man has been privileged to witness.

Mae Murray is at her best.

Next there was "The Lonesome Chap"—a play of repression.

Repression is the greater art.

I advise not only playwrights, but actors and directors as well, to see this pretty play and study it. Here you will see the two principal characters under perfect control and in perfect poise thruout five reels. You will see the power of the half-gesture, the pathos of the restrained action, the poetry of the hidden heart.

The very silence and moderation of this artistic restraint reverberates thru the spectator's heart like a roaring torrent of poetry, pathos and passion!

And now for the lemon—

"The Road to Love," with Lenore Ulrich as the star.

Miss Ulrich's specialty seems to be her resemblance to dark-hued beauties and a sidewise walk under the pressure of coquetry.

This play is lavishly staged, but the plot and story descend to the depths of the mellowest melodrama.

Miss Ulrich is first seen as the daughter of a Moslem potentate. But her ideas are up-to-date and she ignores all the laws of Mahomet in suffraget tendencies. A dashing American appears and forces his way into the very heart of the harem with the aid of a ludicrous disguise.

The American's audacity is fittingly punished when he is trapped and sold as a slave. The modest Ulrich-Moslem maid is captured by the same band.

The final piece of make-believe occurs when the erstwhile terrible father gives his daughter in marriage to the daredevil American.

The scenery was splendid—that's all.

Questions and Answers

A list of 12 elements NOT WANTED in plays by the Triangle Film Corporation will serve as a fair guide to the *undesirable* qualities not wanted by most other Companies:

1. Plays with married leads.
2. Plays with old people leads.
3. Plays without young love.
4. Plays with clergymen and priests as leads.
5. Plays in which clergymen or priests fall —even temporarily.

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King Baggot	Alice Brady	Bessie Eyton	Viola Dana	Ruth Roland
Henry B. Walthall	Fannie Ward	J. Warren Kerrigan	May Allison	Annette Kellermann
Charles Chaplin	Cleo Ridgely	Edna Mayo	Beverly Bayne	Fritzi Brunette
Beatriz Michelena	Marie Doro	Helen Holmes	Francis X. Bushman	Mary Fuller
Earle Williams	Vivian Martin	Clara Kimball Young	Harold Lockwood	Mary Miles Minter
Frank Morgan	Dustin Farnum	Lillian Gish	Mme. Petrova	Pearl White
Huntley Gordon	Myrtle Stedman	Mabel Normand	Valli Valli	Ormi Hawley
Anita Stewart	Lenore Ulrich	Dorothy Gish	Mrs. Sidney Drew	Edwin August
Lillian Walker	Edna Goodrich	Bessie Barriscale	Sidney Drew	Kitty Gordon
Leah Baird	Mary Pickford	Norma Talmadge	Ethel Clayton	Mae Murray
Dorothy Kelly	Marguerite Clark	Douglas Fairbanks	Carlyle Blackwell	Blanche Sweet
Lucille Lee Stewart	Pauline Frederick	Mae Busch	Mollie King	Anita King
Charles Richman	John Barrymore	William S. Hart	Muriel Ostriche	Wallace Reid

These pictures are not for sale. Subjects not mentioned in the list cannot be supplied, and the set can be obtained only by subscribing for the Magazine or Classic.

Subscription prices are as follows:

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12. Plays in which emphasis is laid upon disease or death and having a fatal termination.

And now I'm going to answer in installments the question most put to me: What are the Companies in the market and what do they want?

1. AMERICAN FILM COMPANY, Santa Barbara, Cal. (Serials; 5-reel Synopses, both male and female leads, ingénue, child or young woman leads.)
2. ARROW FILM COMPANY, Times Building, New York City. (Out of the market.)
3. ARTCRAFT, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York. (Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, George M. Cohan.)
4. BLUEBIRD PHOTOPLAYS, 1600 Broadway, New York. (5-reel Synopses, male and female leads.)
5. BRENON, HERBERT, 807 West 175th Street, New York. (Not in the open market now.)

(*Continued in September* MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE)

In connection with Mr. Phillips' articles, which endeavor to give a broad view of the Photodrama, each of our readers should possess a copy of "The Photoplaywrights' Primer," by L. Case Russell. Its author is one of the most successful writers devoted only to Photodrama. This little book, which we will send you for fifty cents, fairly sparkles with wit, wisdom and helpful and constructive hints.—*The Editors.*

Pithy Paragraphs from the Pacific

By RICHARD WILLIS

Some of the most beautiful sets that have ever been seen in any film production have been erected for the Theda Bara picturization of "Cleopatra." Needless to say these are very busy days indeed for the extra folk, as J. Gordon Edwards is using hundreds of them daily.

Henry King has started on a new Gail Kane story called "The Unafraid," from the scenario of L. Case Russell. Henry is getting along splendidly at the American studios in Santa Barbara, and is doing the best work of his career.

Herbert Rawlinson is becoming a very enthusiastic fight fan, and always seems to be able to pick the winning corner. Herb always was a lucky guy.

Bessie Barriscale has started work for her own company, the Bessie Barriscale Feature Film Company, at the Clune studios. James Young is directing her.

Tyrone Power has joined the Marine Film Company, and will be co-starred with Frances Burnham in a spectacular sea-story on the order of "Undine." Henry Otto, who directed "Undine," has charge of the producing of the new feature.

Al Ray has shaved off his false mustache, and is juveniling once more in a brand-new Lehrman-Fox comedy under the direction of Henry Symonds. Al is supporting a couple of wild lions in this picture, and has doubled his life insurance.

Jay Morley has just started work on a new feature with Betty Brice for the Bernstein Film Productions. Jay is becoming a very popular little fellow, and has quite a following. He made quite a distinct hit in the first Bernstein feature, "Who Knows?"

Winifred Westover, late of the Fine Arts, has joined the Pathé Lehrman Company, and will be seen shortly in a comedy, in which she will support Pathé Lehrman and Billie Ritchie.

Things seem to be all tangled up out at the Culver City studios as far as rumors are concerned, but the plant is still operating in full blast, and turning them out in the same old way. Charles Ray, Bill Hart, Enid Bennett, William Desmond, Dorothy Dalton and Olive Thomas are all at work on stories.

Now that it has been authentically announced that Thomas H. Ince has sold out his interest in the Triangle, it is likely that Charles Ray, William S. Hart, Dorothy Dalton, Enid Bennett and C. Gardner Sullivan will go over to Ince, who is forming his own company. Their contracts became void with the retirement of Ince from the Triangle, as they all had a stipulated paragraph stating that they wanted to be under the guiding hand of Ince, and should he leave Triangle their contracts would be null and void.

Helen Holmes and the members of the Signal forces held a barbecue at the studios upon the completion of the last chapter in "The Railroad Raiders" serial. J. P. MacGowan will begin work right away on another serial with his star.

Carl Laemmle gave a big dance on the night of June thirteenth at Universal City for the members of the Motion Picture profession. It was quite a gala affair, and nearly all the stars attended. All kinds of nice refreshments were served after the dancing.

With the selling out of Thomas H. Ince, business manager E. H. Allen has resigned, and Patterson, formerly of the Universal, has succeeded him.

Lloyd Ingraham has hiked away to the American Film Company in Santa Barbara, where he will produce one picture for that concern before starting work with another concern.

Jay Morley was pinched the other day for speeding. It was his first arrest in two years, and he was hurrying to the Bernstein studios when it happened. Jay has resolved never to rush to work again.

Anna Luther has returned to the Pacific Slope after spending several weeks in the East on vacation. She looks none the worse for her trip.

All the film stars are going in heavily for the Liberty Bonds, in the Los Angeles film colony, and are doing a great deal towards bringing California's portion of the loan up to the amount required.

Bud Fisher as a Nature Faker

By ANNA SHEA

At a Moving Picture theater in Philadelphia, very recently, a cartoon by Bud Fisher called "The Sleuths" was shown on the screen. During the antics of Mutt and Jeff two rats were seen stealing bread, and to help matters along the rats began throwing it from one to the other in the manner of stevedores loading a ship. A woman seated back of the writer watched the antics of Bud Fisher's rats for some time; then she turned to her neighbor and said, "Oh, they're trained rats!" which remark ranks Fisher as "some" cartoonist and also classes him with the Nature fakers.

STAGE PLAYS THAT ARE WORTH WHILE

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when these speaking plays appear in their vicinity.)

Gaiety.—"Turn to the Right." One of the best and most successful comedies of recent years. Full of laughs, with here and there a thrill and even a sob, but delightfully entertaining from start to finish.

Morosco.—"The Brat." Maude Fulton wrote this charming play and takes the title rôle excellently. She has created a unique and interesting character, and Mary Pickford and Laurette Taylor had better watch out.

Playhouse.—"The Man Who Came Back." A strong, gripping drama that holds the interest from beginning to end; superbly acted by Henry Hull and Mary Nash.

Cort.—"Upstairs and Down." A very clever and witty portrayal of life as led by the idle rich. One of the best comedies in New York. The whole cast strong.

48th Street.—"The Thirteenth Chair." A weird but gripping drama written around a "spiritualist" and her séances. Margaret Wycherly scores heavily as the star, and the play is one of the best in New York. By author of "Within the Law," Bayard Vellier.

Fulton.—"Pals First." An intensely interesting comedy that is full of laughs, caused mostly by Thomas Wise, who adds to his long list of recent hits. William Courtenay also stars in a becoming rôle. This play should enjoy a long run—it deserves it.

Loew's N. Y. and Loew's American Roof.—Photoplays; first runs. Program changes every week.

Rialto.—Photoplays supreme. Program changes every week.

Strand.—Select first-run photoplays. Program changes every week.

Shirley Describes Them Perfectly

Theodore Marston, director, was sending an order to the McClure casting-director for extras.

"Get me ten women," Mr. Marston wrote, "half of them types of the fine, home-loving, motherly kind, and the other half the hen-pecking, street-corner-wrangling type."

Shirley Mason looked over his shoulder.

"You're wasting words," she said. "Why not just order 'ten women, five of each sex'?"

Flickerings from Filmdom

(*Continued from page* 66)

"Ungrateful" will be written on their headstones.

Why not have Congress protest against the pianist who repeats on the bass notes the groaning of the hero?

The crowd at the ten-cent movie is of a higher calibre than that attending vaudeville at twice the price.

Screen idols may not be long on brains, but their pay envelopes are heavier than those of college presidents.

All of us have to believe in something, even tho it be that the stars receive the salaries with which they are credited.

One may go to the pictures once and depart never to return, but go three times and the habit is formed.

Over-advertising is the attempt of the author of a poor film to draw a crowd.

We expect to see the Orient—by the Motion Picture Route.

Pagan seers, now long dust, dreamed dreams of horseless carriages and boats that went with neither sail nor oar, but the sight of a painted ship—not silent—but moving on a hand-painted ocean, was beyond their wildest dreaming.

A Roomful of Color
A Bookful of News

The September Classic Features June Caprice in the Stunning Autumnal Colors of Red, Yellow and Gold

The Most Stunning Portrait of a Star Ever Reproduced on Paper—Hundreds of New Pictures.

JUNE CAPRICE

Beautiful Brown Gravure Gallery of Players—Added Features—Clever Stories—Exclusive News.

The charm o' youth has never been more glowingly portrayed than in the cover painting of June Caprice on the September Classic. It is by far our handsomest painting. Leo Sielke, Jr., made a personal study of the little wonder-girl, June Caprice, and has caught and imprisoned in warm pigment the blue, ivory and golden gleams of her eyes, skin and hair.

"Home Bayonet Practice"—The boys are marching to the front, and the stay-at-homes are defenseless. In a very instructive article, illustrated with poses by himself, William Desmond, Triangle's athletic star, tells all about self-defense with a bayonet or its handier substitutes, a heavy cane or umbrella.

"A Picture Kennel of Famous Actor-Dogs"—Lillian May has made the round of the studios and watched all the regular actor-dogs at work. In a sumptuously illustrated feature article she tells us all about them—their training and care—and their more fortunate masters and mistresses.

"Pauline Frederick"—A "close-up" Chat. Our readers are all interested in the emotional Bella Donna of the Screen and how she lives and acts when at home. Here is an intimate chat with her by Carl Seitz that tells a lot of new and interesting things about her.

"The Scenario Reader's Humoresque"—Norbert Lusk, formerly of the Lubin Company, has probably read as many scenarios as any living man. He is an original thinker and has absorbed many vivid impressions from his mile-high pile of authors' "brain-children." These he has set forth in a very amusing as well as thoughtful essay.

"Roping Douglas Fairbanks Into an Interview"—Frederick James Smith, former editor of the *Motion Picture Mail* and photoplay critic of the New York *Evening Mail,* is at his best in a heart-to-heart talk with the one and only "Doug," in which the "Electric Comedian" briefly expresses his radiant views of life—and himself.

"Tricks of the Screen"—Some of the studios did not want us to "expose" their trick photography, but as dramatic and comedy thrillers are resorting more and more to the tricks of the camera, Dorothy Dickinson has made a tour of personal inspection and bears witness in writing as to how the best known "screen magic" is posed and operated.

"The Sidney Drews"—To catch this busy pair en famille is like seeking the bee in clovertime, but they are still "honeymooning" and Lillian Montanye caught them at it. The Drews were so surprised that they handed over to the interviewer a list of their treasured cooking recipes. Illustrated with snapshots and exclusive pencil drawings by James Montgomery Flagg.

Among the News-Gatherers—It is too early to announce the work of many of our staff writers and reporters. "The Classic Extra Girl" has been in great demand, working in a Pearl White serial and in an Alice Brady feature. Her vivid studio adventures as an extra girl will probably be ready in time. "Via Camera, Wire and Telephone" has set all the studios to competing with each other and the last-minute illustrated news department will continue to click its typewriters and snap its camera-shutters up to the closing date. "Greenroom Jottings" and "Pithy Paragraphs from the Pacific" promise a hundred items of news. Our reserve pages will be packed full of surprises, beautiful new pictures, short stories by noted authors, taken from the latest screen features, summer puzzles and novelties, costumes and "creations" galore.

Gymnastic Finger Training at Last Applied to Typewriting

How Stenographers Can Easily Acquire Musicians' Finger Speed

By FRANK J. SIMMONS

IF YOU have ever taken piano lessons, you know that in the beginning your fingers were stiff, stubborn, unwieldy. Perhaps you were "all thumbs." Each finger held itself in its *easiest* position, regardless of what the *correct* position was for piano playing.

Logically, therefore, your first work was confined to the simplest kind of finger exercises—to strengthen the proper muscles for rapid, certain, independent finger action.

Strengthening the finger muscles

Gymnastic Finger Training is a vital and regular part of every musician's work. Teachers in Europe and in America would no more expect pupils to become experts without scientific finger exercises than they would expect them to become experts without the ability to read notes.

No one questions the necessity of finger training in music. Yet isn't the need for rapid, certain, independent finger action equally essential in typewriting? *Then why not a system of gymnastic finger training for stenographers?*

Making each finger independent

The reason the average stenographer typewrites only 30 to 40 words a minute is simply because his or her fingers are not quick enough—are not flexible enough—are not independent enough. The expert strikes the keys with amazing rapidity—with perfect accuracy and with remarkable evenness of touch, typewriting at the phenomenal speed of 80 to 100 words a minute because his or her fingers are trained for quickness, sureness and accuracy!

The average stenographer earns but $8 to $15 per week. The expert earns $25 to $40 a week. And the difference in salaries is caused *by the difference in the quantity and quality of finished typewritten work turned out.*

While gymnastic finger exercises for the music pupil have been in existence for centuries, there has never, until recently, been a definite system of exercises designed and prepared specifically for stenographers. Music exercises are different, because they are intended to produce different results. More than this, they are too difficult—it takes too long to master them. What was necessary, obviously, was a system of gymnastic finger exercises prepared specifically to strengthen and limber up the muscles actually used in typewriting—a system which could be mastered quickly and easily and which would give to stenographers the finger control, finger nimbleness and finger independence that is so vital a factor in speedy, accurate typewriting.

In a few days you notice the difference

It remained for Mr. R. E. Tulloss, perhaps the greatest typewriting authority in the country, to prepare just such a system of finger exercises. It is a noteworthy fact that these exercises are practiced entirely away from the machine—at home, in street cars, in spare moments anywhere, and they do not in the slightest degree interfere with your present work. Although new, this method has already enabled thousands of stenographers who never exceeded 30 to 40 words a minute to typewrite 80 to 100 words a minute with perfect accuracy, and with amazing ease. Countless business college graduates—thousands of stenographers who have studied "touch" typewriting, and hundreds who studied special typewriting courses have, through these special gymnastic finger exercises, invariably doubled and trebled their speed in typewriting, and almost without exception has resulted in markedly increased salaries.

One case that comes to my mind is that of Mr. I. G. Hipsley, of 109 E. 42nd Street, Chicago, who always wrote at low speed, suffered constantly from headaches and eye-strain. Now he typewrites at the rate of 80 words per minute and the relief obtained from headaches which formerly followed a day's work has been of inestimable value to him. And he is now earning 25% more than he did before taking up the study of finger training.

Then there is the case of Miss Anna S. Cubbison, who is today filling the position of chief clerk to the Department of Parks in Harrisburg, Pa., and who says that her salary is exactly double what it was when she took up the study of the New Way in Typewriting.

For speed in striking the keys

Mr. L. L. Powell, of Chanute, Kansas, increased his speed to 90 words a minute and his work became absolutely accurate through the gymnastic finger training exercises prepared by Mr. Tulloss. Mr. Powell's salary was increased almost at once as the result of his increased ability and through it he was able to command positions and promotions so that now he is earning over $2,000 a year.

Miss Carrie M. Brown, of Haughton, La., who had no previous knowledge of typewriting, practiced the finger exercises and was soon able to write at the rate of 80 words per minute on new matter and without a glance at the keyboard!

I could go on and give hundreds of other instances of the remarkable results achieved through the gymnastic finger training, but the School has prepared a remarkable book for free distribution which goes into detail and reproduces many other letters which bear out the claims made. This interesting book shows how the Gymnastic Finger Exercises will make your fingers strong and dextrous, bringing them under perfect control, making them extremely rapid in their movements—and how in a few short weeks you can transform your typewriting and make it easy, accurate and amazingly speedy.

This new method is bringing such marvelous results to others, is proving itself to be so sure a means of quickly increasing salaries, that in justice to yourself you cannot afford to miss the facts as given in the free book which will be sent on request to anyone who cares to have it. There is no charge. Merely mail a postcard or letter or the blank form herewith, to the Tulloss School, 1928 College Hill, Springfield, Ohio, and your copy will be sent to you by return mail without obligation. Do this *now* before you turn the page, or tear out the address now to remind you.

Gentlemen: Please send me your free book about the New Way in Typewriting. This incurs no obligation on my part.

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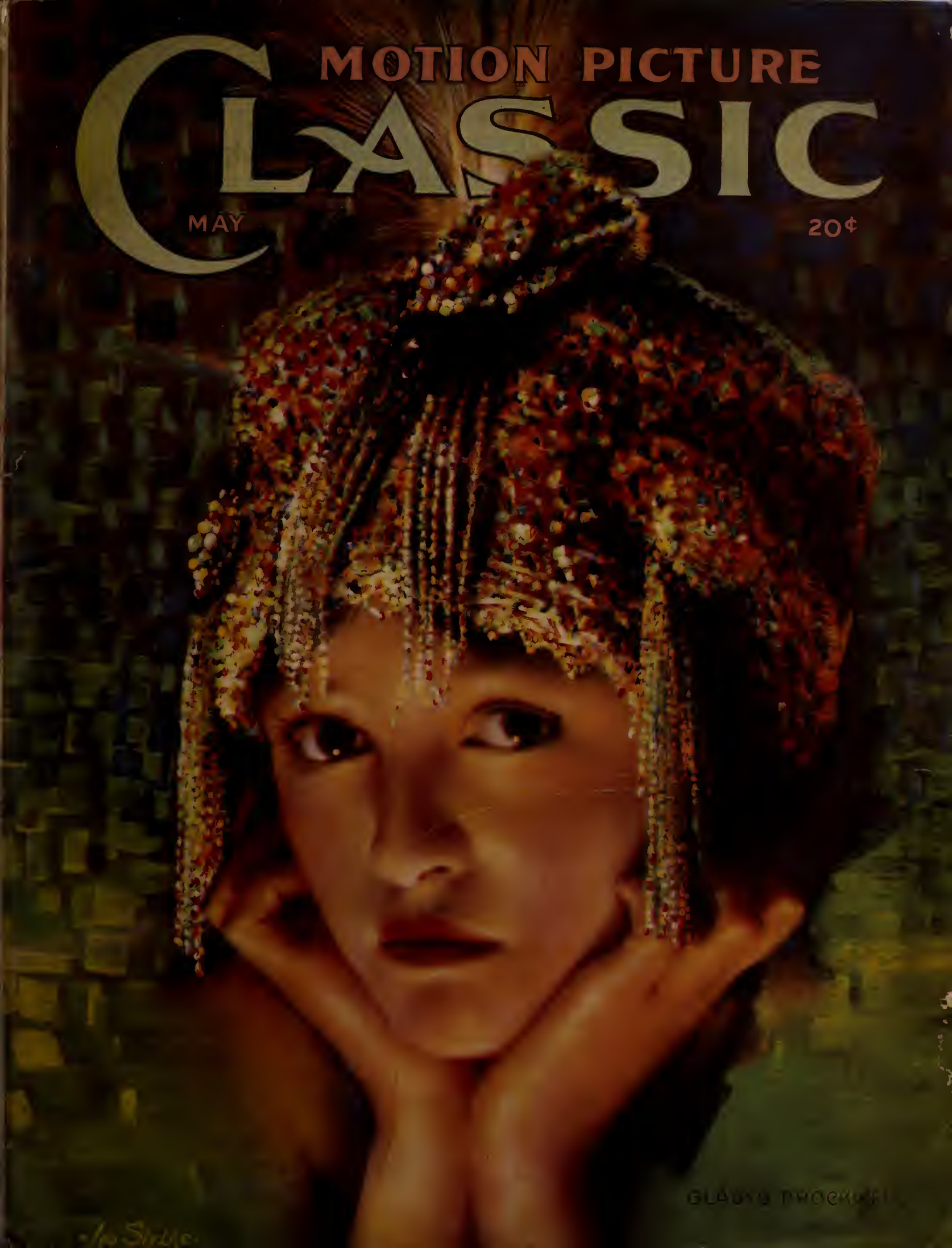

KEEPING *the* FAMILY TOGETHER

IT takes more than three meals a day and a roof to hold a family together. *That's* only cupboard love!

No, the real *cementing* influence, as many parents have found, is for the family to *enjoy itself together,* as it does at the motion picture theatre.

Son will chip in on the party as well as Daughter and the youngsters, when it comes to seeing with the old folks the first-class motion picture plays of *Paramount* and *Artcraft.*

And there's no pretence about it either —not *"just once* to please Dad",—but they all go because the fascination of Paramount and Artcraft *gets them!*

The fascination of the *foremost stars,* —that's Paramount and Artcraft!

The fascination of *superb directing,* —that's Paramount and Artcraft!

The fascination of clean motion pictures, conceived and constructed with the fire of genius and the passion of art— *that* is *Paramount!—that* is *Artcraft!*

Paramount and Artcraft Pictures

TRADE MARK Paramount Pictures

TRADE MARK ARTCRAFT PICTURES

Three Ways to Know how to be sure of seeing Paramount and Artcraft Motion Pictures

one By seeing these trade-marks or names in the advertisements of your local theatres.

two By seeing these trade-marks or names on the front of the theatre or in the lobby.

three By seeing these trade-marks or names flashed on the screen inside the theatre.

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION

ADOLPH ZUKOR *Pres.* JESSE L. LASKY *Vice Pres.* CECIL B. DE MILLE *Director General*

NEW YORK

"FOREMOST STARS, SUPERBLY DIRECTED, IN CLEAN MOTION PICTURES"

SAVING THE MONEY THAT SLIPPED THROUGH THEIR FINGERS

How an Investment of $2.00 Grew to $7,000 in Seven Years Without Speculation

By ARTHUR H. PATTERSON

MR. AND MRS. B. live in Connecticut. He is a clerk in the office of a manufacturing plant. They have been married ten years and for the first three years of their married life they not only failed to save but actually went in debt over $400. They now have two children, own a comfortable cottage home which is appraised at $3,000 and is clear and free. They have savings-bank accounts of $1,800 and $1,700 invested in 7% preferred securities. And every dollar of this money has been saved from salary during the past seven years, an average of $1,000 per year.

I am going to tell you their story, or rather let Mr. B. tell it as he related it to me. If you are facing the crisis in your affairs which the B.'s faced in those early days of married life, it may help you to meet it and come off victorious.

Listen to what Mr. B. says:

I am now 37 years of age; married and the Daddy of two children. When I was married I had exactly $750 on hand in cash, inherited from my father's estate. Up to that time I never saved a nickel and if this money hadn't come as a windfall, we could not have been married. I held a good position and was earning $2,000 a year. That was in 1907. For the next three years Jane and I just let things run along, living comfortably on my salary. The $750 which I inherited went for furniture and home needs and we did manage to buy—on the spur of early married ambition, perhaps—$300 more of furniture which we paid for out of my salary. But all the rest of it went for clothing, rent, food, amusement, books, cigars, etc. We spent it as it came and it was alwa. s a race between our cash and our bills to see which would be on top at the end of the month. Usually the cash lost. But the bills didn't press or worry me. I ran accounts with tradesmen who knew me and knew I was good for it. But gradually the bills distanced the cash and at the end of three years I was in a hole just $400; and then the situation grew serious because we had a baby and in order to pay the emergency bills of the occasion, I had to let my other creditors wait and they became restless.

Jane and I had tried time and time again to live within my salary and save a few dollars, but it wasn't any use. We lacked the backbone somehow and didn't have the necessary system to help us see it through. One day I came across a remark made by James Hill, the railroad builder, and it set me thinking. It burned itself into my brain. It was this:

"If you want to know whether you are going to be a success or failure in life, you can easily find out. The test is simple and infallible. Are you able to save money? If not, drop out. You will fail as sure as you live. You may not think so, but you will. The seed of success is not in you."

I went home and that evening Jane and I had a long heart-to-heart talk. We sat up until one o'clock, studying, planning, debating, wondering how we could change our shiftless, easy-going habits so that we could feel that we were going to be classified with the successful ones and not the failures.

We made up our minds that from that night on not a penny would be spent for other than bare necessities until every debt had been paid. We resolved to live on half my salary, reasoning that if other people whom we knew could live respectably on $1,000, there was no reason why we shouldn't. Then Jane said: "We ought to keep a cash account and put down just where the money goes. We can't go by guesswork any longer. We've been living that way for three years. We'll begin now to keep a record of our money."

What Jane said brought to my mind an advertisement which I had seen only a few days before, about an Expense Book for family accounts. So I got the magazine and found the ad. It told about the Economy Expense Book for personal and household accounting. The description told me that it was exactly the thing we needed and before going to bed I wrote a letter ordering a copy. In a few days it came, and Jane and I had an interesting session studying it and entering the Cash and Expenditure Items which we had been keeping tab of since the midnight resolution.

That book taught us something about the science of home economics. We learned, for instance, that in a properly arranged budget a man earning the salary I did could save, without stinting, at least 30% of his salary. But we were beating that figure. We had raised the ante to 50%, and that without suffering for a single need. Of course, we had cut out the theatre, the cigars, the expensive lunches and we'd begun to get acquainted with some of our discarded clothes all over again. And I learned that rent consumed in the balanced budget 17½% (which was about our cost); food was 25% and we cut it to 21%; clothes 17% we chopped to 5% that first year, and it never rose over 10% the first four years.

We started on the new system in April, 1910. The following April when we balanced the books for the first year we found this result: Every single bill paid and $653 in the savings bank! Glorious! We were out of the woods and for the first time in my entire business career I had visions of success on which I could actually stand without breaking through into the quicksands of despair. We celebrated that night in good style with a dinner and the theatre and that's become part of the program ever since—the annual dinner of the board of directors, Jane calls it.

The rest is easy. We were on the right track and once started nothing could turn us back.

We stuck right to the original program for three years, living on half my salary and saving the other half. Then I got a raise of $250 and that made it quite a bit easier. A year ago I got another raise, bringing my salary up to $2,500, where it now stands.

I've never had the least trouble, since starting on the first page of my first copy of Woolson's Economy Expense Book, in living within my income and saving money. That book brought us, not only independence, but it changed me from a worried, half-baked existence into a self-respecting, successful man. I am in a position, as the result of our joint efforts, where I need look to no man for favors; and further than that, my success has brought us into a circle of friends, both business and social, who value us because we are looked upon in our town as "worth while" and "the sort who are getting ahead."

Woolson's Economy Expense Book is designed to keep track of the income and expenses of the average family in a systematic manner. Each book is made to contain the records of four consecutive years.

No knowledge of bookkeeping or accounting is necessary to properly keep a Woolson Book. The lifetime experience of an expert accountant is in the book. He devised it for his own household and planned it so his wife could keep it.

Two minutes daily is sufficient to keep it written up to date. At the end of each week and month and year you not only know where every penny went, but you will have an analysis and comparative table of all the various expenditures, showing just what it went for. Every detail of money management is provided for by a simple, easy-system that a 12-year-old child could handle.

This book has proved truly a godsend to thousands because it has taught them a sure way to manage their finances. With it you know every minute just where you are money-wise. It automatically shows every penny of income and outgo; just how much for groceries, dress, rent, medicine, amusement, car-fare, etc.—and all this instantly and plainly. It is not complicated or tiresome. In fact, once you have started keeping a Woolson Book you will find it fascinating as a game and a miser for saving money.

The publishers are desirous while the interest of the American public is fastened on the problem of high-cost-of-living, to distribute several hundred thousand copies of the new greatly improved edition and are doing it in this way:

Merely write to them and ask that a copy be sent you without cost for a five days' examination. If at the end of the time you decide to keep it, you send $2.00 in payment, or if you wish to return it, you can do so without further obligation. Send no cash. Merely fill in the coupon, supply business reference, mail, and the book will be sent you immediately.

GEORGE B. WOOLSON & COMPANY
118 C West 32nd Street
New York City

George B. Woolson & Company
118 C West 32nd Street
New York City

Without obligation please send me, all charges prepaid, Woolson's Economy Expense Book. I agree to send $2.00 in five days or return the book.

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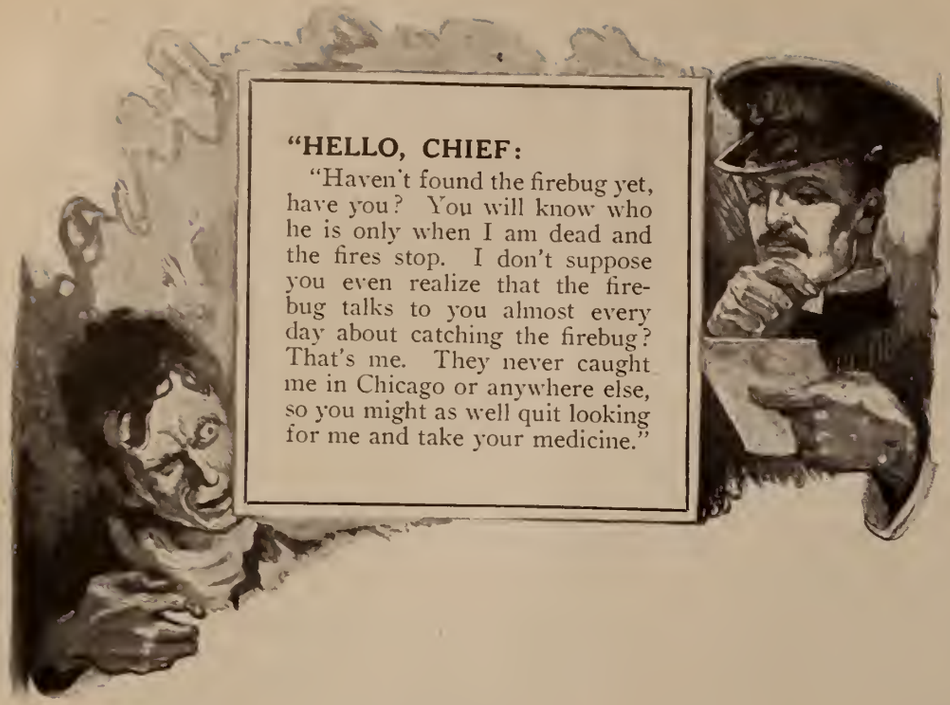
M.P.C. 5-18



"The Firebug"

That was the warning which came to the fire chief, unsigned—and then, the very next day, a woman was found nearly dead in a burning building.

It was a mystery that needed the master mind of Craig Kennedy, the scientific detective of this day—Craig Kennedy, who came to life in the mind of

ARTHUR B. REEVE

Craig Kennedy

He is the genius of our age. He has taken science—science that stands for this age—and allied it to the mystery and romance of detective fiction. Even to the smallest detail, every bit of the plot is worked out scientifically.

For nearly ten years America has been watching his Craig Kennedy — marvelling at the strange, new, startling things that detective-hero would unfold. Even under the stress of war England is reading him as she never did before.

Such plots—such suspense—with real, vivid people moving through the maelstrom of life! Frenchmen have mastered the art of terror stories. English writers have thrilled whole nations by their artful heroes. Russian ingenuity has fashioned wild tales of mystery. But all these seem old-fashioned — out of date — beside the infinite variety — the weird excitement of Arthur B. Reeve's tales, in 12 volumes—over 250 stories.

Col. Roosevelt says:
"I did a whole lot of reading. I particularly enjoyed half a dozen rattling good detective stories by **Arthur B. Reeve**—some of them were corkers."

FREE! 10 VOLUMES

Edgar Allan Poe's Masterpieces

To those who send the coupon promptly, we will give FREE a set of Edgar Allan Poe's Masterpieces in 10 volumes—over 200 stories.

When the police of Paris failed to solve one of the most fearful murder mysteries of the time, Edgar Allan Poe—far off here in New York City — found the solution.

The story is in these volumes. He was a detective by instinct—he was a story-teller by divine inspiration. Before or since—no one has had his power to make your hair stand on end—to send chills up your back—to hold you in suspense — terror, O horror! To read breathlessly—to try to guess the ending—to enjoy the perfect, flawless style—to feel the power of the master—that is all you can do in each and all of Poe's undying stories. In England and France, Edgar Allan Poe is held to be the greatest writer that America has produced—to them he is the greatest American classic.

This is a wonderful combination—here are two of the greatest writers of mystery and scientific detective stories. You can get the Reeve at a remarkably low price and the Poe Free.

M.P.C. 5-18

Harper & Brothers
Franklin Square

Send me, all charges prepaid, set of ARTHUR B. REEVE—in 12 volumes. Also send me absolutely FREE the set of Edgar Allan Poe, in 10 volumes. If both sets are not satisfactory I will return them within 10 days at your expense. Otherwise I will send you $1.50 a month for thirteen months.

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STAGE PLAYS THAT ARE WORTH WHILE

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when these speaking plays appear in their vicinity.)

Longacre—"Yes or No." A dandy play that will amuse and delight everybody except the dramatic critics. Very well acted and full of laughs.

Park—"Seven Days' Leave." Thrilling, gripping war melodrama appealing to the army and navy. H. Cooper Cliffe, of photoplay fame, is the head of the Secret Service and does finely, and so do William J. Kelly and Evelyn Varden.

Cort.—"Flo-Flo." Glorified burlesque has at last come to Broadway. Sprinkle some catchy music between the gags, add a flashing chorus, season well with bold if not risqué situations, and flavor with dazzling costumes and you have "Flo-Flo" ready to serve. The stars and support display well-modulated voices and some real honeymoon lingerie.

Playhouse—"The Little Teacher." A charming play, full of human interest, and played by a company every one of which makes a hit. Mary Ryan is superb, as usual.

Princess—"Oh, Lady! Lady!!" Manhattan's latest chic musical-comedy, presented at the home of smart successes. Daintiness, wit, a well-balanced, all-star cast and catchy music are the outstanding charm of this offering intime. A plot with clever complications, smart costuming, and novelty danees never permit the piece to lag.

Belasco—"Polly with a Past." A capital farce-comedy that will delight everybody. The biggest hit of the season.

Astor—"Why Marry?" Just the play for Nat Goodwin, who makes it a winner.

Century—"Chu Chin Chow." A light-opera spectacle that charms the ear and dazzles the eye with its entrancing musie and wonderful scenic effects. The best of its kind that has yet hit New York.

Plymouth—"The Wild Duck." A strong Ibsen play exquisitely done by Nazimova and a strong company. The star has a small part, but she makes it a big one.

Cohan & Harris.—"A Tailor-Made Man." An altogether captivating comedy full of laughs, built around a young tailor who became great thru reading the book of an unsuccessful author and who then hires the latter to work for him.

Morosco.—"Lombardi, Ltd." An amusing comedy starring Leo Carillo, who is great. A clever play, cleverly acted.

LEADING PICTURE THEATERS

Loew's N. Y. and Loew's American Roof.—Photoplays; first runs. Daily program.

Rialto.—Photoplays supreme. Program changes every week.

Strand.—Select first-run photoplays. Program changes every week.

Rivoli.—De luxe photoplays, with full symphony orchestra. Weekly program.

JANE LEARNS SHE IS NOT A TWIN

Jane Lee, one of Fox's "Baby Grand" stars (her sister Katherine is the other), is only five years old, and it is not expected that she would know much about nature's problems yet. Recently she heard her mother refer to twin sisters. Jane inquired:

"Mother, am I a twin?"

"No, my dear, you are not."

"Well, cant I be a twin?"

"Quite impossible, my dear," responded her mother.

"Why?"

"Well, just because it is impossible—that's why."

"Is sister Katherine a twin?" was the next question.

"No, no, my child! You were born in Hamburg and Katherine in London. How could you be twins?"

"Well, dont they have twins in London or Hamburg? They have 'em in New York."

The GREATEST MOTHER *in the* WORLD

Stretching forth her hands to all in need—to Jew or Gentile, black or white, knowing no favorite, yet favoring all.

Seeing all things with a mother's sixth sense that's blind to jealousy and meanness; helping the little home that's crushed beneath an iron hand by showing mercy in a healthy, human way; rebuilding it, in fact, with stone on stone and bringing warmth to hearts and hearths too long neglected.

Reaching out her hands across the sea to No Man's Land, to heal and comfort thousands who must fight and bleed in crawling holes and water-soaked entrenchments where cold and wet bite deeper, so they write, than Boche steel or lead.

She's warming thousands, feeding thousands, healing thousands from her store; the Greatest Mother in the World—the RED CROSS.

Every Dollar of a Red Cross War Fund goes to War Relief

This space contributed to the winning of the war by The B. V. D. Company, of New York, through the Division of Advertising, U. S. Gov't Committee on Public Information

Victory for the June Motion Picture Magazine

The whole world has turned its face bravely toward the war — the inevitable war — and hopes and prays for victory. All nations cannot win; the competition is keen, but victory will come to the one that can keep its "pep," vitality and enthusiasm, even in the face of seeming defeat and overwhelming odds. So it is in the magazine world. The competition is keen—there are many movie magazines in the field, but the best will know the joy of victory. That joy will come to the June MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE—it's the best yet!

HAROLD LOCKWOOD'S OWN PAGE

Harold Lockwood has become a writer, and you will find a page of his very own in the June Magazine, telling some of the humorous little incidents that happen in the studio and on location, which the camera does not record. Mr. Lockwood will continue to write for the Magazine each month, and he will undoubtedly have a lot of laughs and sighs for his readers, for he has proven a very realistic author.

EARLE WILLIAMS' AUTOBIOGRAPHY

This popular star has unlocked the secret door of his past for the benefit of those who read the June MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE — he even tells of the time he was a hardware salesman. Perhaps his ability as a salesman paved the way to screen honors; you never can tell.

GLADYS LESLIE, VITAGRAPH'S SUNNY STAR

Those who have seen this dainty little girl know why she is called "The Girl With the Million-Dollar Smile." She cant help her smile—it's the reflection of her thoughts within shining without. She is always sunny and happy; it never occurs to her to be otherwise. Read what Herbert Howe has to say about her in the June Magazine.

Our pictures and news this month will be exceedingly fine. There will be a multi-colored picture of Betty Blythe; a picture of Mary Anderson, Carol Holloway; pictures of stars who have answered the call to the colors; a story about that meanest man in the movies, Ned Finley; Nemerov's advanced fashions; unusual information about Dick Barthelmess, and more stars will tell about their ideal men. There will be pictures of nine new stars, and James Montgomery Flagg has a whole page to himself which he will decorate with photos of "The Girls You Know."

Now, isn't this a victory for the June Magazine?

Motion Picture Magazine
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Pithy Paragraphs from the Pacific

By ANTRIM ARNOLD

All the studios are working full blast again after the rainy weather has let up. Juveniles are at a premium, the draft having taken a great many of them off to various training camps and others having enlisted.

William Farnum is back on the Coast once more and is at work on a brand-new feature under the direction of Frank Lloyd. Gloria Hope, who has been playing leads for Thomas H. Ince, will be Farnum's leading-lady in his new picture.

Wilfred Lucas is now acting down at the Balboa studios in Long Beach, having left the Universal, where he has been directing Monroe Salisbury in Bluebird productions.

Grauman's new million-dollar theater in Los Angeles is declared to be superior to the Rivoli of New York by every film person of note who has seen both houses. Charles Ray, Douglas Fairbanks and William S. Hart hold the records for drawing the crowds to this theater.

Thomas Dixon's famous novel, "The One Woman," is now being filmed by the Mastercraft Company at the Paralta studios, with Reginald Barker, well known as a director with Ince and Paralta, directing the production.

D. W. Griffith's latest spectacle opened at Clune's Auditorium Theater on Tuesday, March 12th. The house was completely sold out a week before the opening. The picture is a wonder, and is certain to create a stir thruout the country. It is called "Hearts of the World."

Lloyd Hamilton has commenced work on his fourth two-reel comedy for the Sunshine Comedies, which will be released by William Fox. For the first time in years, "Ham" will be seen on the screen minus his famous mustache. He will still stick to the character of "Ham" with this exception, however.

Theda Bara is still working on her latest photoplay creation, "Salome." Herbert Heyes is playing the leading rôle opposite the famous screen vampire, and Albert Roscoe and Bertram Grassby also are prominent in the cast.

The Universal has continued its activities at Universal City once more, and five dramatic companies are now at work in the big plant. Monroe Salisbury and his company of players have gone to Truckee to film snow scenes for his latest Bluebird success.

Sessue Hayakawa, the famous Japanese star, has severed his connections with the Paramount Pictures Corporation and has gone into business for himself, and will make features at the head of his own company, the Hayworth Pictures Corporation. This move has been expected for quite some time by the friends of the Japanese artist, but it was a great surprise to many in the photoplay colony.

Mary Pickford will leave the Lasky studios at the completion of her work in her latest production, "How Could You, Jean?" and go East for the Government to make talks for the Third Liberty Loan. Mary is very proud indeed of her assignment, and it is certain that she will carry out her mission to the best of her ability. Director William D. Taylor is getting thru with "Little Mary's" scenes as quickly as possible.

Frank Keenan is busily working at the Paralta studios on his next release for the Pathé program. He will portray a newly rich war munitions manufacturer, and the story has several new twists to it. Roberta Wilson, Al Ray, Jack Gilbert, and Helen Dunbar are supporting Mr. Keenan in this feature.

Bret Harte, Jr., grandson of the famous author, is working at the Paralta studios, adapting his famous grandfather's stories for the screen.

A special school-teacher has been engaged by King Vidor, who produces the Judge Willis Brown juvenile stories for the General Film Company, to tutor the youngsters when they are waiting between scenes. When the company go out on locations, the teacher goes along, too, and sees that the youngsters get the required eight hours' schooling every day.

Hank Mann tells us that he will travel back to the Mack Sennett studios within the next few days. Hank left Sennett to be featured by the Fox Company when they started up their comedy companies two years ago.

Another company to go to Truckee for snow scenes is the Alfred Whitman company of the Vitagraph's Western forces under the direction of William Wolbert. Whitman will be seen as a real red-blooded young man in a story especially written for him.

George Beban, the well-known character star, has started his own company going and is filming his first story at the Universal City studios, where he has rented space. Monte Katterjohn is the author of the first Beban vehicle.

Bessie Barriscale hasn't been getting any rest at the Paralta studios of late. Just as quickly as she finishes one feature she starts off on another. She will commence work on a new story within a few days, the original of which was written by William Parker, and put into shape for Miss Barriscale by Jessie Boothe, the Paralta scenario head.

Enid Markey has deserted the screen temporarily and has gone down to San Diego, to play in dramatic stock.

Speaking of dramatic stock, Crane Wilbur's new theater, the Wilbur Playhouse, has been doing capacity business in Oakland, California, ever since its opening, which is a great tribute to the popularity of the well-known star on both the stage and the screen.

Hampton Del Ruth's new touring car is as loud as the 7th Regiment Band.

Grace Cunard has been suffering from a bad cold at her home in Hollywood, and, while it has interfered with business, it hasn't bothered her knitting for the Sammies the least bit.

Edward Sloman and Henry King will alternate in directing the Mary Miles Minter features from now on at the American studios. Pretty soft! When Ed is working, Henry will be taking a rest, and vice versa.

Bill Parker, of the American, says that the only news of interest at the studio, as far as he is concerned, is the arrival of a box of typewriter ribbons. Bill uses them up so fast that the American Company considers it best to order them in gross lots.

Lots more news next month. Hope it dont rain!

"Hi–there—come out of that!"

Little did they dream—the small boy running away from home and the deckhand who found him hiding under the boat—little did they dream that for this small boy this was the beginning of the most dazzling career that has ever befallen the lot of any American. That little Mississippi boy in his cheap little clothes, was to stand with the great of the world—was to be the companion of kings—was to reign forever a kindly spirit in the hearts of the people of all the world. For that boy was our own

MARK TWAIN

incomparable, supreme, superb, yet so sublimely simple, so much one of us—our own—that with our admiration and our pride is a love greater than words can tell.

In the dazzle of the coming world supremacy, we need Mark Twain to keep our hearts clean and our souls modest. He is the rich outpouring of our American spirit—the splendid glory of that American humor that to the wise is a symbol of our great easy-going care—calm—conquering.

The joy of eternal youth is in Mark Twain—for he never grew up—not in all his seventy-four years. The feeling of eternal truth was in Mark Twain, for his was a wisdom we are just beginning fully to know.

Low Price Sale Must Stop

Mark Twain wanted everyone in America to own a set of his books. So one of the last things he asked was, that we make a set at so low a price that everyone might own one. He said, "Don't make fine editions. Don't make editions to sell for $200 and $300 and $1,000. Make good books, books good to look at and easy to read, and make their price low." So we have made this set. And up to now we have been able to sell it at this low price.

Rising costs make it impossible to continue the sale of Mark Twain at a low price. New editions will cost very much more than this Author's National Edition. Now the price must go up. You must act at once. You must sign and mail the coupon now. If you want a set at a popular price, do not delay. This edition will soon be withdrawn, and then you will pay considerably more for your Mark Twain.

The last of the edition is in sight. There will never again be a set of Mark Twain at the present price.

Remember it is because Mark Twain sacrificed some of his royalties that you can have a set at this price at all. Take advantage of that kindness that was so characteristic of him.

Send Coupon—No Money—Today

Get your set before these go. Remember, never again will a set of Mark Twain be offered at such a price as this. When this edition is gone there will be no more.

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5-18
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New York

Send me, all charges prepaid, a set of Mark Twain's works in 25 volumes, illustrated, bound in handsome green cloth, stamped in gold, with trimmed edges. If not satisfactory I will return them at your expense. Otherwise I will send you $1 within five days and $2 a month for fourteen months, thus getting the benefit of your sale.

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Write Today Send your name and address for our new catalog today. See for yourself the violins from which you have to choose. No obligations.

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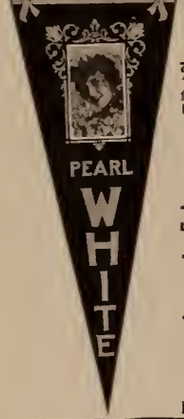
FELT PENNANTS
OF THE FILM STARS



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Harold Lockwood
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LARGE SIZE, 9x24 inches, 20 cents each; 7 for One Dollar

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Star-Dust from the Rialto

Intimate and Professional Peeps at Famous Stage Players and Their Plays

Colgate Baker, well-known playwright and stage reviewer, has been engaged to conduct this interesting and exclusive department for the Classic.

THAT experience in Motion Pictures helps greatly in winning success in the spoken drama, seems to be quite certain. There are dozens of prominent actors and actresses now playing on Broadway who are graduates of the silent drama, and one of the most successful producers of the season, Gilbert M. Anderson, frankly says that he is indebted to Motion Pictures for all that he knows about stage direction. According to the actors who have worked under the direction of Mr. Anderson, he is a veritable genius in the difficult art of staging modern plays and instructing actors. I have never heard players speak of a director with such enthusiasm as they do of Mr. Anderson, who only a few years ago was, under the name of "Broncho Billy," starring in far-western two-reel melos. This year Mr. Anderson is responsible for two of the best-staged productions Broadway has seen, both of them being among the pronounced successes of the year. One was "The Very Idea," which after a long run has taken to the road, and the other play is "Yes or No" at the Longacre Theater, which altho it fooled the critics has proved to be enormously popular with the public. It is odd that freak plays, introducing some new wrinkle in construction, should always excite so much talk and often make a hit in spite of their demerits. "Yes or No" is really three plays in one and two plays are performed at the same time on the stage for three acts, both having the same story, but different environment, illustrating the effect of surroundings on moral character. There is, of course, nothing new in all this but the treatment of the subject, which is certainly most original. I do not fancy that Mr. Anderson will ever go back to acting in Motion Pictures again. He is getting a little over 'the heroic age,' and besides he is needed on Broadway.

Arnold Daly takes himself so seriously, he often makes himself ridiculous. He is a fine actor and his reverence for art deserves to be respected, but when he comes before the curtain and scolds the public, he gets himself in wrong with everybody. At the Hudson Theater, where Mr. Daly has been appearing in Hermann Bahr's comedy, "The Master," the attendance has not been inspiring to Mr. Daly. The play is clever, the star gives a splendid performance of the title rôle, and his support is excellent, but there was no rush to the box-office, altho the "notices" were all favorable, so Mr. Daly was sore. After the second act was over, one night, he went in front of the curtain and berated the public for its failure to show what he thought was proper appreciation of his efforts as a producer and actor, and he solemnly warned the folks present that if they did not hustle around and get more people to come to the Hudson Theater, he (Daly) would quit the stage in disgust and act no more. Some people in the audience said they hoped he would quit, anyway.

The best character acting of the year, many experts agree, is being done by Lionel Barrymore in Augustus Thomas' play, "The Copperhead," at the Shubert Theater. In the opinion of the members of his family, Uncle John Drew, Sister Ethel and Brother John Barrymore, Lionel has for many years been the greatest character actor on the American stage. The Barrymore genius flashes in his work, more vividly than it ever has in the acting either of John or Ethel. For years and years Lionel Barrymore pursued an ambition to become a great painter. In this he was encouraged by his sister and brother, who firmly believed he was another Michael Angelo. John Barrymore also had a desire to shine as a painter at one time and did get along very nicely as a newspaper cartoonist for several years. But Lionel took his "art" in allopathic doses and worked so hard at it he suffered several breakdowns. But if the road to success on the stage is not a primrose path, the ladder of fame in the art world is beset with many more difficulties, and at last Lionel Barrymore went back to his first love, Thespis, again—what a pity he missed the best acting years of his life, daubing in a studio! The late Richard Mansfield did the same thing.

If any one has any doubts of the vogue of intimate musical-comedy of the new refined brand, "Oh, Lady! Lady!!" the latest concoction in this line, by Bolton, Wodehouse and Jerome Kern, at the Princess Theater, will dispel them. This is the best of all the pieces of the new Princess school. It is daintier than "Oh, Boy!" and funnier than "Very Good Eddie"; moreover, it has been given such a cast as the late George Edwardes would give it were he alive today and producing here. Messrs. Elliott, Comstock and Gest have set a new mark in artistic production. They are wonderful girl-pickers, too. The choristers would look well in any Fifth avenue ballroom. However, the real substance in these musical pieces is the music. Without Mr. Kern's melodies, no amount of good casting and stage management would make a success out of any of these shows. The music is inspired. It has style and flavor. Everything is made to harmonize with the music, book, lyrics, scenery, costumes, principals and chorus; all are ordered for the benefit of Mr. Kern's dainty muse—and this is the way to put on light musical-comedy.

Alla Nazimova has repeated at the Plymouth Theater, under Arthur Hopkins' management, the successes which she made in the Ibsen plays thirteen years ago, when as an unknown star, under Henry Miller, she dazzled Broadway. There is no actress who so thoroly understands the psychology of Ibsen's types as this talented Russian actress, whose English now is without trace of accent. Mr. Hopkins has given the productions new and appropriate settings, and fine acting casts, but the note of repression, which the producer insists upon, is a bit overdone by every one, even the star. Fads in production are dangerous things to follow to excess. They get you talked about and advertised, but they are also apt to bore a lot of people who are perfectly open-minded on high art propositions, and insist on hearing what actors say, distinctly. Repression is all right if it does not interfere with understanding; the latter must come first, and a great many disciples of repression have found this out to their sorrow.

Nat C. Goodwin is doing the best acting he has done in many years as the Judge in "Why Marry?" at the Astor Theater. He is going to act again for Motion Pictures next summer.

Al H. Woods is going to have all the Potash and Perlmutter plays picturized some time in the near future; even "Business Before Pleasure," the greatest comedy hit of the season, will be done in films, with the present co-stars in it, Barney Bernard and Alex. Carr, after it has had a season on the road.

"Her Country," the war-propaganda drama, at the Punch and Judy, is another play that will be screened soon. It is an exposé of Prussianism at home. Rosa Lynd, an English actress, has scored as the American heroine, who is the bride of a bestial young Prussian officer.

Al Jolson, the Winter Garden's favorite black-face comedian, who is the star of "Sinbad," the new extravaganza at that playhouse, has signed a contract to be under the management of the Messrs. Shubert for the next ten years.

Vol. VI MAY, 1918 No. 3

Contents of Motion Picture Classic

THE GIRL ON THE COVER

Ten years of stock repertoire is enough to discourage the most ambitious actress; fame overnight is enough to turn the head of the most sensible. These things happened to "The Wonder Girl of the Screen," Gladys Brockwell, who from the obscurity of the 10-20-30 dingy plush-backs rose to stellar heights the night Fox's "Honor System" was flashed on Broadway. Since that golden hour eight new productions have added to the fair Brooklynite's fame—her charming head is exactly the same size, whether posing for a magazine cover or chauffeuring the hay-rake on her California ranch.

PAGE

STAGE PLAYS THAT ARE WORTH WHILE 4
PITHY PARAGRAPHS FROM THE PACIFIC ..... *Antrim Arnold* 6
STAR-DUST FROM THE RIALTO. Up-to-the-minute stage notes ..... *Colgate Baker* 8
OUR GALLERY OF POPULAR PLAYERS. Gravure etchings of the screen's fairest and best 11-18
ANNETTE KELLERMANN. Photo-story of "The Queen of the Sea" 19
BIG MOMENTS FROM CURRENT STAGE PLAYS 20
THE TIGER MAN. A pulsating short-story of William S. Hart's latest screen adventure ..... *Gladys Hall* 22
EVERYTHING'S LOVELY. A studio afternoon with Marguerite Clayton ..... *Martha Groves McKelvie* 27
DÉCOLLETÊ. A more than bird's-eye revue of backs that have made the movies famous ..... *Peter Wade* 30
GODDESSES AND GRACES OF THE SCREEN. Bringing Venus, Hebe and company up to date 32
THE SIGNAL CODE OF THE HEART. As wigwagged by ..... *Mildred Manning* 34
PITY THE POOR ADVERTISING MAN. The novel confessions of a star's press booster ..... *Hector Ames* 35
MR. BIGGS PUTS IT OVER. Further steps in the career of a film potentate ..... *H. H. Van Loan* 39
THE LATEST FILM GOSSIP FROM LOS ANGELES. Illustrated with exclusive snaps ..... *Sylvester Fleming* 43
DOROTHY'S WAR STORY. Dorothy Gish's own story of her adventures in the war zone ..... *Fritzi Remont* 45
ALICE HERSELF. An up-to-date Declaration of Independence by "Brady's Daughter" ..... *Lillian Montanye* 47
CHATS WITH THE PLAYERS. Personal news that press-agents cant get.. *"The Stroller"* 49
THE CELLULOID CRITIC. An honest appraisal of the month's leading pictures ..... *Frederick James Smith.* 52
PLAYING AUDIENCE TO BESSIE LOVE'S CHORUS LADY. The Classic's Extra Girl puts in a tuneful and rip-roaring day ..... *Ethel Rosemon* 54
D'IRWIN NEMEROV'S FASHION PAGE 60
PHOTODRAMA IN THE MAKING. The soul-heart-and-brain stuff of a scenario ..... *Henry Albert Phillips* 65
ANSWER DEPARTMENT. Twisting the tail of the eternal question-mark ..... *The Answer Man* 68
KINGS AND QUEENS OF THE SCREEN CONTEST 71
BEHIND THE MAGIC DOOR. All the month's news in telegram length 76
PRESIDENT JAKE AND MANAGER SAM. The unintentional discovery of a Motion Picture star ..... *F. M. Wiltermood* 78

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GALLERY OF PHOTO PLAYERS

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DORIS KENYON

The girl who rose from an unknown but sweet-voiced chorister in Brooklyn to become a full-fledged star for Famous Players, shows the trend of the feministic movement by starting her own film company, De Luxe Pictures. Inquiries at the studio show that Miss Kenyon is now far advanced on her first offering, "The Street of Seven Stars," adapted from the wonderfully appealing novel by Mary Roberts Rhinehart.

ARTHUR GUY EMPEY

When Sergeant Empey produced his sketch, "The Diamond Palace Saloon," in a barn "somewhere in France," he never dreamt that less than a year afterwards he would be a Motion Picture star. Such is destiny. Vitagraph's presentation of "Over the Top," featuring its author, this forceful and adventurous young soldier, is the biggest military picture event of the season. Sergeant Empey is crazy to get another lunge at the Huns, and his Motion Picture will no doubt help to raise a new American army.

SYLVIA BREAMER

Playing leading-woman to William S. Hart and Charles Ray has brought its rewards to Sylvia Breamer. Altho this olive-skinned beauty hails from a frontier settlement in Australia, she has arrived in the American public's affections with the speed of a U-boat chaser. Miss Breamer has been selected by Commodore Blackton to play the leading rôle of his coming production, "Missing," from the famous novel by Mrs. Humphrey Ward.

© Witzel

VIRGINIA LEE CORBIN

This fluffy little emotionalist, who has winged her way into so many young and old hearts in picture versions of immortal fairy tales, is keeping up her remarkable career by producing a recent fascinating picture version of "Treasure Island." Little Francis Carpenter again shares the honors with Virgie, and Dame Rumor reports correctly that they will continue to play together thruout the balance of the year.

ALMA RUBEN

Less than six months of leading-lady for Douglas Fairbanks and William S. Hart was sufficient to graduate Alma Ruben into the star blue book, thereby adding another convent-bred girl to the screenic Pleiades. Her recent star offering for Triangle was "The Answer," followed by her current production, "The Love Brokers."

WEBSTER CAMPBELL

Beginning his third year with the Vitagraph Company, this handsome young man with collegiate inclinations but an irresistible gift for acting, begins a series of co-starring dramas with the beautiful Corinne Griffith. Their forthcoming presentation, "New York," or "Dangers Within," by Robert W. Chambers, strikes a stirring patriotic chord in response to the Teuton menace within the Empire State

FAY TINCHER

Putting a "star in stripes" was once this charming comédienne's hobby, and in her Keystone and Triangle days Miss Tincher ranked the highest and drest the loudest of the soubret stars. After a total eclipse of nearly twelve moons, this sprightly portrayer of frailties announces that she is building her own studio, wherein she will navigate her own film course.

RALPH KELLARD

After wooing his former sweetheart, the stage, in "The Eyes of Youth," Ralph Kellard, the perennial hero of Pathé serials, returns to the siren call of pictures and is playing opposite Irene Castle in "The Hillcrest Mystery," a drama whose note of appeal is America's urgent cry for ships.

"Queen of the Sea"

Annette Kellermann's Latest Dive Into Films

MERILLA, THE MERMAID, DISCOVERS THE DIVER

BY SLAYING THORN, THE PRINCE SAVES MERILLA AND THE PRINCESS

THE MERMAID'S DELIGHT IN DISCOVERING THAT SHE IS POSSESSED OF A SHAPELY PAIR OF LEGS

EVERY so often Annette Kellermann, the original diving Venus and exponent of the human form divine, does a great spectacle. True, it is thru the Fox lavish expenditure of greenbacks that the spectacle end of the film is provided, but it is Annette Kellermann who adds the real gold of her pulchritude and marvelous swimming and diving stunts to the gilt of trappings and surroundings.

As an initial splash, she gave us "Neptune's Daughter"; this was followed by the famous "A Daughter of the Gods," and now comes "The Queen of the Sea." Like its predecessors, "The Queen of the Sea" is a fairy story woven to fit the fair Annette's accomplishments. Briefly, it is the tale of Merilla, a mermaid who comes to earth, is changed into a human being, and then follow her adventures in this wicked world and her wooing and winning by a Prince Charming.

One look at these advanced photographs proves beyond the shadow of a doubt that Annette is as much a sylph of the sea as ever.

There have been many other claimants for the title of diving Venus, but no one has ever been able to equal the dauntless Australian.

"I dont like to wear clothes!" says Annette.

Neither would we, if——

MERILLA BECOMES THE CAPTIVE OF THORN

MERILLA IS PLACED IN THE TORTURE CHAMBER AND SURROUNDED WITH MOVING SWORDS

THE PRINCE GUARDS MERILLA FROM THORN

Big Moments from

Miss Ethel Barrymore, as Lady Cardonnell in "The Off Chance," discovers that Edward Emery, as Major Bagleigh, has been cheating at baccarat and has fleeced her son-in-law, the Duke of Burchester, out of a fortune.

All Photos © by White

Lou-Tellegen is the greatest matinée idol on which appeals more to the fair sex than that of regeneration. Lou-Tellegen is an idle addict to gone wrong. But he resolves to reform. The has deadened his moral sense is one of the uplift

This scene in "The Copperhead," at the Shubert Theater, is fraught with strong emotion and great issues, and it is superbly acted by Lionel Barrymore, in the title rôle of the play, and Doris Kenyon, who acts the rôle of the wife who cannot understand why her husband is apparently disloyal to the Union and makes her suffer.

No play of the season contains a scene which makes such a pathetic appeal as the closing incident of "The Little Teacher," at The Playhouse. Here, Mary Ryan, the beloved schoolmistress, is forced to give up to the real mother the kiddies she has adopted to save them from the cruelties inflicted on them by their supposed parents.

Current Stage Plays

Broadway today, and he has never had a rôle the artist in "Blind Youth." This is a play of absinthe, a habitué of the Quartier Latin, a genius moment when he puts aside the green poison that ing situations in a remarkably strong drama.

Faking sickness is the theme of "Sick-a-Bed," a farce of the "roar-g" variety, at the Gaiety. When medicine is forced down the throat the patient (Edward Nicander) by the attending physicians, Dallas elford and Charles E. Evans, the "hero" appeals in vain to Mary oland, who acts the rôle of the trained nurse.

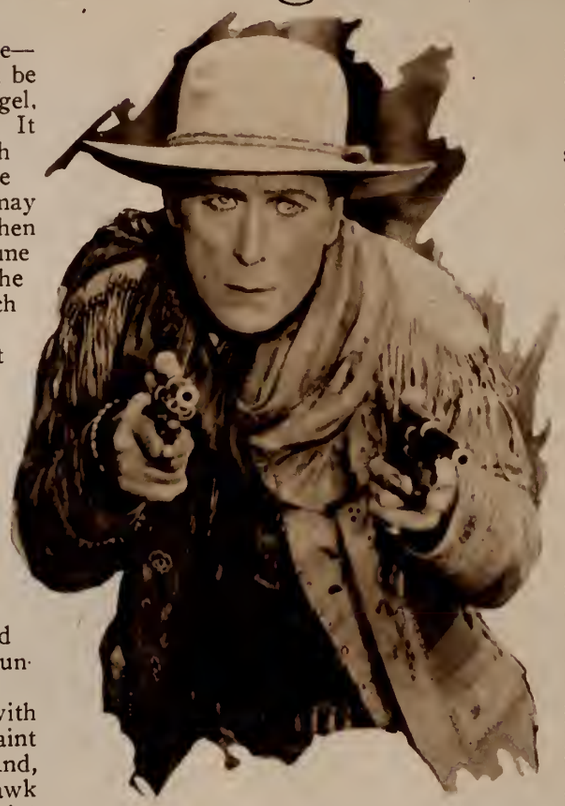
There are all kinds of love-making in modern comedy on the stage today, but there is none more sane and convincing than that of William Hodge, in "A Cure for Curables," at the Thirty-ninth Street Theater.

To find a beautiful young bride comfortably settled down to enjoy her honeymoon in your rooms on returning home after a short absence is calculated to give any young bachelor a shock. This is one of the amusing moments in "Oh, Lady! Lady!!" the latest musical-comedy of the new, intimate type, at the Princess Theater.

From the Paramount Film
THOMAS H. INCE Production

The Tiger Man

By GLADYS HALL



THEY say—whoever "they" may be—that in the breast of every man, be he mostly brute or mostly angel, there dwells a spark of the divine. It may be brought forth by the strength of a baby's weakness; it may be brought forth by a woman's eyes; it may come of itself in some moment when Nature is praying; it may never come at all. But it is *there*, waiting the potent touch. This is the story of such a man.

His name was Hawk Parsons, but he was better known as "The Tiger Man."

So far, he had been as elusive of arrest as the tiger-cat of the bait of man. No posse had been swift enough for him, no sheriff sufficiently wary. He had outdared, outwitted all in that lawless land who had given the chase to him, the most lawless of them all. Long and lean and grim and granite, he stood at bay—somber, untouched, unsoftened, totally apart.

"There aint no man could pal with Hawk Parsons," they said of him; "aint none of pardnership *to* him." And, "Aint a woman as could make Hawk Parsons sigh," they said; "woman aint born to dazzle that devil's eyes."

And then a woman came—one who did not dazzle his eyes, true. He had the plains and mountains to do that—the gorgeous banners of the westering skies, the foaming torrents of the uncurbed rivers—but one who, with a hand as timorous as a babe's, with a face as innocent as the white dawn's, reached down into his heart like the incense after prayer, and woke, oh! gently, gently, his spark of the divine.

In the early fifties, along about the time of the gold stampede, the Reverend Luke Ingram, a zealot and an ascetic, was moved by the might of God to join a westward wagon-train, to put the word of God into the lawless mouths of the lawless element which had flocked to the gold-fields. The Reverend Luke was very reverend indeed, and he took himself very intensely.

"There is work for me to do there," he told his wife; "strong evils follow the trail of gold—drink and lust and the love of these things. There"—here he shuddered—"there the word of God is never heard, save it is heard profanely. It is my call, Ruth, and I must go." Privately Ruth feared for the zealot, with a soul like fine flame, but a face like a pale ascetic's, and a constitution to match his face. But, still more, she believed in him—believed him to be *inspired;* believed in his ability to bring erring sheep back into the fold. Of course, the gold-seekers in the Far West could hardly be called "sheep"; wolves were more like; and still——

And so they made ready, the Reverend Luke and his young wife.

And so, too, they came to the fate of many of their predecessors and many of their followers. Their wagon-train lost its way; their water supply gave out; and they found themselves, a small and stricken group, staring with fast-protruding eyes at a pitiless sky, an endless and endless eternity of sand, and some grotesque clumps of cactus.

For a while there was prayer, led by the still inspired Rev. Luke. Then, before the dry, dread

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Hawk Parsons.....William S. Hart
Ruth Ingram.....Jane Novak
Indian Agent.....Milton Ross
Rev. Luke Ingram.....Robert Lawrence
Sandy Martin, Sheriff...Charles French

SHE WAS THE KIND TO FOLLOW HER MATE TO THE ENDS OF THE EARTH

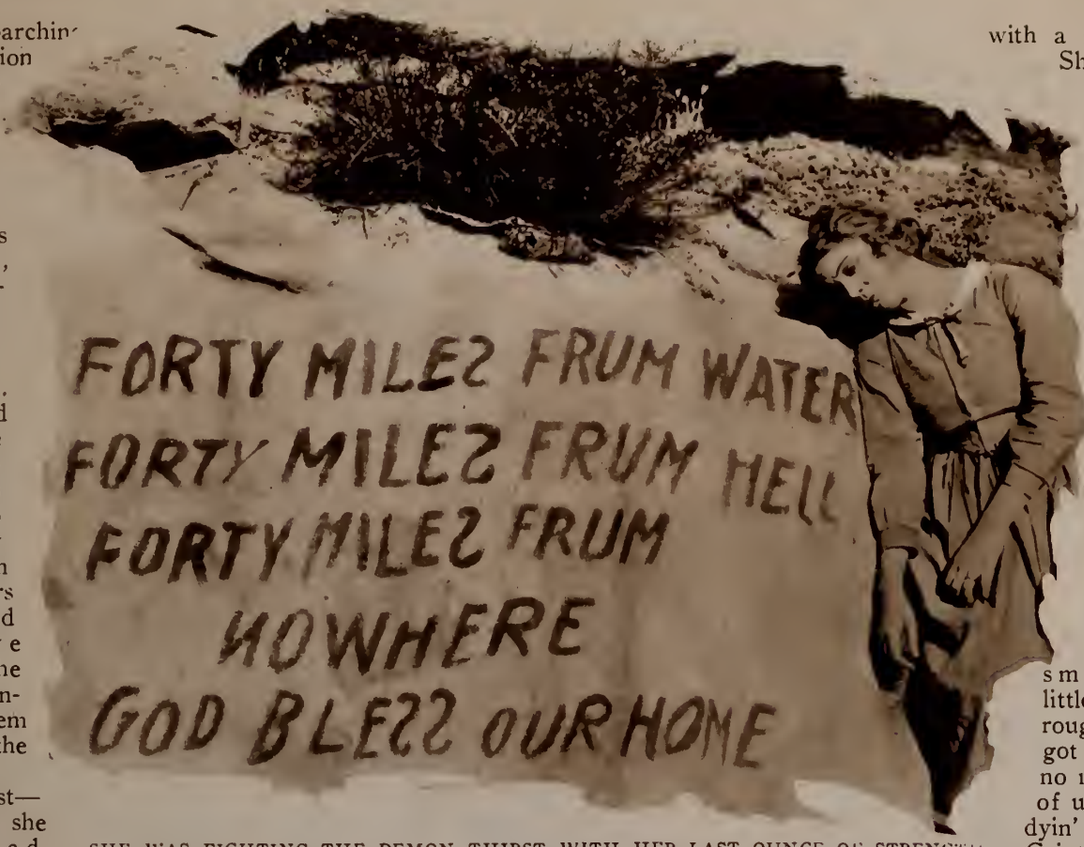
torture of parching thirst, inspiration—even the inspiration of God—died out. Only gasping—choking—tearing at one's throat—fever, and then delirium, was left. There came some nightmare hours. The Reverend Luke was the first to succumb, and this fact added to the already compact burden of Ruth's fears that he would never survive the hardships he must face—if indeed *any* of them ever survived the present one.

"But he must—oh, he *must*," she half-gasped, half-sobbed to a woman who sat by her with unseeing eyes, rocking, with a ghastly monotony, a feverish, moaning child; "none of us matter, you see—just *him*. He has the word of God to give—as no one else has *ever* had. He is so—so—wonderful. There are souls out there—just at the edge of—this—souls so black—so steeped in sin—and he—*he* can save them. So none of us *do* matter, you see. If there should come only a little—water—we must all—give it—to him——"

Ruth wet her cracked, parched lips with a straining effort. She felt as tho, if she could not revive her exhausted spirits with the stimulant of her own words, she, too, would succumb to the mounting, feeding fever—and then—where might *he* be—with his Christly message—his pure salvation from sin?

The woman looked at her in the glaring noonlight, and her terrible lips moved in a terrible smile. "You're a little fool," she said, roughly. "Gawd aint got no use of *him*—no more of the rest of us. Aint my kid dyin' at my breast? Caint tell *me*."

Ruth stared at her. "God is good," she murmured, holding



SHE WAS FIGHTING THE DEMON THIRST WITH HER LAST OUNCE OF STRENGTH

RUTH WAS THE LAST TO DRINK; AND HAWK TOOK A GRIM PRIDE IN HER

to the clean garment of her unsullied faith with each one of her flagging senses. Then she crawled again to his side and bent above him, stroking his brow with her hot, still tender palm, murmuring to him out of her swollen throat. Small wonder *he* had marvelous faith in God.

Fate moves, sometimes, in circles—

sort of likes to play tag with herself and see who is "it." That morning—the very morning that the little band of emigrants abandoned hope, and the Rev. Luke abandoned his senses for the far fields of delirium—Hawk Parsons was brought to bay at last by the Federal troops in conjunction with the posse headed by the sheriff, Sandy Martin.

On the night of that day Hawk made his sensational escape—still a matter of history in that particular section of the West. "Aint been here since Hawk made his get-away" is vernacular out there. It was simply a matter of Hawk, with his five outlaws, holding up the sheriff and his men when food was brought to them for their evening meal. They knew where their horses were; and before the stunned sheriff came back to earth and his wits again Hawk and his five were making for the lostnesses of the desert.

But Hawk was never "lost." Certainly not in the desert, of which he was a veritable compass, and could have been an invaluable guide.

Many a party, prone and dying with thirst, have found themselves gazing into the grim, terrible face of a giant of a man—have held out despairful hands to the small, keen eyes looking down into their faces, and have seen him shake his head, mutter "carrion" and speed away, like a black wind, presager of their deaths.

It was the dawn of the following day that Hawk Parsons and his five came into view of the particular wagon-train containing the Reverend Luke — and Ruth.

His first glimpse of them was of Ruth, leaning against a giant boulder, on which was painted in fierce, large letters the optimistic legend: "Forty miles frum water —forty miles frum hell—forty miles frum nowhere—God Bless Our Home." At his first glimpse of her, Hawk drew up and motioned his followers to do likewise. He was near enough to see that she was fighting—fighting the demon Thirst with every last ebbing source in her fragile, indomitable body. It wasn't so much the fight of her body that wiped away that cruel twist to the thin lips of the Tiger Man—it was *twin* stuff—such stuff as he had ken of that made his eyes open and dilate. Here was a woman—here was a *mate*. No trumpery here. No dance-hall bawdry. This was the stuff of his heart. He couldn't see what she looked like, save that she was dark and slender and somehow appealingly graceful. He didn't care what she *looked* like—that was well enough for the fools in the towns. He cared for the fight she was making—for the ministering tenderness of her as she turned from the rock and drooped over the others, doing Hawk could not tell what. He could tell, tho, that some of those others would bleach on that desert, long past all pangs and pains.

Long and long ago, when Hawk had been a lean, fierce, restless boy, a mother whom he had, also fiercely and leanly, adored, had played his father dirt mean. A man from the town . . . a prospector . . . his father had shot the man thru his skull, and strangled the life out of his mother's pretty, too soft throat. Hawk had been glad. She deserved it. That was Hawk. Ever after he had despised women. He had gauged them all by that one woman, with her soft throat—and her low-down game. He had no other code.

But this woman—she was doing battle with death—*mean* death—and she was doing it gamely.

Hawk turned to the perplexed and scowling five. "Come on, boys," he said; "we give that woman the water from the buckboard team."

There was time to save many of them. Ruth was the last to drink; and Hawk took a grim pleasure in seeing her hold out to the end. He took something rather more than pleasure in the look on her face when he turned to the five and said, also grimly, "Boys, you-all scoot for yourselves. I'll take the chance on Sandy and guide this bunch out of the desert myself. Aint never gone none out of my way, and think I'll deal myself a new hand, for the sport of the thing."

"I'LL TAKE THE CHANCE ON SANDY AND GUIDE THIS BUNCH OUT OF THE DESERT MYSELF"

"Oh, you are *good!*" Ruth Ingram took his great, horny hand in hers and raised her white, staunch face to his.

"No, ma'am"—Hawk drew his hand from hers, and felt, for the first time in his calloused, defiant life, the thrill of a woman quicken his blood to soft fever. The chase, bloodshed, loot, murder—these thrills, yes. But never just . . .

this . . . before . . . this . . . Gawd-a'mighty, what *was* it, anyhow? No, ma'am," Hawk said again, " 'taint that."

Hawk showed less kindness to the men of the wagon-train. "You poor rats," he addressed them, scornfully, "you let a woman tend you—ought to let you stay and bleach along with some of your pards. But come along, get busy and we'll be moving. Get to blazes out o' there, you son of a gun!" he yelled at Connor Moore, a loud-voiced ward-heeler, who had, somehow or other, secured an appointment as Indian agent for a Western reservation; "out here," he yelled again at the still shaking man, "we men totes first for the women. Give this woman and babe your seat."

The woman, erstwhile conversationalist with Ruth, stared listlessly at Hawk. "I'll climb along," she announced, apathetically. "Like as not I'll leave the—the baby—he's—dead——"

The wagon-train got under way and made good progress until nightfall. Then Hawk ordered a halt. "I haven't any night eyes," he announced; "here we stay."

The Reverend Luke was well enough to hold a brief prayer-meeting before the exhausted emigrants—or the survivors thereof—turned in, and during it Hawk Parsons stood apart, his cynical, narrow eyes on the fervently uplifted face of Ruth Ingram. He must have known then, in that moment of the illumination of her prayer, that he could never have her of her own volition. And that was bad. She was the only woman Hawk had ever wanted. And he wanted her—well, he *wanted* her—even as the tiger, stalking and resistless, wants his mate.

"I'm goin' to *have* you, too," he muttered, as he watched beside the wagon-train thruout the night; "I'm goin' to have you—'cause I *got* to. Just *have*."

With the arrival of the rose-golden sun arrived also a small band of Indians—small, but fighting mad. They attacked, and Hawk Parsons, putting ginger into the others, attacked back. Thanks to Hawk, the repulse was successful. The Indians retreated. When they had gone, Hawk caught a glimpse of a troop of cavalry in the distance. Evidently the troop had not seen the wagon-train, or, if it had, had not thought it in need of assistance, and had moved on. The Indians, spying the cavalry, had retreated until the troop was beyond recalling.

Connor Moore first saw the disappearing troop. "Light a beacon!" he called, excitedly. "Light a beacon, for God's sake! If they come, we're saved — saved — from Indians — from the desert—from all of it! A beacon—a beacon——"

BOTH CAPTOR AND CAPTIVE WATCHED THE DEPARTING WAGON-TRAIN

The men in the party began running to and fro. The Reverend Ingram, still weak from the strain and the fever, fainted. Then Hawk Parsons stepped forward and, a creature hewn magnificently from granite, raised his hand. "I'm guidin' this here load," he proclaimed, "and it's this way, puttin' it brief: if you light that beacon the troop'll come back and take you along with them into the town. You'll be safe—safe from everything. If you dont light the beacon the Indians'll be on us again. We're short of shot—they'll probably get us good. You cant light that beacon—*unless*"—here he turned and caught the dark eyes of Ruth Ingram fiercely, dominantly with his own—"unless Ruth Ingram comes with—*me*," he said.

From the scant dozen huddled together a babel of tongues arose: "Go with him, Ruth!" "Remember what you say—only *he* matters!" "For Gawd's sake, Ruth, save us, save us!" . . . Ruth Ingram did not speak. Her white face was whiter than the white wing of an angel. Her eyes burned with the fanatical fire of the early martyrs. She looked over to the wagon where the Reverend Luke lay unconscious. The Reverend Luke—and the saving of many souls. And he had said it . . . their sins were as scarlet . . . suppose she refused . . . suppose the Indians killed him . . . before he fulfilled his most glorious mission . . . God, God, that must not be!

What was *she* to that? What need had God of *her?*

The group intensified their appeals to her, standing there in the dawning, stricken and mute.

Hawk Parsons silenced them. "Be still, swine!" he snarled; "she must come of her own will."

Ruth Ingram raised her sorrowful, reproachful eyes to his. "I will go with you," she said, and under her sobbing breath she murmured, "Oh, Father, he knows not what he does."

Hawk Parsons did not wait to see about the beacon. Connor Moore was already attending to that. He had swung the limp girl to his saddle, and was making away into the desert to the shack that he called home.

And as he felt the strong body of his horse beneath him—felt the soft warmth

of the girl in front of him—Hawk Parsons tasted the bitter-sweet of Paradise. He held her the more tightly, and felt a strong shudder shake her slight body from crown of her dusky head to tip of her weary feet. And a cynical smile twisted at his mouth. "Women," he muttered, "bah! . . ." But he did not believe himself. And he knew that he did not. And a fear came upon him—the first fear he had ever felt; a fear of *pain*—the pain this weak, white thing could bring to him—such a pain as was growing up now, close about his heart—a pain that only her lips could ease—her lips on his—*of her own free will.* Here, then, was something he could not have. Her mouth, yes . . . her driven arms about him; but the spirit of those lips . . . *he wanted that.* Once in his hut, and released from the immediate pressure of the desperado's arms, Ruth swooned. Hawk laid her in his bunk, and stood looking down at her. Then he looked at his own hands—great, sinewy, powerful. He looked at her white throat where her pulse beat fast and eager. He looked at her childish mouth, her dark, shut eyes, her slenderness.

"Hawk Parsons," he muttered, "you're a stinkin' cur; but, Gawda'mighty, how you want her!"

When she came to, he was gone. Over her hung a short, sharp knife, and this she made a swift grab for. Hawk came in just in time to save her from slashing open her white throat and spilling over his shanty floor her martyred blood. He sat on the edge of the bunk, then, and forced her back. "Tell me," he commanded, "why you cant stay here with me. I'm a *man.* I'll play straight cards—for you. I never wanted any woman in all my life before. I've never touched a woman—only you. I want you—hell and all! I stole you! I'll keep you! Ruth, cant you learn to *want* to stay? I'll be good to you—I'll . . ."

The girl was looking at him in sheer, sick horror. "I'm *married,*" she explained, "to the—the Reverend Luke Ingram. I . . . why, I belong to . . . him. I—I'd never—never belong to any man but *him.* I . . ."

"You love this here—sky-pilot?"

"He is my husband. Of course. And he is to be a great savior of souls. That is why I came with you." Tears filled the dark eyes, and her voice, breaking, continued with an effort. "You see," she explained, "it's everything to me—his mission. He is appointed by God. No greater evil could befall than that harm should come to him before his mission is fulfilled. I—I do not matter—so much. There must be some sacrifices to—achieve—great ends. Perhaps I shall go to—hell—unless—you—let me go. But—he will go on—and on. And that is best."

"You sacrifice your hopes of heaven—for that?"

"Of course. I have faith."

"And you never—*never* could *want* to—stay? Never be—my—woman?"

"Dont—oh, please dont—say such—wicked, dreadful things to me. Luke is—my husband. I am his wedded wife. It is a sacrament."

SHE HAD BROUGHT THE FIRST TOUCH OF TENDERNESS INTO HIS IRON BREAST

"Ruth—do you—like me?"

"I—thought you were good."

"That is all you cared about?"

"That is all that matters, Mr. Hawk. Just—the glory of the Lamb."

And then all at once the Tiger Man was down on his unaccustomed knees; he had the hem of her torn gown in his hands—and he was kissing it.

"I aint never going to be able to forget you," he muttered, brokenly. "Not for as long as I live and breathe. This pain I feel around my heart and lungs is going to grow and grow. In books—they call it—love. I swore at it once—

(*Continued on page 77*)

"Every Thing's Lovely"

As far as Marguerite Clayton is Concerned Says Martha Groves McKelvie

IF there's one thing on earth I honestly enjoy more than another it's eating crackers after I've gone to bed.

Take a rainy spring night, for instance, when you've loaned your rubbers and umbrella to the neighbors and have to go to bed to keep warm. Now then, pile your pillows high, light your reading light or candle, get a MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC and a box of crackers and "pile in."

You'll be surprised to find what a nice, comfy time you can have of it.

All the time you're reading of Bill Hart's achievements and Theda Bara's conquests and envying 'em, you can cheerily munch crackers.

Of course if you have a roommate, "munching" isn't so much fun. Roommates are cranky things at times. Mine sits up in bed on cracker nights and yells, "For heaven's sake, Martha, quit eating out loud!"

Now, I think that's unreasonable of her, dont you? It'd be different if Peggy had to sleep with me, but she has a bed of her own, and the cracker crumbs I spill cant bother her a bit.

Of course, eating crackers needn't be a noisy process, but I think it's fun to listen to 'em.

Sam Jones said once, "It isn't *what* you do, but the *way* you do it."

I dont know whether Sam meant us to apply that to the "looks of things" or to the "fun of things."

Peggy says that Sam meant, "It isn't what you do that makes you attractive or unattractive, but the way you do it."

I'm inclined to think that "it isn't *what* you do that gets the most fun out of livin', but it is the way you do things."

For instance, eating a cracker isn't any special joy, but eating 'em out loud, being just as plebeian as possible about it, makes it a privilege.

I know a girl that I always think of when this saying of Sam Jones' comes to my mind.

It's Marguerite Clayton. Do you know her? Well, she's the kind of a girl

MARGUERITE CLAYTON

who would not only approve of the cracker habit, but would probably join you in a box.

I went out to the Essanay studio to see her recently. I trailed her thru halls where signs were posted that read: "Ladies Will Please Use Halls on First Floor in Going to and from Dressing-rooms. This Hall Reserved for Men." This didn't apply to me, of course, because I wasn't going "to and from" any dressing-room.

I finally traced Miss Clayton to the studio proper and found her in the midst of a scene.

A director was on guard and ordered Marguerite to enter from the kitchen, where she was supposed to have been making biscuits. Marguerite entered, much to her "high-brow" sister's disgust, and shook hands with sister's beau (Edward Arnold).

She was quite unmindful of the dough on her hands, the flour on her nose and the pan of biscuits she carried. In her impulsive way and quite without direction from "out front," Marguerite went the scenario one better in the real taking of the scene by holding the pan of biscuits to her side with her elbow in order to have both hands free to give to Edward. This immaculate gentleman wasn't especially pleased, and was, be it known, a little "stuck up." He marched over and offered to shake hands with me. I didn't want to get the "dough" mixed up with my writing (they never go together), so I told Edward I'd shake later.

I sat, during the making of two scenes, by the side of a woman who should be sent out as Miss Clayton's press-agent. She asked me every moment or two if I didn't think Miss Clayton "just lovely," and I answered regularly that I "just did!" Marguerite Clayton is much loved and especially by the people with whom she works. I couldn't help but wonder how she accomplished it, for it is conceded—is it not?—that it is the exception and not the rule for one player to boost another. I soon discovered that it was not *what* she did that made people love her, but the *way* she did things.

When she had disposed of the biscuits and washed her hands she came over and sat down by me. She eyed me with wide, blue, childlike eyes from head to foot. "It's lovely of you to come out today," she exclaimed, and, to the girl with me, "My, your eyes are lovely! They'd photograph beautifully."

I mentioned the time Miss Clayton had spent with Gilbert M. Anderson in pictures. She told me how "lovely" Mr. Anderson was to her in her first work, and, following her career on down, explained that every one she had ever known had been "lovely" to her.

There's the secret of her popularity in a nutshell. It is not so much that she says the world is "lovely." Her charm lies in honestly and truly *believing* that it is.

I had always supposed that Marguerite was related to Ethel Clayton, but she explained that this, to her regret, was a mistake. "If you ever see Ethel Clayton," she enthused, "tell her that I just love her! She's quite my ideal, and I think her one of the greatest actresses of the day. She's just lovely!"

She went on to tell me that a bunch of the girls were going "real ice" skating that night and finished the recital of their plans with "I just love skating!" I told her that it seemed to me she "just loved" everything and everybody. Her blue eyes opened wide in surprise. "Why, I *do!*" she exclaimed.

Now then, tell me. If you met a girl—a tiny girl—with lovely yellow hair, a rose-leaf complexion (real), teeth that vied with pearls and eyes of the skies' azure, and she assured you that the world was "lovely," all the people in it were "lovely" and you especially, *what* would you do? Here's betting you'd fall deeply and devotedly in love with her, and, just as Martha did, go away wondering whether it was *what* she said and did or the *way* she said and did things that made you her everlasting slave.

She's awfully strong for the "kiddies," and all the newsboys know her as a "right good pal." She's a sure-enough bathing girl, a yacht fan, lives at the Edgewater Beach Hotel in Chicago and is constantly in the water.

Miss Clayton recently joined the Illinois Citizens' Unit, an organization which aids soldiers in every way. Among her duties will be sewing and writing letters to certain guardsmen at the front. Lucky guardsmen! She was one of the stellar attractions at the big movie convention in Chicago, and, unlike most celebrities, does not find such a convention a bore. Just listen to her! "I adore convention crowds!" she says. "They squeeze your hand until you nearly scream with pain; they jam around you, stepping on your toes and dragging you to and fro until, when it's over, your body is a mass of bruises and aches, and they make you talk until your vocal cords are threadbare—but, just the same, I adore them! You see, we of the screen world rarely, if ever, have an opportunity to meet those to whom we owe so much of our success. If it were not for the exhibitors, our pictures could not be shown; and if it were not for our fans, there would be no incentive for showing them.

"Therefore to these two—the exhibitor and the patron—the picture star is greatly indebted for the measure of success he or she has obtained.

"The convention gave me an opportunity to meet both and tell them how much I appreciated their aid to me. Believe me, it was with genuine pleasure that I was drawn into the jam and surge of the crowds and talked until my voice could no longer hold out.

"And do you know many of the people remembered my first appearances with Mr. Anderson and asked me about him and the West. I thought it remarkable and lovely that they should. I adore the West and the plains and the horses. Perhaps because it is my home—I was born in Ogden, Utah, you know—but also because I had my first wonderful initiation into the picture world out there in California. Did you ever hear how I happened to go into the movies?"

I shook my head negatively and held my breath for fear of interrupting her reminiscent train of thought.

"My mother had been on the stage and I was very ambitious to follow in her footsteps, and I was wondering how I should ever get an opening, when I happened to see an advertisement that Mr. G. M. Anderson of the Essanay Company had just opened a studio at Niles, Cal., and wanted girls for photoplay work. I wrote him and sent my photograph. A few days later he told me to

MARGUERITE CLAYTON

come on and try. My salary wasn't much to begin with, but I was happy to get a start, and after several small parts I was given a lead.

"Never was I so frightened. I'll never forget it. However, my part was emotional. So you see my pounding heart and trepidation was really a help rather than a hindrance. After my scene was over Mr. Anderson said, 'Your work was fine, Miss Clayton; you show that you can put feeling into it.' Feeling! I should think I did put feeling into it. If I had had to be calm and composed I never could have done it. Since then, by experience, of course, I have learnt to control my emotions so as to give the right emphasis to my parts, and many of them have been difficult ones. My Western rôles were outdoor girls, and my crudeness of acting was not so noticeable in that informal atmosphere; but here, in Chicago, everything is changed—you cannot be a mountain lioness in a drawing-room, you know—and clothes, manners, etiquet, all have to be given careful consideration. You must feel as deeply, but not express it so openly.

"I just love it here in Chicago, and I like my new plays ever so much. They give me larger opportunities, but it always pleases me when people ask me about the early Niles days. Maybe because, like a first love, they are dear unto me yet. And here's a big surprise—in a few weeks I'm going back to the Coast again, and with a new company, Paralta.

"But there, I've taken you a long way from the convention, anyway. I wish there was a convention every day in the week. I just think they're lovely!"

I'll bet you a box of crackers (and they are now nine cents a box) that Marguerite Clayton is one of the most homey, unconventional, human and lovable girls on the screen. What'll you bet?

A GIRL OF EXQUISITE PINK, BLUE AND GOLDEN TINTS

Décolleté—A Revue

"DONT turn your back to the audi tion; and "Dont turn your —that is, if you haven't the a back was not considered at all ex termined entrance showing only the way. Nowadays, with the French a meaning of its own. To turn the out a new shade of meaning; the are the exclamation points of expres the neophyte used to wail, but now way into fame equally as well.

Marie Wayne's back is just as alert as her piquant face.
© White

"The back is everything!", says Lina Cavalieri, and she ought to know

Flora Finch says, "I consider that Julian Eltinge's back is a steal on mine."

Alma Ruben's back would pass in Boston Back Bay society.

"The back is the mirror of nature," quotes Helen Ferguson.

Charlie Murray thinks that Mary Thurman's shoulders should be one of the sight-seeing stops in Los Angeles.

Edna Goodrich swears by the jeweled, open-faced back.

(Thirty)

# of Famous Backs

ence" is the moss-grown stage admoni-
back to the camera" applies just as well
back. In the twilight years of pictures
pressive—décolleté always made a de-
front panorama, and retired the same
shrug in fashion, every little back has
back upon the camera is but to bring
dimples and contours of famous backs
sion. "If I only had a camera face!"
with a camera back she can shrug her

"This is the best bare-back imitation I have," says little Mary McAlister.

"The vampire back should tell everything," counsels Theda, "and take nothing back."

Chester Conklin states that backs are great insect attracters.

© Witzel L. A.
Clara Williams' back is a camera post-graduate.

Mary Garden confesses that she could not say "La, la!" unless she brought her back with her.

"Why doesn't camouflage conceal the back?" asks Jewel Carmen.

Kitty Gordon's back set is always the niftiest piece of scenery in the studio.

When asked if she objected to this back close-up, Virginia Valli cried, "Not a tulle!"

Goddesses and Graces

MARY PICKFORD

PSYCHE (THE SOUL)—MARY PICKFORD

Soul of the silver screen, pure white and strong, with rainbow-tinted wings of art and fancy which carry her to the sublime heights of dramatic excellence.

FLORA (THE FLOWERS)—MAY ALLISON

Golden as the daffodil, her hair; blue as the violet, her eyes; red as the rose, her lips; white as the lily, her throat; truly, she is Flora, the Goddess of the Flowers.

AURORA (THE MORNING)—HAZEL DAWN

As invigorating as the freshness of the morning, and as full of its rose-and-gold beauty, she presents a glorious picture to all who behold her.

IRIS (THE RAINBOW)—MARGARITA FISCHER

As Iris, the messenger of the gods, was noted for her swiftness, so she is noteworthy for her lightning change of characterizations, each as beautiful and brilliant as the one before, yet different in its color.

HEBE (YOUTH)—MARY MILES MINTER

Youth, and the bloom of health; spring, and the joy of life; hope, and the fire of

GRACE VALENTINE

VIOLET

GRACE DARMOND

© Sarony MAY ALLISON

of the Screen

By HAZEL M. HUTCHINSON

MERSEREAU

GRACE CUNARD

MARY MILES MINTER

MARGARITA FISCHER

HAZEL DAWN

enthusiasm; she is all this and more: Hebe, a daughter of the gods.

PERSEPHONE (VEGETATION)—VIOLET MERSEREAU

Barren, indeed, would be the screen without the bloom of this exquisite bit of vegetation, the violet. And she brings her characters to life with all the vigor and strength of the re-creation of spring.

The Three Graces—Splendor, Pleasure, Joy

AGLAIA (SPLENDOR)—GRACE DARMOND

Art, eloquence and poetry, a-gleam with the splendor of her personality, unite in making her a most splendid "Grace."

THALIA (PLEASURE)—GRACE CUNARD

Wisdom, charm and bravery combine to make her the personification of Pleasure to all those whose privilege it is to witness her on the screen.

EUPHROSYNE (JOY)—GRACE VALENTINE

Youth and beauty, with a soul consecrated to Art, this "Grace" is a veritable "joy forever."

The Signal Code of the Heart

Posed by

MILDRED MANNING

© Lumière

DISDAIN

PENITENCE

© Lumière

GRIEF

TWIXT FEAR AND FURY

A PLEA FOR MERCY

COQUETRY

DUBIOUS NEWS

EXPECTANCY

© Lumière

MEMORIES

SEASONED WITH HOME CHEER

Pity the Poor Advertising Man

By HECTOR AMES

© Hartsook

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS

THE life of an advertising man is never a life of ease. There is always something doing in his existence to tear more hair out of his head or add an extra touch of white to the few hairs that remain. But chasing want ads on a metropolitan daily, or pleasing all the department heads of a big department-store in the daily ad copy, is a veritable sinecure compared with the job of getting by as a Motion Picture advertising man.

And why is the rôle of Motion Picture advertising man so difficult to play?

Listen, my friends, and you shall hear.

It's the stars—bless 'em!—the petted, pampered favorites of the hero-worshipping public, who stir up most of the trouble for the poor advertising man and make him spend sleepless nights tossing in mental agony. It's the stars and those lesser luminaries, the near-stars and the featured players, who make life such a tempestuous thing for the men in the advertising departments of the producing companies.

Here's a sample of the trouble:

REEL No. 1

Big movie star has a slack day at the studio. Decides to call on the advertising manager of the company. Does so. Sees new lithographs for his new forthcoming production hanging on the wall in the advertising department. Looks at them intently. Dark clouds drop over his face. Dashes from room, muttering beneath his breath.

REEL No. 2

Star returns to advertising department, accompanied by the general manager of concern.

Star points dramatically at the lithographs.

"Look at 'em," he says.

General manager looks.

"They look good to me," responds the general manager. "They have gotten a perfect likeness of you."

"Oh, drat the likeness!" yells the star. "Look at the billing!" (The "billing," it might be explained, is the lettering that appears on the lithographs.) "Look at the billing! It's a clear violation of my contract!"

"Whadda ya mean — violation of your contract?" queries the G. M., becoming somewhat miffed.

"My contract says that no one is to be starred above me or co-starred with me. Look at that author's name—it's in the same size type as my name!"

General manager looks at star in amazement.

"Why, that author is one of the most famous men in the entire world. His name is one of the biggest selling points we have had in a long time. You ought to be proud to appear in a picture made from his book, let alone getting sore about a little thing like that."

Star—"I've got a right to get sore! My contract is violated! I'm going to see my attorney."

REEL No. 3

Star does see attorney. Litigation and trouble results. G. M. says to advertising manager: "That's your fault. You oughta known better than that. You oughta know every one of our contracts by heart!"

The contract which this particular

© White

MARY PICKFORD

star had (and the above is an actual report of something that actually took place) was nine pages long, closely typewritten! Among the things that it specified was that the star's name was to be mentioned in the biggest-size type used in the billing for the lithographs, all positive film, all press matter, slides, newspaper-cuts and all publicity and advertising matter issued on any play that he participated in. As all the other stars and near-stars and featured players also have contracts containing stipulations along this line, it can readily be seen what a task it would be to memorize them all.

Many of the Motion Picture advertising managers have a card system on which they have the principal points of all star contracts tabulated in handy form. By constantly referring to these cards, they manage to drill along without entirely losing their minds.

Imagine what a task it is when two stars, a near-star and several featured players appear in the same picture, to reconcile all the individual contracts and players in the advertising matter!

© De Gaston

HAROLD LOCKWOOD

Many Motion Picture advertising managers are firmly convinced that the only way a star can be thoroly satisfied is by having the advertising matter contain only the star's name and the name of the play in which he appears—the star's name to be in type ten feet high and the name of the play in type about a quarter of an inch high. But even this would probably not satisfy many stars for the reason that they would want this caption to appear directly under their name: "The World's Great, Most Famous and Most Popular Motion Picture Star! The Star Who Made Motion Pictures Popular!"

If the foregoing were the only troubles that the Motion Picture advertising man is up against, life would not be so very hard, at that.

But the above is merely the beginning.

At the last minute before a picture is released and all the advertising matter has been prepared and sent to the engraver's and the printer's and the lithographer's, it is customary for the general manager to change the title of the play, or to re-engage some one of the actors appearing in the production at an increased salary and under a new and more complicated contract.

© Witzel

MABEL NORMAND

This step, of course, means that the work must be recalled, the "billing" changed and the whole thing sent back and gotten out at express speed. Even then, a couple of days before the release date, it is not uncommon for the powers that be to desire another change made in the title or in the style and type used for the names of the players.

Right here it might be wise to explain the methods of "starring," "co-starring" and "featuring" players.

When an actor is a star his name appears in the advertising matter like this:

The Blank Film Company
presents
PREMIER BONEHEAD
in
"The Troubles of an Advertising Man."

If another player is to be co-starred the "billing" reads like this:

The Blank Film Company
presents
PREMIER BONEHEAD
MISS ALMA DITTO
in
"The Troubles of an Advertising Man."

If the two players are to be co-starred and another player featured the "billing" reads this way:

The Blank Film Company
presents
PREMIER BONEHEAD
MISS ALMA DITTO
in
"The Troubles of an Advertising Man,"
with Ann Ivoribean

Sometimes players who are not stars or near-stars are, nevertheless, mentioned in the advertising matter. In such cases this is the "billing":

The Blank Film Company
presents
PREMIER BONEHEAD
MISS ALMA DITTO
in
"The Troubles of an Advertising Man,"
with Ann Ivoribean
Cast including Andrew Tuffnut and
Violet Valencennes

Of course, no one outside the theatrical profession knows what all these hair-splitting distinctions mean, but they are body and soul and meat and drink to all actors, and particularly Motion Picture actors, because Motion Picture actors appear in a new production about once in every six weeks, while legitimate actors appear in a new production about once a year. So the movie actors have just that much more opportunity to kick on the "billing."

Every Motion Picture advertising man can tell tales by the hour of the difficulties he has had with his company's stars and near-stars.

Here are a few such stories, and they

are all true, and are about prominent stars whose names would be recognized by every picture fan in the country:

A certain feature was very late in completion. Even up to a short time before the release date the camera-man had not stopped turning the crank on the picture, and it became necessary for the advertising department to grind out the advertising matter without seeing the completed product. The department's office-boy was given the lay-out for a page ad about the picture which was to be used in one of the film trade-papers, and was told to hustle it to the engraver. In the elevator the boy was spied by one of the players in the picture who had been to the office making a roar about not getting enough publicity. This player caught a glimpse of the copy, caught it out of the boy's hand and, upon seeing that his name was not displayed in the size type that he thought proper, tore the lay-out to bits and threw the scraps on the floor of the car. He also "walked out" of the picture—that is, refused to complete his job in that particular production, unless his name were played up the way he thought it should be. This actor got what he wanted, but it kept a whole advertising department at work three nights until 12 o'clock to make the changes.

One of the most prominent feminine stars registered a rather unusual kick one day. "I see," she said, "that all this new paper" (lithographs are called "paper")—"all this new paper you are getting out has the name of the company played up in much larger type than my name. My contract distinctly states that no one shall be starred over me. By putting the name of the company in bigger type than my name you are starring every one in the company over me and you are, therefore, violating my contract. It must be stopped at once." She got what she wanted.

A certain feminine star held a contract with a company under which the company was permitted to co-star with her any male star of equal standing in the industry. The male star was picked for her partner and everything went well until the feminine star developed a violent antipathy for the male star. She tried various means of ejecting him from his position as co-star with her, and finally went to the head of the producing company with this complaint: "My contract says that you can co-star a man star of equal standing in the industry with me. This man is of much less standing than me. He gets only about seventy-five letters a week from people who like him, while I get an average of two hundred!" Rather than fight it out with her the producing company dispensed with the services of the male star and secured another man to be co-starred with her.

MAY ALLISON

J. W. KERRIGAN

An effort was being made by a producing company to put its pictures into the best and newest Motion Picture theater of a large middle-western city. The advertising manager of the company found that one of the actors under contract to the concern came from this city. So he conceived that it would be an effective bit of advertising to have a photograph taken of the company's biggest feminine star shaking hands with this young man—who was only an obscure player—and send this photograph to some paper in the city with a write-up about the man, telling of his appearance in the company's pictures and of the feminine star congratulating him upon appearing in them. The advertising man figured that this would be of great aid in securing the desired theater's account, as the photograph would stir up the interest of the townspeople in the doings of their fellow townsman and make them want to see the pictures in which he appeared. The advertising manager sent a request to the studio for the desired photograph. When the feminine star

was told what it was for and was asked to pose for it, she promptly refused. "What do you think I am?" she cried, vigorously. "I'm a big star and this fellow is just a minor player. It would hurt my standing if I were to pose for a photograph like that and let it go out in the way you want it to. It would degrade me. Most certainly I wont do it!" And she didn't, and the company failed to get its pictures in the theater.

Quite frequently the bigger theaters in the producing centers, like New York and Los Angeles and nearby cities, ask for personal appearances of stars when some picture in which they are starred is being shown. The stars, of course, are paid by the theater for such appearances, as these personal appearances invariably increase the attendance. One particular feminine star has been asked time and again for personal appearances, but she has always refused. Also, whenever the advertising department asks her to pose for new photographs of herself to be used for advertising and publicity purposes, she also refuses. She also refuses to grant interviews, or to write anything for publication. And then, about every so often, she pens a note to the advertising or publicity manager reading like this: "Why dont you get more publicity for me? It is shameful the way you never get anything in the papers about me and never get me any publicity." Is it any wonder that movie advertising men are noted for being nervous wrecks?

The most important of all the many jobs that are handed to the movie advertising man is that of getting out the "paper," or lithographs, that are sold to the theaters by the producing companies.

It is an axiom of Motion Picture advertising that the stars and co-stars must appear in all the "paper." It makes no difference whether lithographs that will better advertise and better sell the picture can be made from other scenes or not. Only those scenes can be used in which the big players appear, and it is up to the advertising man to watch this point very carefully.

"I remember," said one movie advertising man in talking about this phase of the game, "the first set of paper I got out. I picked out some photographs that had a big punch, and my artist made some wonderful sketches from them. The lithographers turned out a brilliant piece of work, splendid colors, perfect likenesses. It was a job that I was proud of. But when the job was completed and I took the paper in to the general manager, he hit the ceiling like a toy balloon.

" 'Great Scott!' he cried. 'Has all this paper been printed?'

" 'Yes,' I replied, still feeling proud of the work.

" 'How much did it cost us?' the general manager asked.

" 'About a thousand dollars,' I replied.

" 'Good Lord!' he groaned. 'Well, sell it for waste paper for what you can get for it!'

" 'Why, why, what's the matter?' I stammered.

" 'You blanked fool,' yelled the manager, 'you've gotten out a set of paper on a bunch of cheap players and extras. The only picture of a star you've got in the whole set shows her 'way in the background. If we sent out that set of paper every contract we've got of every star and featured player in that picture would be automatically canceled!'

"That was undoubtedly the best paper I ever got out, and I've gotten out a lot since then. There were a punch and real selling force in every piece. It was beautifully drawn, beautifully printed, and every picture meant something. But it cost me my job. Now I get out much less brilliant stuff, but paper that conforms to our contracts, and I keep my job. If I can catch the likeness (or, better yet, the idealized likeness) of a big star in the stress of a given emotion I'm patted on the back."

All of which gives an idea of why it is that movie advertising men all say their name is parted in the middle with a "T," for "Trouble"

© Fairchild

AS JASMINE BYNG IN J. STUART BLACKTON'S PRODUCTION "THE JUDGMENT HOUSE," VIOLET HEMING CREATED A NEW TYPE OF SCREEN VAMPIRE—AN UNCONSCIOUS FASCINATOR. MISS HEMING IS NOW PLAYING TO CAPACITY HOUSES IN THE TITLE RÔLE OF THE STAGE PLAY "THE NAUGHTY WIFE"

Mr. Biggs Puts It Over

By H. H. VAN LOAN

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

With Benjamin Harrison Biggs, Mr. Van Loan introduces a new and remarkable character to film literature. He is sketched from real life as are his fellow characters. In the opening chapter we learn that Mr. Biggs was born "somewhere off Grand Street," and that he grew up to be a heaven-born salesman. After a trip to South America, where he promoted the chewing-gum habit, Mr. Biggs returned to New York flat broke. When his little friend, "Shorty" Carl, confided his humble engagement as a Motion Picture actor, the genesis of a stupendous scheme was born in Mr. Biggs' brain.

Accompanied by "Shorty," he called upon Samuel Mills, president of the all-powerful Pearmount Corporation, and announced that "Shorty" was the head of the Flimsy Fillum Corporation, which was starting out to corner the market on stars. Mr. Biggs' conversation was so persuasive that the rival film magnate could hardly restrain himself from making an offer to buy out his still imaginary competitor.

The following morning Mr. Biggs made a desperate play for cash capital by calling upon the president of the Graham Trust Company as the supposed confidential agent of Mills.

His appearance and assurance were so persuasive that the bank president parted with $250,000 in a certified check. At luncheon Mr. Biggs flourished the check before the eyes of his rival, with the result that Mills presented him with another $250,000 check for stock in the Flimsy Company. The suspicions of the bank president were lulled by the report of his private detective, who had shadowed the promoter to Mills' hotel.

CHAPTER IV

BENJAMIN HARRISON BIGGS descended the big stone steps in front of the Astor with a stride which might be described as a cross between a débutante glide and the Castle trot.

It was the morning after his big deal in frenzied finance, and, as he stepped into a big limousine which awaited him, success seemed to stand out boldly in his every action and movement. He had nothing on his chest but two "proxies" for five hundred thousand dollars' worth of money, and when a fellow has such a heavenly burden, bearing the signatures of two of the biggest men in New York, he has a perfect right to expectorate all over Broadway and not care whom it splashes.

His ministerial garb of the day before had been carefully placed in his wardrobe for some future occasion, and today he was dressed in a quiet suit of Scotch plaid, with black checks about an inch and a half in width, and a cravat as red as the Turks have made Armenia. Biggs' pugnacious jaw was the only thing that saved him from being mistaken for one of those dear, sweet members of a certain congregation of chorusmen who flutter along Broadway, calling each other "Precious," and wear their handkerchiefs in their sleeves.

He had prepared a very lengthy program of labor for the day, and one which would keep him as occupied as a greased pig at a county fair. In addition to this he had given "Shorty" a list of things to do which made the little fellow dead tired after reading it. Arrangements were to be made for leasing the offices in the Candler Building, furniture had to be bought to equip these offices, telephones had to be installed, stationery ordered, check-books provided, an efficient staff employed, and all the other equipment necessary for such a big organization as the Flimsy Fillum Corporation. In addition to these things, a studio had to be leased for the wonderful productions this company contemplated turning out. Directors would have to be engaged; also assistant directors, camera-men, property-men, artists, studio workers and actors. It was a gigantic job, and, for the first time in his life, "Shorty" realized what a lot of work there is in the world.

BENJ. HARRISON BIGGS DESCENDED THE BIG STONE STEPS IN FRONT OF THE ASTOR WITH A STRIDE WHICH MIGHT BE DESCRIBED AS A CROSS BETWEEN A DÉBUTANTE GLIDE AND THE CASTLE TROT

But the most important part of the day's routine, Biggs decided, was to get the financial end of the organization in some sort of running order, and this could be accomplished only by returning the Mills' check to President Graham before Mr. Samuel Mills learnt of its whereabouts.

So, immediately after he had finished breakfast, Biggs thrust a bunch of duties on "Shorty's" shoulders and then descended to the lobby of the hotel, where he paid his rather tardy bill. He then engaged a limousine for the day and ordered the chauffeur to make his first stop at the Graham Trust Company.

At that moment Benjamin Harrison Biggs was occupying the thoughts of the banker, who, despite the evidence to the contrary, was not wholly satisfied that the check for a quarter of a million dollars, which he had given Biggs the day before, had reached his client.

There was something about the appearance of the man Mills had apparently selected as his messenger which did not fit in with the film magnate's usual custom of doing business. If the report of Meegan was correct — and he had no grounds for doubting his trusted employee, for Meegan had been a most faithful and honest member of his organization for many years — Biggs had apparently delivered the check to Mills when they met for luncheon. That was the question.

"Did he give the check to Mills?" mused the banker, as he leaned back in his chair. "Why did Mills send this man to get the check? Why didn't he send one of his many trusted employees, as he had on many other occasions?"

His wife, who had been by his side during his whole career, and his beautiful daughter, Eileen, one of the season's débutantes, had often chided him with being too pessimistic. And as he recalled their good-natured accusation he recalled the incident of the day before. "Perhaps they were right," he thought.

"Maybe I'm beginning to show signs of disgruntled old age. There are times when even one as cautious as I misjudge men—fail to read them correctly." And, half satisfied with this conclusion, the banker brushed the incident from his mind—at least for the time being—and, lighting a cigar, leaned over his morning's mail.

He was somewhat surprised and relieved a little later when a boy entered and announced Biggs was waiting to see him.

Graham heaved a sigh of relief as he instructed the boy to show Biggs right in, and, as he gazed thru his glasses into space, he felt inclined to admit that for the first time in his life he had made a grave mistake in his judgment of a fellow-being. For there was no doubt in his mind but what the presence of his caller would solve the problem which had weighed heavily on his mind during the past twenty-four hours.

"Er—good morning, Mr. Biggs," he said, as he half rose and extended his hand.

"It certainly is," replied Biggs, as he gave the banker's hand a warm clasp. "I aint seen the sun lookin' better'n a year or two. Looks as if somebody'd brought it down here overnight and polished it up."

"Er—er—that's so, the sun is shining this morning, isn't it?" said the banker, somewhat excited.

"I dont wonder you've forgotten 'bout it," remarked Biggs, as he glanced about the gloom-filled room, with its shades drawn. "You shouldn't shut him out like that," he added, as he walked over to one of the windows and jerked a string which released the shade and flooded the room with sunshine. "There, lookit that!" he exclaimed. "You shouldn't shut that old boy out! He's the original trouble buster! There's more cheerfulness in one of his rays than there is in all that golden stuff you've got locked up in that big safe outside."

"But—er—er———," began Graham, who was absolutely astounded at the fellow's temerity.

"Yes, yes, I know all that," interrupted Biggs, as he stood facing the window. "See that now! He's dumpin' a lot er inspiration, ambition an' joy right in on yer! He's challengin' yer to make yer life as bright as that long, yellow streak he's pokin' right thru the window at yer. There's somethin' wrong with a guy what'll shut the sun out. Let him smile in on yer—let him smile!" Then he muttered to himself: "An', believe Uncle Noah, he's goin' ter smile right down on yer 'fore I git outer here this mornin'."

This sudden deluge of informality on the part of this unrefined caller completely shattered the dignity of the ceremonious banker, and he was astonished and bewildered at the sudden boisterousness of the big, rough man before him, who had the audacity to rudely criticize the sanctum of one of the biggest financiers in New York.

"When you have reached my age, Mr. Biggs," he remarked, rather calmly, "you will realize that the smile of this friend of yours which you have attempted to eulogize isn't always sincere, but quite frequently is backed by a frown, behind which lurks most sinister motives."

"There's where I differ with you," blurted out Biggs, as he drew up a chair in front of the big mahogany desk. "It's all in the way yer look at it. If you think that's so, it's so; if you think it isn't, it isn't."

"However, I have not the time to discuss the philosophy of the sun's rays this morning, Mr. Biggs," added the banker quite bluntly, as he tapped his thumb with his glasses rather impatiently.

"Neither have I," returned Biggs. "So let's get right down ter business. The purpose of my visit this mornin' is ter return the check you delivered to me yesterday."

Biggs noted the apparent surprise which swept over the countenance of the banker as he spoke, but he appeared to disregard it, nevertheless, and drew from his pocket the slip of paper which had been made out to Samuel Mills and toyed with it between his fingers.

"This is rather interesting," said the banker, making an effort to control the anger which rose in his breast.

"But not extraordinary."

"DONT PULL THAT LAW

returned Biggs—"in the film business."

"It is quite unusual," Graham corrected him. Then, as he eyed Biggs closely, he added, "Um — er — what prompted such action on the part of Mr. Mills?"

"He didn't need it," answered the "exploiter."

"Are you quite certain that Mr. Mills ever saw the check?" questioned the banker, with an evident show of suspicion.

"The fact that I am returning the check would seem to prove that, wouldn't it?" inquired Biggs calmly.

"Apparently," replied Graham abruptly. Then, unable to control himself any longer, he pushed back his chair and leaped to his feet. "Mr. Biggs," he began, "suppose I was to tell you that I dont believe Mr. Mills ever saw the check!" He leaned over the big man before him and

STUFF SO MUCH!"

hurled the words into his round face.

"Sh!" cautioned the big fellow. "Dont get so loud; you'll wake the children There's no need of gettin' rough 'bout it."

"Uh!" muttered the banker in disgust, as he threw up his hands.

"Now, go back and sit down and put on your glasses—just as tho nothin' had happened—an' I'll tell yer all about the war," said Biggs, smiling.

"This is no time for prattle!" exclaimed the banker, his face flushed with anger. "What would you say if I told you I know that the check never reached Mr. Mills?"

"I'd say you were guessin'," replied Biggs. 'An', if yer did know, an' wuz content ter sit here an' smoke cigars, an' do nothin', while that poor littel check wuz travelin' around without a chaperone, then yer introducin' a new form of indoor athletics, which no banker, especially when he's reached your age, should take to."

"I wasn't certain that I was right, or I would have stopped payment on the check," returned Graham. "It would have been rather dangerous to take such action before I was absolutely sure."

"And by that time it would have been too late," added Biggs. "You take too long ter think, altogether too long."

"What do you mean?" insisted the banker, as he stared at Biggs.

"Nothin'," remarked the other coolly, "only by the time you'd reached that think the Graham Trust Company would have missed twenty-five of its best scholars at roll-call this afternoon!"

"What's that!" exclaimed the banker. "I dont quite understand that style of language."

"Translated inter yer grammar, that means you would have been shy twenty-five beautifully engraved golden smiles — you know, sun stuff — with one littel 'one' and four cute littel '0's' followin' behind in each corner."

"You dont mean to say that you have already cashed that check?" uttered the banker, in astonishment.

"Somethin' told me you'd guess it some day if I didn't watch yer," replied Biggs, who was now thoroly amused as he studied the surprise on the countenance of the banker.

"I—I—I'll have the payment stopped at once!" exclaimed Graham, as he started towards the door leading to the front of the bank.

"Wait!" called Biggs, as he swung around in his chair and raised a hand. "Sprinkle some sand ahead of yer, or yer'll slide right past the station yer wanter stop at. Yer cant stop the payment on that boy now."

The banker hesitated and then came back. "What do you mean?" he shouted at Biggs.

"I wish yer'd close that cut-out of yourn," returned the "exploiter." "Say, if you wanter land, why dontcher tell me, an' I'll clear a space here so's yer kin slide ter earth gracefully an' not tear up the ground. What I wanter tell yer is this: If yer wanter stop payment on that check you kin do it an' still keep within the city's speed limit. Yer startin' out as if yer goin' ter try an' lower the record 'tween here and Chicago. Yer got a lot of power, but cher dont need it, 'cause yer aint got ter go any further than the cashier's cage.

"I thought that would bring yer up for air," muttered Biggs to himself, as he noticed the change which swept over the face of the banker.

"You mean to say that you succeeded in getting that check cashed right here in this bank?" inquired Graham.

"There yer go, pretty, guessin' ag'in," returned Biggs by way of reply.

"I'll fire the man that cashed it!" exclaimed the president, as he made another start for the door.

"I'd do a littel thinkin' 'fore I made my exit, if I wuz you," remarked Biggs, as he rose and faced him. "The man who cashed that check did exactly as you'd done if you'd been in his place. You told him ter make the check out, an' he delivered it ter you in my presence. Under these circumstances, what'd be more natural than for him ter cash it fer me this mornin'? Yer to blame. If he hadn't seen yer hand the check ter me he'd been more careful 'bout cashin' it."

Graham returned to his desk and pressed a button. The next instant it was answered by the cashier, who nodded to Biggs as he entered.

"Bring me that check you just cashed for Mr. Biggs!" commanded the president brusquely.

When the cashier brought in the check he handed it to the president, who glanced at it and then turned it over. It bore the signature, "Benjamin Harrison Biggs," in bold, large handwriting, which seemed to indicate that the indorser possessed considerable character.

"That's all for the present, Watkins," remarked Graham. And the cashier left the room.

"Now, then," he continued, as he looked at Biggs, "give me the two hundred and fifty thousand"

"Just a moment," hesitated Biggs. "If it's all the same ter you, I'd like ter have the pleasure of lookin' at that check again," he added, as he put out his hand.

"It's safer right where it is," returned Graham, as he laid it on the blotter before him.

"Unless you hand me that money immediately I'll be compelled to take it from you!" snapped the banker, as his hand moved towards the row of buttons on his desk.

Biggs, noting his action, added: "While yer playin' round there ring for the cashier again."

The banker hesitated.

"Please do as I ask yer, an' let's get this thin' over with," urged the "exploiter" impatiently.

Graham did as requested, and presently Watkins entered the room again. He started towards the desk of the president, but Mr. Biggs quickly intercepted him. "Here," he said, as he reached in his pocket and drew forth a neat little bundle of new, crisp, yellow bills, "deposit this money to the credit of Mister Samuel Mills."

"Yes, sir," responded the cashier, as he accepted the money.

"Count it," Biggs added.

The cashier quickly ran over the bills. "Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars," he remarked, as he looked up at the "exploiter."

"Correct."

The attention of the banker was distracted by the cashier as he left them, and Biggs, with a swift move, leaned over the desk and snatched up the check from the blotter.

"My idea of wealth used ter be the ability ter keep a taxi waitin'," he remarked calmly. "But my opinion of success is, tearin' up a check fer a quarter of a million. Yer cant pull anythin' much bigger'n that." And, with this, he tore the dangerous paper into a thousand little pieces, and, walking over to the fireplace behind the banker's desk, he threw them into the flames, chuckling as he watched them burn.

"Now, then," he added, rubbing his hands together with satisfaction, "the slate's clean."

"Dont be too certain about that," Graham warned him, as he arose and met Biggs' stare defiantly. "You have committed an offense, and I have the right to see that you are punished."

"You have the right, but yer wouldn't dare!" Biggs challenged him, as he threw the stub of his cigar into the fire.

"Dont be too persistent about that, Mr. Biggs, or I may put it to the test," remarked Graham, with emphasis. "The law has a means of protecting us from such men as you!"

"Listen!" hissed Biggs, as he swung around and glared into the face of the banker. "The law has nothin' ter do with this affair! In the first place, yer aint got a bit of evidence! The check's gone up in smoke, an' you've gotcher money. The only witnesses in the case would be me an' you. In court, my word would be jest as good as yourn, 'cause my hands are jest as clean."

"It must require a lot of hard labor to keep yours free from stain," mused the banker.

"Is that so?" laughed Biggs. "Well, lemme tell yer somethin'. The majority of you fellers sleep on the letter S, an' most of yer have ter execute some pretty swift movements when yer bank examiners drop in on yer. I'll admit that this here littel deal was not exactly accordin' to the rules of your game. But it wuz within the law. It's a new branch of business, an' they call it camouflage. It's a perfectly good word, an' yer'll find it in the new Webster's—if yer ever use it—an' it's the only good thin' the war has brought me."

"SHORTY" AS BUSY AS THE SOUTH AFTER THE CIVIL WAR

"So you've been camouflaging!" sneered the other.

"Things aint what they seem, these days," Biggs replied, smoothly.

"A miserable desecration of a patriotic word," added the president, in disgust. "There should be a law to protect it."

"Dont pull that law stuff s'much," smiled the "exploiter." "I'm always suspicious of a man who's talkin' law all the time. Yer must be afraid of it!"

"Every good citizen is afraid of the law."

"Every bad one, yer mean. Why, lookit here, yer dont know what yer can do with the law till yer try it!"

"I prefer not to tamper with it."

"Yer dont have ter tamper with it. Play all round it, pull it, stretch it, bend it; but dont break it. That's the motto of 'most all of you guys what's in business."

"I suppose this little check affair of yours has been entirely within the law?"

"Absolutely! You'd have ter travel fast ter prove my intentions were dishonorable, or that I planned ter reduce yer green stuff. An' if yer tried it you'd be sorry as h—l! 'Cause why? I'll tell yer. I'd sue yer fer spillin' ink on my character fer 'bout a quarter of a million dollars' worth of harm, an' probably that money I jest slipped the cashier would come home ter roost again!"

"I've a good notion to make a test case of it," pondered Graham, as he paced the room.

"Yer wouldn't dare!" challenged Biggs.

"It is quite evident—your object, I mean. You probably are aware that banking institutions are not given to seeking publicity, especially when it is of such an unpleasant nature as this is. Realizing the effect the publication of such a story would have on our clients, you feel safe! There's no doubt but that the notoriety which would accompany any action we might take would seriously injure our standing and question our security. For that reason I will positively postpone any drastic action for the present. However, I feel it my duty, in order to protect this and similar institutions, to inform the police. As I have previously stated, there are other characters we fear more than the one who enters behind a gun."

"The ones yer should fear are them yer trust the most," retorted Biggs. "They ride 'round in swell cars an' have wonderful offices, equipped with furniture they get on the serial plan. They only pay fer their clothes when they go ter order some more, an' their list of creditors, if bound in book form, would

(*Continued on page 62*)

The Latest Film Gossip from Los Angeles

Hand-Picked News and Views from the Classic's Special California Representative

By SYLVESTER FLEMING

MATT LARKIN AND ETHEL RITCHIE—BALBOA STUDIO—A LOOSE CHIN-BAND WORRIES MISS RITCHIE

RHEA MITCHELL, IN THE PARALTA STUDIO, CARRYING HER EXTRA CLOTHES

AROUND of the dressing-rooms brought me lots of items for the newsigram, and I discovered that—

Louise Glaum is a bit superstitious, and, rather than start her new production on Friday, she shot a few scenes on Thursday night. Thurston Hall is her leading-man, and they are working overtime three or four nights weekly, as well as all day Sunday, in order to release on time. By the way, her name is pronounced with the vowel sound of "ouch!" Dont call her Glawm, please.

Theda Bara, whom you must call Bahra to be strictly up-to-date in movie pronunciation, has leased the magnificent city house of Captain Randolph Huntington Miner, on West Adams Street, facing Chester Place, which is a beautiful little park. A short drive will take her to either studio or shopping district, and she will open her "eyes o' th' night" each morning on millionaires' palaces. Her sister is going into pictures—stage-name not yet decided upon, but the Bara halo will doubtless lighten her entrée.

George Beban is closeted daily with Monte Katterjohn, arguing over a new dago picture, soon to be produced. They wont give me any details, but I heard that they are arranging a schedule by which spaghetti scenes wont interfere with wheatless days.

LOUISE GLAUM

JACK SMITH, OUTFIELDER OF THE ST. LOUIS CARDINALS, GIVING PAULINE STARKE, TRIANGLE, POINTERS ON THE ART OF BATTING

SELFISH FATES—MR. LAMBERT, ASST. DIRECTOR; JANE NOVAK, AND W. S. HART

Edgar Joseph Regan, born in San Francisco, educated in dear ole Lunnun, and late of the Community Players, in Pasadena, has been engaged to assist Chester X. Withey in directing Griffith productions. Mr. Regan's beautiful home in the City of Rose Carnivals has always been the joyful gathering-spot of delightful week-end parties, which have included prominent "filmites." As a side-line, the new director is raising white mice for the trenches. He confided to me that the "meese" are so patriotic, he's almost afraid to look into their kennels when he returns at night lest he find "standing-room only."

Charlie Chaplin did a "jazz-band" stunt on Sid Grauman's organ at the Million Dollar Theater the other morning which caused the janitors and cleaners to drop pans and brushes and "rag" down the aisles. Outside of the new theater, over the porte cochere, one sees an imitation bronze bust of the star featured at the house each week. Last week, Bill Hart, life-size, frowned defiantly at the display of hot-water bottles in the Owl drug-store, which occupies part of the frontage, and now Pauline Frederick is smiling sweetly at the girlies who drop in for Frederick sundaes. The Owl makes specialties at the soda fountain to conform to the popular demand for a star's name to dignify these tossy foulard sweets. I'm wondering if they will serve cane-toothpicks with the Chaplin *nut* sundae.

GARDNER SULLIVAN AND ENID BENNETT BOTH APPROVE THE SCRIPT OF "THE KEYS OF THE RIGHTEOUS"

LOUISE GLAUM AND RHEA MITCHELL, BOTH IN MAKE-UP

Ethel Ritchie and Tom Morgan are doing stunts at Signal Hill, near Long Beach. Miss Ritchie says her gums are quiet for once, and she is depending on perilous falls, daredevil riding and hazardous dives for thrills. She had just come in from location when I saw her carrying a little yellow rubber article which it was impossible to catalog. I asked her if it were her bathing-suit (for Pacific Coast girls wear quality, not quantity), and she gurgled gleefully, "Oh, no; that's an arrangement I put over my hair to keep it in curl until I'm ready for the camera. The sea air would make me look like an after-the-bath poster if I didn't wear it." Miss Ritchie has beautiful dark eyes, and she looked particularly well in her pongee shirt, tan corduroy skirt and hair tied back girlishly with a spiffing brown satin bow.

I was told that some Idiotic Idler tries to drown himself at either Santa Monica or Venice daily, just to see Aileen Allen or Dorothy Burns, holders of many swimming prizes, try to rescue him.

Anita King surely must hold the record for quick work. She turns out about twelve photoplays a year, often writes her own, is one of the life-savers at Long Beach Patrol House, and plans her frocks besides. Her last picture was finished in three weeks, and they do say her director is a wonder — never wastes a moment. The other day Miss King was asked to do a little act for the local Red Cross, and she promised to return to the studio by 4 P. M. Of course, that day she was kept working late on location, as ill luck would have it, and when she landed in her dressing-room at 6:30, with dripping hair, chilled to the heart by a cold swim, there wasn't even time to eat. She whisked into her Chinese kimono (it's a beauty, heavily embroidered in silk thread and gold on white satin, oh, boy!), dried her lox, had the curling-iron hissing and was at the show by 7:30—hungry, but on time. The proceeds of her appearance went to buy surgical dressings, and I hope the boys appreciate her self-denial.

LOIS WILSON AND HER YOUNGER SISTER

Talking about the Red Cross, Henry Walthall nearly came to grief because of it. He had been on location at part of the Paralta's big acreage and expected to finish the taking of scenes there some days later. Judge of his director's horror when the Red Cross folks began moving in, having been given permission to use the locale for a benefit. The place in question had been the stable of a millionaire in Hollywood, and was exactly suited to the Walthall needs. Getting a hurried warning, Director Rex Ingram bundled the entire company over to the danger-zone, and, while the lower portion of the stable was being filled with chairs and tables for the entertainment, the last scenes of "His Robe of Honor" were shot upstairs and outside of the donated premises. Henry's sister, Anna Mae, has been figuring in some of his output, and has quite a part in "Hum-Drum Brown."

I had lots of fun unpinning Rhea Mitchell the other day. She had been doing some Spanish stuff and was clothed in a yellow embroidered shawl, fearfully and wonderfully wrapped about her and held in place by unreachable safety-pins.

(*Continued on page* 80)

Dorothy's War Story

By FRITZI REMONT

DOROTHY GISH OF THE WIDE, CHILDISH EYES

SHE's quite an important little maid, this Dot over the "I" in Gish. When I called upon her she reminded me of the nursery-rhyme girl "who had a little curl right down the middle of her forehead." Dorothy's curl is just like that, and she twirls it rapidly when enthused. One pink ear is hidden by two short curls, the other muffled by a wavy Niagara of fluffy blonde hair, the sort of blonde which the Fates throw in with the cradle and far removed from A. D. S. bleaching aids. This hair-dressing is distinctly individual, follows no hair-dresser's model, and accentuates the extremely girlish appearance of Dorothy Gish.

Her eyes are placed wide apart and look about in almost childish wonder. A perfectly natural manner makes one feel at home with Miss Gish, even tho the acquaintance be counted in seconds only. With one fell swoop she scattered frocks, coats and smaller articles from two chairs in her dressing-room, pulled them up to the blinking oil-stove and waited for me to sit down. Then, falling comfortably into the other kitchen chair, placing her dainty slippers on the lower rung of the one I occupied, she swayed back and forth as if enjoying a luxuriously upholstered rocker.

A WAVY NIAGARA OF FLUFFY BLONDE HAIR

The old studio is just being done over. Everything is at sixes and sevens, and yet one feels at home just because the Gish girls are once more on the old Majestic-Reliance lot. Dorothy laughed as she surveyed the floor strewn with garments, shoes, steamer trunk and endless theatrical effects, the board which served for dressing-table, the cracked mirror that swung tipsily over it, and said: "I hate to bring you here for a talk; but, at least, it is warm, and we're likely to remain undisturbed for a little while.

"You see," she continued, "we are having new dressing-rooms built, and, as we've really only been here for three weeks, having worked on the old lot after we returned from France, we truly have not had time to fix up anything

Besides, it wouldn't be worth while, for Mr. Griffith has designed such a pretty dressing-room for Lillian and me, and we hope to move into it within a week or two. We have worked incessantly ever since we got back. Our first picture will be released very soon now, and I'm rehearsing for the second. Indeed, I expect to be called in a few moments."

"What is the working title of your first picture, Miss Gish?"

"Oh, we dont have titles. Nobody knows what a picture will be called; if Mr. Griffith knows, he never says so. Perhaps he doesn't even name a picture until it is about to be released. We know the picture only by a number."

"I'm so glad Mr. Griffith is putting out a big feature again, aren't you?" I queried.

"Oh, of course, we're just delighted. Lillian and I, naturally, dont think there is any one like Mr. Griffith in all this wide world. I dont know what I would do if I had to face some other director."

"Tell me how you came to California, wont you?" I hated to ask the age of this little girl, who looks not a day over sixteen; but I was hoping it might be told for the benefit of other aspiring young folks.

"Our lives really were not a bit exciting until we went abroad," rejoined Dorothy. "We went on the stage when I was four years old, and I acted until I was ten. Then I was sent to school for four years and, after that, brought to California, for we knew Mary Pickford well, having acted with the Pickford children for years, back in New York. I've been in Motion Pictures five years, for, after Mary introduced us to Mr. Griffith, we were taken right on at his studio and have worked for him ever since that time."

"Weren't you glad of that opportunity to go abroad? Do tell me what you saw.

You traveled over alone, didn't you?" I was firing as many shots as I dared at one time.

"Yes, I went alone, for mother and Lillian had gone a week before I received a telegram to join them. I went over with our camera-man and leading-man, and it was on the boat which took General Pershing and his staff. I was so frightened—never had I traveled anywhere without mother: but the General just took me under his wing as if I'd been his own little girl, and it was such a comfort. Going over, we were convoyed, and that made one feel safer, of course. At table I sat between two English officers, and one night in the danger zone I said, 'I'm afraid the submarines will be watching for us.' One of the officers laughed, and said, 'My word, yes, on both sides—both English and German!'

"The first night in the submarine zone we had no convoy — that is, from 10 P. M. until 4 A. M., when the convoy reached us. The purser had called us all into the saloon and told us to remain dressed, but that we could lie down in our berths. He gave us each a life-preserver, showed us how to buckle it on, and left us a pretty well-frightened lot of passengers. General Pershing talked very reassuringly to me, and just hearing his voice and seeing how big and brave he looked made me lose fear. I decided to forget the purser's dismal remarks, undrest, said my prayers and went to bed in orthodox fashion. Oh, yes, I awoke a number of times, because I heard the passengers marching on deck all night—most of them were afraid to stay in their cabins, even."

"Did you experience any hardships because of food shortage?"

"Why, no, we never did. I was rather surprised to hear so much talk about it. When we arrived in England, where mother and Lillian met me at Liverpool, I found they had one meatless day. But before we had been there two weeks this was abolished. They had no cereals in England, and sugar was short, so that we were not allowed to use it on berries; but we had jam and enough sugar for coffee or tea, so did not mind that at all. The meat was apportioned, and so were other foods, so many ounces per individual; but not even the men in our party kicked over insufficiency, and I know the quantity was always too much for mother and Lillian and myself.

"In France they had two meatless and two pastryless days a week. The French people made such a fuss over the pastry being cut out! You know the reputation French pastry always has had,

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THE MOST RECENT ART PORTRAIT OF GRIFFITH'S QUAINT AND BEAUTIFUL PROTÉGÉE

dont you? I didn't mind, for in America there are lots of days on which I never think of having pastry; I think it is ruinous to the complexion, and, anyway, in California fresh fruit is preferable. But there was lots of sugar on everything in Paris and in other French towns. We had cereals there, with cream and sugar—one forgot it was a country at war. You see, that was only last October, before we came home, and the war had really not crippled the cafés, as far as I could see."

"Did you hear any real fighting, Miss Dorothy?"

"In England, they said, one could always hear it. Lillian said she *thought* she heard the Flanders battle, but everybody talked so much about hearing it that I wondered if she did not imagine hearing a noise. I listened very carefully, and I never heard anything that sounded like heavy vibrations. But, oh, those terrible air-raids! That was just as bad as being on a battle-front—I shall never forget it."

Miss Gish's little curl was almost twisted off with nervous reminiscences by this time. She was swaying violently on her improvised rocker, and the big, white sapphire on her little finger blinked defiantly at the isinglass of the oil-stove. Taking a fresh breath, she continued:

"Just imagine it—we were in six air-raids! We would be in our room at the hotel, just about ready to retire, when a terrible fizz-boom-bang, like a thousand July Fourths rolled into one, would seem about over our heads. Everybody rushed to the basement ballroom. The noise was so terrifying that I cannot imagine an earthquake would be half as bad. It seems as if nothing would be left of the whole city. Between the air-raiders and the city's guns firing back, the hotel shakes and the noise is deafening. I simply couldn't describe to you the sensations or the noise one experiences in any raid like that. I would rather face trench-music, I am sure.

"Mother and Lillian always became perfectly quiet, but when anything like a catastrophe is likely to happen I want to talk. Isn't that queer?"

"Something like that scene in 'The Clansman,' when all the family gathered in the cellar and Little Sister wanted to laugh and talk—just a hysterical desire to hear something besides shooting, isn't it?"

Dorothy Gish nodded solemnly. "Yes, just like that—anything to forget what *might* happen to one. Mother thinks it is dreadful for one to do anything but watch and pray at such times, so I ran away from where she and Lillian sat holding hands and plumped myself down on a divan on which sat a lady, moaning, and covering her face with her hands. I began to talk to her, and she looked up quickly and said: 'You are not English,

(*Continued on page 75*)

ALICE HERSELF

An up-to-date Declaration of Independence by "Brady's Daughter," the Bachelor Maid.

By LILLIAN MONTANYE

ALICE BRADY'S LATEST PHOTOGRAPH

SHE lives in an immense and very modern apartment house, near Central Park, in upper New York. A grand-appearing colored person in livery admitted me and condescendingly announced me by telephone, a no less gorgeous elevator boy carried me to the ninth floor, the door of Suite 63 was opened by a smart colored maid—and there, in all her vibrant young beauty, was Alice Herself.

She had a theater engagement, she said regretfully, and could give me only a half hour; so I proceeded to make the most of it. Her evening gown looked as tho it might have been made from a soft gray cloud studded with innumerable shimmery stars of many hues. In reality, it was gray net threaded with tiny colored beads. It was simple in line, exquisite in detail and wonderfully becoming to its dark-eyed, vivacious wearer, I decided, while she told me seriously, humorously and characteristically of how she came to make a change in her way of working and living—and became Alice Herself.

"You know," she said, "I went on the stage without my father's knowledge or consent. He had a wild idea that I was to study and train and become a grand-opera star some day. But one cant walk from a convent school into grand opera, and I was impatient. So, without father's knowledge or consent, I found a place in musical-comedy, in Boston. He didn't like it one little bit when he found out, either. I graduated to Gilbert and Sullivan opera, and after a season I went straight to my father and asked for a leading part in one of his productions. Do you think he just gave it to me? Oh, no. I had to fight, just like any one else, to get what I wanted.

"And when I got a part I had to make good. Being my father's daughter didn't make it easy for me, so far as he was concerned. I had leading rôles in 'Things That Count' and in 'Sinners'—such sad, weepy parts!—and I was exceedingly young in those days. I think dad was rather proud of me, tho he never said so—but he had to admit I had it in me.

"Then I became very much interested in pictures, and decided to make a try at them, and announced my intention to my father. Of course, he opposed it, but I persisted. 'Cant you be satisfied?' he said. 'You are getting a start and doing all right where you are. What do you want to get mixed up in pictures for?' I said, 'Well, dad, if pictures are not good enough for me, what are you in the film business for? I would like to start with you; but if you wont give me a job I'll get one with some other company.' That settled it. I got my job—but how I did work! I was still under stage contract and working nights,

THE BACHELOR MAID IS VERY FOND OF LITTLE VISITORS

and dad had me up at all hours in the morning to work before the camera—I think he wanted to make me tired of it; but I'm some little old persister myself!

"I worked much harder than I would have done under any other manager, and dad certainly cant be accused of having shown partiality. Still, I knew that it was often said of me that I could never have won so much prestige had I not been Brady's daughter—and I resented it. I wondered if I really did amount to anything in myself, or was it true that I had won a measure of success just because I was the daughter of William A. Brady. I decided to strike out for myself and show them.

"And I have!" she said triumphantly. "I had always worked for my father or some one connected with him, but I left World Film and started independently. I did not head my own company, as was reported. I went with Select Pictures and am still with them. It was also reported that dad and I had a scrap; but we didn't, any more than we have always scrapped when I insisted upon my own way. You know, family scraps are usually friendly ones," she said, with a roguish smile, "and they are interesting too. Dad and I have always talked to one another with 'the brutal frankness of near relations,' but we are good friends, of course. I realize that dad has helped me quite wonderfully; but I have made good as *myself*, tho, of course, some people will always say that I wouldn't have stood a ghost of a chance had I not been Brady's daughter."

"And so you thought you would live independently too?" I said.

"Yes, I thought I'd like being a bachelor-maid, with a place of my own. I work long hours and every day in the week, and it's so restful to have my home to come to at night and to know that if I dont feel like talking or being agreeable I dont need to. Come and see my rooms," she invited.

It is not a formal place, this abiding-place of Alice Brady, nor unduly luxurious, but homey, comfy, tasteful, yes; with an air of being lived in that appeals to the home-maker and lover. My lady's room is rose-color, of course—what color would so well become her dark, piquant beauty? Soft, cream-colored draperies are at the windows, with over-draperies of rose. The bed and chairs are "all dressed up" in the same rosy hue. The full-length mirror, with its little side-shelves for toilet articles, is beautiful in its simplicity. In fact, simplicity is the key-note in this dainty bed-chamber.

There is a music-room, with a victrola and a piano stacked with music—for Alice Brady, of one-time light-opera fame, keeps up her music. The big living-room, with its golden browns and dark greens, is most charming. The walls and rug are brown. The windows are draped with ecru net, with over-draperies of brown. There is an exquisite floor-lamp and clusters of wall lights artistically shaded. Before the fireplace is a davenport upholstered in green; the easy-chairs are also in green. There are some wonderful inlaid tables, a pair of candlesticks as tall as oneself, rows of books covering one side of the room, and there was a big bowl of gorgeous red and yellow tulips.

MISS BRADY'S QUAINT MAKE-UP "IN WOMAN AND WIFE"

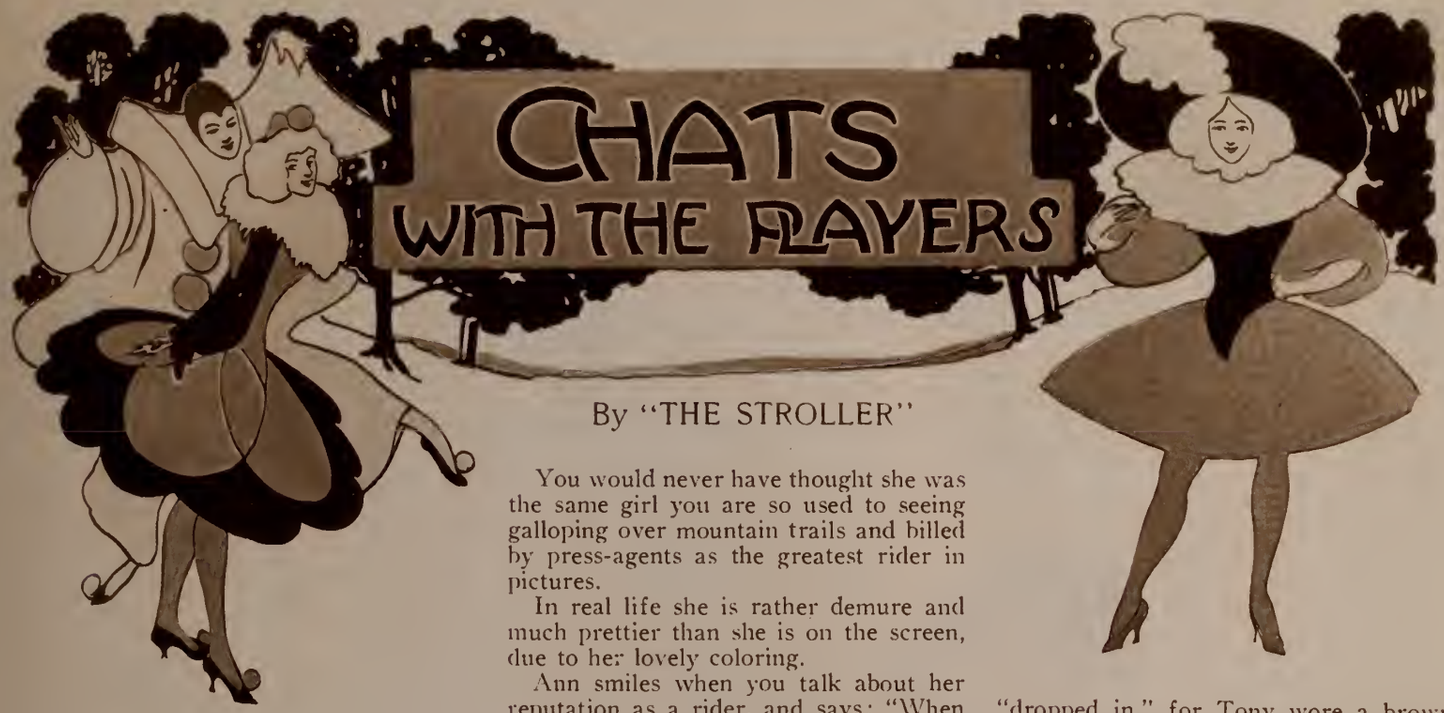
The dining-room, furnished in mahogany, is so perfectly appointed that I involuntarily exclaimed, "What a lovely place—and all for just one girl!"

"It's all worth while for the girl," she said brightly; "but I'm afraid my car is waiting, and I haven't changed my shoes." So, while she changed from slippers to smart high boots, she spoke of her

(*Continued on page 72*)

THE VERSATILITY OF "ALICE HERSELF" IS EXPRESSED IN HER LATEST PRODUCTION—HER EMOTIONAL WOMANHOOD——

AND THE DAWN OF HER BORDERLAND AGE



By "THE STROLLER"

I LIVE at the Claridge, I do; I live at the Claridge."

That's a good line—in fact, one of the best lines in the Ziegfeld "Midnight Frolic," New York City.

And, should you ask me, I would say that it contains more truth than poetry, for the actor who cannot afford a sitting-room, bedroom, bath—yeh, e'en a single room at the Claridge, nevertheless "lives" there.

For the white marble hostelry which rears itself proudly at Broadway and 44th Street is *so* handy for the wandering Thespian. Not only that, but its lounge is so comfy, its luscious velour davenports so inviting that perhaps it is only natural that the actor-man and his most recent "crush" should seek rest in its soft-lighted, soul-satisfying atmosphere.

Comfort is carried to such an extraordinary degree that one dines — if one is prominent enough to procure the most coveted place—sitting on divans with that delicious sinking-iness which makes one loath to part with the cosy upholstery.

Before one, a flesh-and-blood movie show is enacted—only, instead of one star, there are a hundred, all playing in the same scenario, "Dining at the Claridge."

One evening recently, my particular party consisted of Ann Little, Wallace Reid, William Hinckley and Walter Morosco.

Ann was looking particularly charming that evening in a gown of cerise velvet which formed a splendid contrast to her dark hair and snappy brown eyes. Her cloak, which she had thrown over the back of her chair, was also of cerise velvet lined with white satin and trimmed with an enormous collar and cuffs of sable.

You would never have thought she was the same girl you are so used to seeing galloping over mountain trails and billed by press-agents as the greatest rider in pictures.

In real life she is rather demure and much prettier than she is on the screen, due to her lovely coloring.

Ann smiles when you talk about her reputation as a rider, and says: "When I first entered pictures, they asked me if I could ride. I said, 'Yes.' Had they asked me could I drive an aeroplane, my answer would have been the same, and I would have climbed in and taken a chance at driving it, too. Now I cant find a horse speedy enough to satisfy me."

© Matzene

BEVERLY BAYNE

Just then handsome Tony Moreno sauntered in, accompanied by a beautiful blonde girl. Evidently they had just "dropped in," for Tony wore a brown business suit and his lovely companion was hidden in furs and a new spring hat. Tony stopped just long enough to welcome Wally to the real city with a warm handclasp and "How's the boy?"

Then Olive Thomas came in, looking radiantly happy, girlish and care-free. She was wearing a smart décolleté frock of black tulle which only seemed to emphasize her girlishness. Of course, her good-looking young hubby, Jack Pickford, accompanied her. Jack's hair is so very black and sleek, his form so slender, his face so clean-cut that he doesn't look a day over seventeen in his perfectly tailored dinner-suit.

Later on, they were joined by James Kirkwood, ruddy-haired, vigorous-looking, with the famous scowl which is a part of Jimmy, seeming to denote that the troubles of the whole production, "Dining at the Claridge," rested on his broad shoulders.

At a table still farther on, Tommy Meighan was entertaining a party. Tom's hair is black, his eyes delft-blue. He has a way with him, just as he has in pictures.

And there were Fannie Ward and her hubby, Jack Dean. Jack looks twice her age, and is—well, some younger. Fannie was wearing a bead-incrusted frock of pink georgette crêpe. Dainty as the first bloomed apple-blossom in spring, tiny, fragile and young, a spy-glass couldn't detect a wrinkle.

So the procession goes on, toujours, toujours. Take a tip from The Stroller, if you want to see 'em all while in New York, why, dine at the Claridge.

I was talking to Beverly Bayne over the telephone the other day, and she told me that she was very much put out over the report that Metro paid Bushman and

Bayne so much for each picture as a partnership.

"It is simply ridiculous for any one to publish such a report," said Miss Bayne. "While Mr. Bushman and I are and intend to go on being co-stars, it stands to reason that I get my salary checks entirely separate from Mr. Bushman's, and if any one doubts it, I will have a photograph made of them." And Beverly Bayne's word is to be relied on, take it from one who knows.

I was chatting with a well-known player (name censored by request) who was on a flying trip East, about the peculiar mix-ups stars get into. It seems that Jack Kerrigan broke his leg while his recent picture was being done for Paralta. Instead of taking care of himself, J. Warren got up in two weeks' time. Of course, that caused complications. The leg had to be broken again and stretched, and Jack was off the active list for eight weeks. In the meanwhile, Paralta refused to pay his salary, and now Jack is suing, claiming that, while in Santa Barbara on location, he rode a green horse and was thrown, breaking his leg.

© Hartsook W. KERRIGAN

ANN LITTLE

On the other hand, Paralta says he left the hospital two weeks after his accident, against the advice of the house surgeon, got up and went back to Los Angeles; result, the fracture broke again. Therefore, since his eight-week vacation was due to his own carelessness, they should not be forced to pay his large salary when no work was being done.

What the outcome will be, we have no idea, but everybody hopes Jack wont have to walk with a limp, whatever the salary settlement.

Little Mary Anderson pointed out a new phase of the contract part of Motion Pictures, the other day. Mary, who is very petite and very "cunning," has severed her relations with Vitagraph. In speaking about it she said:

"There is one thing that an actress must stop and consider, especially a screen actress. Her time for being effective on the screen and for playing leads is limited. Ten years may be even too long a time to calculate that she can hold her looks and her greatest drawing capacity. Therefore, it is only fair that she should harvest her profits while she is at the summit of her powers. Not only that, but it is absolutely necessary that she should do this in order to provide for the future; and yet several film companies are making a general practice of tying up young, attractive actresses to long-time contracts with a very small salary. In other words, the actress must spend the heyday of her youth at a small salary in order to get a position at the particular time she needs employment."

Which is a pretty good argument for large salaries. Little Mary, herself, is holding out for three hundred and fifty a week, which, we think, is quite modest considering her abilities.

One evening, just before Arthur Ashley left for the South to direct Madge Kennedy's twinkling in "Oh, Mary, Be

MILDRED MANNING AND WALLACE MACDONALD IN VITAGRAPH BLUE RIBBON FEATURE, "THE MARRIAGE SPECULATION"

Careful," he was unusually tired, and, in spite of many invitations to stay up and watch the White Lights go out, Arthur said, "Nay, nay," and hied himself to bed in his apartment at The Claridge. But scarcely had he entered the land of Morpheus than violent raps on his door awakened him. With many protestations, Arthur arose and found an excited bell-boy outside. The lad explained that Arthur had left his motor standing in the street, against all traffic laws, and that the policeman wished to see him at once. Arthur slipped a long coat over his silken pajamas, grabbed up his hat and went down, thinking, of course, to easily appease the wrathful myrmidon of the law. But nothing doing! The cop insisted that Ashley get in and drive to the station and report his misdemeanor. There, one set of friends says, he had to spend the night behind the bars until, with the morning, the judge came and imposed a fine. Another and simpler version is that Ashley put up a bond for his appearance in the morning, but, be that as it may, all Arthur himself will say about it is:

"Oh, well, you know, they had decided that they would have to pick on some one of importance to make an example of, and I happened to be the goat, that's all."

Wallace MacDonald dropped in to say good-by to me before his departure for the Coast. Wallace was complaining and hoping to have b i g g e r things to do. "This business of being a leading-man is getting m i g h t y tiresome," he said. "Nothing to do but hang over a fence and make love to a pretty girl."

ARTHUR ASHLEY AND LITTLE SUNSHINE (OF "SUNSHINE AND TEMPEST" IN THE TWO-A-DAYS) LULLING THE LAW TO SLEEP IN ARTHUR'S DEMON CAR

That may be Wallace's idea of "tiresome," but there are plenty of youths who will disagree with him, especially when one takes into consideration the fact that Pauline Frederick, Mary Miles Minter and Mildred Manning are included in his category of "pretty girls."

Perhaps it isn't generally known, but Pathe, the old French firm which was started years and years ago by Charles Pathe, is financially one of the firmest film companies. Pathé has long been known as the house of serials. No one has ever got across serials the way this company has. Perhaps that is why they have gobbled up William Duncan from Vitagraph. William made such a hit with his "Fighting Trail" serial for Vitagraph that Pathé immediately annexed him to do one for them. Recently Pathé has invaded the star feature field. Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks came within an ace of being added to their star roster, but the price jumped and jumped, and in the end Pathé chose Bessie Love and Bryant Washburn at a mere bagatelle of $2,000 a week apiece.

At last I have discovered the honest-to-goodness reason why Gail Kane left the American Company after being boomed as their shiniest star. When Gail bought a bungalow in Santa Barbara and became a leading social light in the cottage-pudding town last spring, she confidently expected to play in real Broadway parts fitted to her Junoesque style. Gail is a girl of strong likes and dislikes, and has no use for a woman who plays up the eternal feminine too strongly; in other words, the clinging-vine type. On the other hand, if she likes an actor in her company she is hail-fellow-well-met, but if she takes a dislike to him—well——

Anyway, trouble began to brew when Gail was given a scenario that she claimed was unsuitable to her type. The stellar rôle in "Service for Two" called for a cutie of the Mabel Normand type. 'Tis said that Gail refused to face the camera until the script was rewritten to suit her.

(*Continued on page 70*)

The Celluloid Critic

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

WHY not a screen campaign with the slogan: "Make exhibitors see their own pictures"?

One of the big faults of the photoplay's development lies in the fact that audiences have developed, grown wise and discriminating in the ways of the film, while the men who dictate the destinies of their theaters have been so busy counting up the daily receipts that they haven't kept step with their patrons. How, then, can these men understand the wants of the audiences and transmit these wishes on to the men who make the pictures?

The early movie theater invited a cheap class of promoter, and the present exhibitor is an outgrowth of this "showman" of the first days. There are exceptions hundreds of them, of course. For instance, what producer, except D. W. Griffith, has done as much to elevate the photoplay as S. L. Rothapfel, the man who created de luxe screen entertainment?

But I firmly believe the exhibitors' mental average is below that of screen audiences.

WILLIAM S. HART IN "BLUE BLAZES RAWDEN"

ALICE JOYCE IN "THE WOMAN BETWEEN FRIENDS"

VIOLET MERSEREAU IN "MORGAN'S RAIDERS"

HARRY MOREY AND GRACE DARMOND IN "THE OTHER MAN"

VIVIAN MARTIN IN "A PETTICOAT PILOT"

The present depression in the Motion Picture business, due directly to overproduction of bad pictures, would never have occurred if exhibitors had known their audiences—and their films. Producers have been making pictures madly, and exhibitors have been renting them madly, while fans have grown keenly discriminating. Thus one concern, making mediocre melodramatic junk, has had to close its vast producing plant at least temporarily.

But to return to current photoplays. The most vivid screen playing of months was contributed by Alla Nazimova in "Revelation," Metro's adaptation of Mabel Wagnall's "A Rosebush of a Thousand Years Ago." It is the story of the spiritual regeneration of a fascinating little pagan, a grisette who poses as the Madonna. Mme. Nazimova plays Joline, a cabaret dancer, who becomes the mistress and model of a young American painter. How Joline poses as the Holy Mother when the artist goes to paint an old legend of the vision of the virgin among the branches of a monastery rosebush, which caused the bush to burst into bloom; how the dead branches again blossom under her hand in a second miracle; and how the woman, spiritually stirred, renounces her old life and leaves her lover, form a picturesque story. The plot slumps to a conventional

ending when the American, now a soldier for democracy, is brought wounded to the monastery where Joline is a war-nurse. There they are married by the prior.

ROBIN MACDOUGALL AND TULA BELLE IN "BLUE BIRD"

hundred moods. I respectfully nominate her pagan Joline as the most fascinating screen characterization of the screen year.

Charles Bryant is excellent as the painter, Bigelow Cooper gives poise and distinction to the rôle of a worldly Parisian, and Syn de Conde makes his bit as an Apache stand out. I congratulate George D. Baker on his direction. But all these things cant hold up the last two reels of "Reve lation."

I looked forward to Artcraft's screenization of Maeterlinck's "The Blue Bird" with great expectations. Here was a brand-new test of the fanciful possibilities of the camera in the hands of one of our foremost directors, Maurice Tourneur.

The search of the woodcutter's little children, Mytyl and Tyltyl, for the Blue Bird thru the fantastic realms of the past and the future, and their subsequent finding of the bird in their own home, are, of course, bits of Maeterlinckian symbolism to convey the moral that happiness, altho sought elsewhere, can best be found at home. The final flight of the Blue Bird from Tyltyl's cage implies that happiness can be held but for a moment. In the quest, not in the capture, lies the joy of living, implies the Belgian poet.

Oddly, the Kingdom of the Future, wherein wait the children that are yet to be born, impressed me most in Mr. Tourneur's production, and the greatest moment of the play, the graveyard scene, in which the tombs open and

NAZIMOVA IN "REVELATION"

Nazimova shades the spiritual growth of the grisette brilliantly, but she really does her best work in depicting the fiery, untamed girl of the Latin Quartier, a creature of passions and whims, who lives but for the moment in her love for her artist and who jealously fights the approach of any one else with the fury of a tiger. Personally, Nazimova fascinated me as the little devil of the boulevards, but lost my interest when she saw the light.

Any cabaret with a Bacchante dancing with the splendid abandon of Joline would be successful beyond calculation. Nazimova proves

MADGE KENNEDY IN "OUR LITTLE WIFE"

flowers burst forth, proving that there are no dead, touched me least. This was because the mechanics were too apparent. Mr. Tourneur has at times achieved a distinctly Continental touch. The production as a whole is probably better than any other producer, save Mr. Griffith, would have

the value of a fine dramatic skill. In a single scene she can depict graphically the fleeting flashes of a

(*Continued on page 73*)

Playing to Bessie Love's Audience

Chorus Lady

IT WAS A BIG DAY WHEN BESSIE LOVE FOUND OUT THAT SHE WAS "THE GIRL ON THE COVER"

"OVER there, over there,
The Yanks are coming, the Yanks are coming!" . . .

"Oh, what have I done to deserve this? Say, do you think you're Bessie Love, or did some one tell you you could sing?"

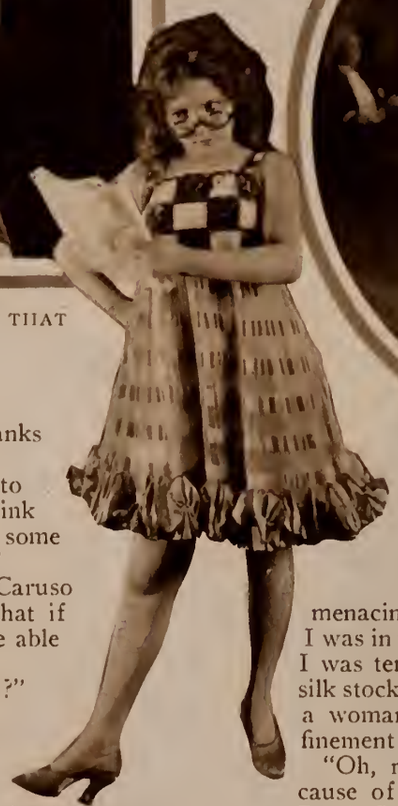
"Well, not exactly; but Caruso once told a friend of mine that if she studied about ten years in Paris she might be able to get in a chorus and——"

"And you think your voice is better than hers?"

"Absolutely."

"Well, forget it. Every time you start you give me such a fright that I stick the mascaro brush into my eye instead of wafting it gently across the lashes, and it's blamed uncomfortable."

"Oh, gee! I wish I had talent enough to get in the chorus," lamented a dark-eyed extra in the other corner of the dressing-room. "I tried once, but I couldn't sing and I couldn't dance, so the manager said he'd make a soubret out of me."



"HOW I LIKE TO IMITATE THOSE STAGE DIRECTORS"

"A soubret?"

"Yes; he said, with my nerve and his backing, I should worry about the talent."

"That's what most of them seem to think nowadays," groaned a veteran ingénue who was placing the final pins in the futurist's dream of "A Field of New-Mown Henna." "Now, in my time——"

"Wasn't Bessie Love the cutest little chorus-girl?" my neighbor interrupted the "Reminiscences of Me and Myself." "She was different, tho. She wasn't common or commonplace like most chorus-girls."

"What's that?" flared a strenuous blonde, waving a lighted candle menacingly. "Who said chorus-girls is common? I was in the chorus for thirteen years. Started when I was ten," she hastened to explain, "and I bet my silk stockings—seam up the back, too—that there aint a woman in this room that's got more natural refinement than me."

"THIS IS YOUR PREMIÈRE," SAYS MADAME BLACHE—"BE SPRIGHTLY, CHARMING, BUT, OH, SO NERVOUS"

"Oh, really, I think chorus-girls are great," the cause of the storm said, hurriedly; "only I mean Bessie Love is so little and cute and young, and, of course, she'll be a star before long."

"Well, I was, is—I mean *am*—young, too," the blonde retorted, camouflaging her upper lip until the Cupid's bow begged the tip of her nose for a cessation of hostilities. "I could 'a' been a star in burlesque, too, only the manager——"

Classic's Extra Girl Puts in a Tuneful and Rip-roaring Day

By Ethel Rosemon.

BESSIE AS ALERT AS A FOX-TERRIER AWAITING HER STAGE CUE

THE ORCHESTRA LEADER DIDN'T PLAY "OVER THERE" TO SUIT HER

"Every one on the stage!" Mr. Hollywood's voice resounded thru the Pathé studio, and the blonde's manager was left hanging in the air, where, I am told, *some* chorus-girls would not step from their limousines to rescue *some* managers.

ONCE FRANK KEENAN RESCUED BESSIE ON THE STAGE STAIRS

This was our second day's work with Bessie Love in "The Spring of the Year"—at least it was our second day in the studio. Little Bessie had really done all the work and we had just sat in the audience, enjoyed and applauded, not simply because Director Madame Alice Blache had so ordered, but because—well, when one looks at Bessie Love one just wants to applaud her for the privilege, and when she works until the blonde curls become mixed up with the lashes that circle the sparkling brown eyes, well, whose hands wouldn't become sore trying to show their approval? The first glimpse the audience had of the little star was when she tripped lightly out upon the stage with the rest of the chorus, a real live one from "The Riviera Girl."

"Oh, look at the cute legs on that little girl with the curls!" exclaimed an extra, as the chorus danced to the footlights.

"Why, that's Bessie Love," her companion enlightened her. "I wonder how she gets that sad, sweet look."

I recognized the far-carrying tones of the extra whose nerve plus the manager's backing would form a combination guaranteed to cause her to worry about the talent, and turned just in time to witness a sad-sweet expression one might imagine on the countenance of a Sun God during the rainy season.

"Oh, dont," the man next to her begged. "Yours aint that kind of a face."

INVESTIGATING THE SLIPPER THAT ALWAYS PINCHES

"Well, it's my face, aint it?"

"It is—thank heaven!"

"Attention this way, please, audience," Madame Blache was saying with that fascinating "Good-by, Broadway! Hello, France!" accent which is sweetest music to our ears, next to good old United States. "Musicians, please, a s o f t e r noise. Now watch Miss Calhoun and Mr. Hall, and when they finish, applaud. Yes, thank you."

M e a n w h i l e, with smiles and kindred grimaces, Julia Calhoun and Donald Hall were wooing each other via the song route—that is, to all appearances, they were. In reality, as I learnt from some one who knew some one who knew the property boy, they had been married in the dear, dim, dizzy past, and it was somewhat of a shock to the party of the first part, as well as to the party of the second part, when they found themselves engaged to play opposite each other in "The Spring of the Year." Manager Willy Lord, not having his "Who's Who in Matrimony" revised to the hour previous to making the contracts, had assembled his company without respect to the previous connubial entanglements of its members. All of this goes to prove that you never can tell from where you sit whether it's paste or real coal. For instance, when Miss Calhoun planted a lingering kiss on the perpendicular from Donald's ear to his collarbone, some of the audience envied Miss Calhoun; some, Donald. But it took George Hollister, the camera-man, to go back stage with the machine, to which all camouflage is as the light of day, and reveal the fact that "Mrs. Ex's" teeth were intrenched in "Mr. Ex's" earlobe, and that the look of agony on the latter's countenance was changed into a loving smile only when his face was pivoted audienceward. Perhaps "Mrs. Ex" was settling the score of some early breakfast reference to the coffee mother used to percolate. Anyway, Donald Hall said later that making love to one's "Ex," even in musical-comedy, is almost as disagreeable as wearing blacked boots on a rainy day, and Donald's aversion to blacked boots at any time is real and earnest.

BESSIE AND FLORA FINCH GET READY TO STAGE THE HIGH-SCHOOL ENTERTAINMENT

BESSIE READY TO GO "OVER THE TOP"

BESSIE WAS AWFULLY FICKLE TO LEADING-MAN DONALD HALL

But if it hadn't been for all this mix-up Bessie would never have been the star of "The Spring of the Year," or, rather, author Henry Kitchell Webster would have had to find some other way out of the difficulty. When Ragna Jansen (Bessie Love) registered such a hit at the annual entertainment of the Middletown high school that her devoted aunt, none o t h e r than our dear f r i e n d, Flora Finch, staked her funeral expense money on a trip to New York to put niece on the stage, no one, except Mr. Webster and Agnes Johnston, w h o wrote the continuity of t h e scenario, and the property-boy and a few others within the inner circle, had any idea that Bessie's rise to stardom would be so meteoric. Of course, when Aggie Redfern, Donald's "Ex," decided that in comparison with two matinées and six e v e n i n g performances opposite one's former to-have-and-to-hold, the life of a smelt would be an orgy of wild excitement even without the tartar sauce, Bessie was the logical substitute—on the screen. Off the celluloid and without the pages of the best seller, the manager would have called up half-a-dozen agents and had his office

THE CHORUS-GIRL'S DREAM FOR BESSIE—A SPOT-LIGHT AND AN APPLAUDING AUDIENCE

filled with aspiring prima donnas, while little Bessie would have gone home to her furnished room in the Forties and written a poem on "The Wreck of the Chorus-Girl's Hopes." But, anyway, she got a chance to play the part, and made such a hit that her future was assured as long as she gave a wide berth to Rector's and midnight cabarets.

It was on our second day at the studio that Bessie rose to stardom. In her uniform of khaki she was ready to go "over the top" of anything this side of Me-und-Gott's palace. The young lieutenant, home from somewhere on a furlo, who taught Bessie the proper way to salute and coached her in the etiquet of the Allies, looked as if he thought serving Uncle Sam plus Bessie Love wasn't half-bad. The enthusiasm with which she heralded the coming of the Yanks could have left no room for doubt in the minds of either party, and at the climax, when she seized the flag, the audience rose to its feet and cheered just as a regular audience would have done—only the Stars and Stripes and the proud American bird perching on top got so mixed up that the little star couldn't possibly wave the big ones—not on the first "take," anyway.

"Wait a minute, Mr. Orchestra," she called. "My eagle has stage-fright."

And the proudest moment of that orchestra's life was when Bessie hopped over the foot-lights, took the baton in hand and led her own "Over There." The men played it thru with a swing they had not given it before, much to the gratification of my Johnny-on-the-Spot Graflex.

There were a whole troop of extra soldiers and a hospital of Red Cross nurses there that day. Time after time, as the curtain ascended, or was propelled, skyward, the former became artistically wounded on the field of battle just so the latter could just as artistically hold their heads, hands or feet. As nurses, the young women needed some training as chorus-girls.

THE FIRST TIME BESSIE TRIED THOSE RICKETY STAIRS SHE DID A JACK AND JILL

They were instructed to march off stage near the end of Bessie's song, half right, half left. But the right half always heard the call to duty seven bars before the left half and marched proudly off, leaving their sisters like the last six olives at the company table.

BESSIE MIGHT AS WELL HAVE TRIED TO LIGHT THE TORCH OF MISS LIBERTY

"Why dont you join the army and become regular soldiers?" some one called, as the troop crossed the stage.

"Cant," returned one of its members. "There are too many widows dependent upon me."

"Oh, I didn't know he was married," gurgled she of the soubret aspirations.

"Please wont somebody rock the infant to sleep?" moaned her neighbor.

Meantime Mrs. Love, who

is Mrs. Love only because she happens to be the mother of Bessie Love, was sitting just off scene beaming her approval of the performance.

"She dances as if she loved it," a visitor commented.

"Music is her one hobby," the mother replied. "She has always had operatic ambitions. She went into pictures rather by chance. She had to stay out of high school for a year and couldn't bear the thought of being at home with nothing definite to do. One day she suggested going over to the studio in Los Angeles to try her luck in pictures. I encouraged her to do it, for her father and I have always given our support to all her little ambitions. Mr. Griffith immediately gave her a part, and also her name. 'Bessie Love is what the child should be called,' he said, and Bessie Love she has been ever since."

"And you've been Mrs. Love?"

"Yes, in the film world. But the name does suit Bessie, doesn't it?" continued the mother, eagerly.

The visitor smiled assent. Something in her modus operandi aroused my suspicion that she, too, was connected with the scribe class. "She gives herself fully to her work," she remarked, casually.

"No one realizes how fully. When she leaves the studio in the evening she is generally too tired to eat dinner, but, seeing her enthusiasm up to the last minute, one would never guess it."

"Really?" Bessie was asking some one who had called a bit of advice to her from the wings. "Dont tell me to do it if it isn't right, because I believe everything. Some one told me George Washington had a brother Abie, and of course I thought it was true."

"See that young chap in uniform?" the friend of the friend of the property-boy was saying. "That's Chester Barnett. In the play he's Bessie's sweetheart. He's in the chorus now; but when Donald Hall —doesn't he look grand in khaki?—gets sick, Bessie begs the manager to give him a chance, and he becomes leading-man."

"And who's the woman in black? Looks like a vamp, doesn't she?"

"That's Florence Short. She is the vamp in the play, but off the stage she's all right, and saves Bessie when Donald tries to make love to her."

"Gee! I wouldn't want any vamp butting in and saving me," babbled the soubret. "I think he's just grand. He looks as if he knew something. Oh, well, I suppose he's married."

"Say, that manager better soubret you while the soubretting's good," her neighbor warned. "It aint safe to let you around loose. With your looks and the dollar and a half a day you're making, you're a temptation for any man."

"Oh, quit your kiddin'," she simpered, coyly.

"All off for lunch!" Mr. Hollywood interrupted.

Three of us extras who had been engaged by studio manager C. Fred Wilson, and therefore had a common bond of sympathy, withdrew with our sandwiches, pie and coffee to a secluded corner of the studio.

"Tastes good when you're hungry," the first commented, attacking the bread and ham.

"You bet," the other added. "Wish I had had this about three weeks ago in Burlington, Vermont. I was out with a show. Made a big mistake. Thought the manager had engaged me as an ambitious little actress. Instead of that he had just invited me to take a gambol on the green. Well, I'm a little lamb when it comes to gamboling, but believe me that green was far too narrow for comfort.

(*Continued on page 67*)

YOUTH AND OLD AGE OBSERVE THEIR BEAUTY LINES. COMMODORE BLACKTON, PRODUCER OF "WILD YOUTH," IS AT THE RIGHT; GUSTAV LEYFFERTIZ, OLD AGE, AT LEFT

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The Glass of Fashion and the Mold of Form

By D'IRWIN NEMEROV, of Russek, Fifth Avenue

CONTEMPORARY women will do well to bear in mind the real meaning of asymmetry. Whereas the Greeks, whose conception of the everlasting fitness of things has largely guided our own, went for their inspiration to the human form and thereby acquired a deep and lasting preference for symmetry, as exemplified by the anatomical coincidence of two eyes, two hands, etc., they took no account of things internal, which are, of course, not arranged symmetrically.

The Orientals approached still nearer to first principles. They found a monotony in an everlasting sameness, quite as we do in mechanical music. They undertook to find those things that would balance, have rhythm, and still avoid monotony. They found this in a study of nature, in the silhouet of trees, which stand upright, are balanced perfectly, and yet spare us the agony of overwhelming sameness. That briefly is the underlying principle of modern art and modern dress.

The question to be asked is: "Is it rhythmical; does it balance? Is it like mechanical music, or does it possess that variation from the metronome's beat that bespeaks the master musician at the keyboard?"

KATHLYN WILLIAMS

Kathlyn Williams, an artist at all times, naturally would inspire a gown artistic in theme. This Oriental brocade bodice and draped, deep blue meteor skirt, having for its background a cape over but one shoulder of black satin lined in meteor of Chinese blue.

LOUISE GLAUM

Orientalism sheds its influence over this robe of meteor and Oriental jewels, inspired by Louise Glaum. The temperament of the wearer is expressed in the voluminous wrap, as distinction hangs in its every line of chinchilla and ermine.

CHRISTINE MAYO

Christine Mayo, loveliest of persons, asked for a black lace dress, and this is what she impelled. I am told it is very beautiful.

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I. M. BROWN, Poplar Bluff, Mo.

Wouldn't Sell It At Any Price

I received my Mandel-ette and am much pleased with it. I took some pictures and even though it was a cloudy day, they came out just grand. I wouldn't sell the camera at any price.

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Chicago, Illinois

Friend Sends Order

My Mandel-ette arrived early Saturday morning O. K. Thirty minutes after it arrived I took my first picture and it was a great success. Any person after mastering your simple instructions should get good results with your Mandel-ette. I don't see how I ever got along without one.

After I had unpacked mine, my friend, Theo. Murdoch, New Petersburg, Ohio, came along and he was so enthused over it he sent for one the same morning. Several more of my friends are thinking of sending for Cameras in the near future.

HERMAN R. STOEBEL, Greenfield, Ohio.

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Your special outfit reached me by express this morning. It sure is all you claim it to be and there is no danger of my sending it back, as the first picture I took was of my wife and two children and it is the best I have ever seen.

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J. B. HONEYCUTT, Beelog, N. C.

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As I have bought one of your Mandel-ette Cameras and found it to be very successful in taking pictures, I wish to make application to become your agent. I have several young men here who are anxious to buy one and I will send you their orders as soon as I hear from you.

GEO. REUTIC, Ft. Collins, Colo.

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I am very pleased with the Mandel-ette Camera. I have made some very good pictures with it and it has already more than paid for itself.

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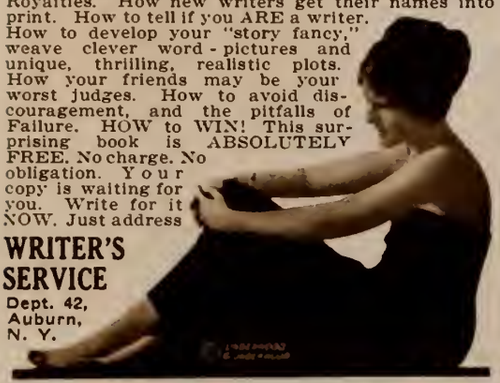

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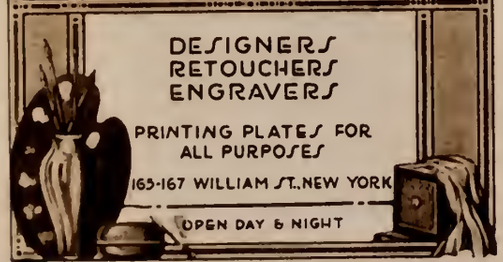

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Mr. Biggs Puts It Over—(*Continued from page* 42)

take up as much room as a set of encyclopedia de luxe!"

"Our clients include some of the most reputable business men in New York," Graham proudly informed him.

"I'm absolutely aware of that," agreed Biggs, with emphasis, as his face lighted up with a peculiar smile. "But," he added gravely, "unless this transaction of ours remains a profound secret you will lose one of your best clients!"

"Whom do you mean?"inquired the president.

"Mister Samuel Mills!"

"I — I — dont — quite — understand —you!" gasped Graham, in astonishment, as he stared at the "exploiter."

"He is one of my partners!" added Biggs, with amusement.

"One—of—your—partners!" repeated the banker, in amazement.

"My time's too valuable ter repeat what I say," remarked the big fellow, with indifference. Then he added: "An not only will yer lose him, but yer'll lose a big, new client who's vice-president of a hundred-million dollar corporation an' who intended transactin' all his business thru the Graham Trust Company! Now, then, yer'd better croon over that a while an' lemme know if yer still feel it's yer duty ter slip this here stuff ter the police!"

As he finished, Biggs drew from his inside coat pocket a little leather-bound book and tossed it on the desk.

The banker adjusted his glasses and picked it up. It was a deposit book of the Graham Trust Company, and on the cover was written: "Flimsy Fillum Corporation."

After he had recovered from this blow, the banker, with nervous fingers, opened the book, and there, staring at him on the first page, was the following entry: "Dec. 27—Deposited—$250,000."

"Say, that sun's shinin' brighter'n ever, aint it?" remarked Biggs, as he gazed out of the window.

"Er—just what is this Flimsy Fillum Corporation?" inquired Graham, still bewildered.

"The greatest thin' of its kind in the world! You'll receive a copy of our by-laws with yer first cigar tomorrow mornin'," remarked Biggs, as he picked up the bank-book and shoved it in his pocket. "I guess I dont need yer any more this mornin', so I'll hitch up the mare and drive on." And, with this, he started towards the door.

The president arose and followed. "Well, I think there is little doubt but that the company will become a tremendous power in the film industry, for it has two very shrewd and clever men at the head of it," said he.

"Of course, a new concern like the Flimsy Fillum Corporation must have a lot er publicity an' advertisin' at the start," said Biggs thoughtfully. "At this moment the vice-president of our company is considerin' a suit against a very prominent banker fer defamation of character."

The effect was almost magical.

"I dont think the police would be interested in our transaction just now, anyway," remarked Graham, with a weak smile. "You see, they're pretty busy these days with our German element."

"I guess the courts are pretty busy, too, hearin' spy cases," added the "exploiter," as he opened the door.

"Good morning, Mr. Biggs," the banker said, rather pleasantly.

"The sun smiled right down on yer this mornin', all right, didn't it?" remarked Biggs by way of reply. "It must be Jewish, 'cause it's full of gold!"

And, for the first time that morning, the banker was laughing. Biggs left then.

When Biggs returned to the hotel he found "Shorty" as busy as the South after the Civil War. He was seated at one of those regulation hotel desks, which were invented more to amuse than to use.

"What cher doin', 'Shorty?'" said Biggs, as he rushed into the room.

"I'm collectin' funds fer the Gravediggers Annual Ball," remarked the president of the Flimsy Fillum Corporation.

"You certainly know yer stall, all right, 'Shorty,' 'cause yer 'bout as funny as a fifty-second-rate funeral," was Biggs' repartee, as he threw off his coat.

"Dont ask a feller what he's doin' when yer can see it. I'm workin' like a trench-digger," added the official, as he raised his head for an instant.

"Impossible—yer couldn't work that hard at that small-time desk," protested Biggs, as he lighted a cigar. Then he smiled as he studied his pal. For "Shorty," even if he wasn't very busy, certainly had all the atmosphere about him. His collar and tie were off, his shirt was unbuttoned and the sleeves rolled up to his shoulders, while his hair looked as tho it had been irritated by a high-powered typhoon.

"Well, whether yer're workin or not," mused Biggs, "you've certainly surrounded yerself with a lot er local color. If yer feel that way 'bout it, why dontcher take yer clothes off? I can see right now we'll have ter keep a suit of pajamas in yer private office in case yer wanter work some day."

"I dont see's you've worked up any sweat doin' anythin' terday," blurted out the little fellow, as he tickled his head with a pencil.

"Say, 'Shorty, if I ever get good an' mad it'll be at you!" exclaimed Biggs, almost hidden from view in a cloud of smoke. "Yer know them little lozenges yer buy in drug stores? Well, they named 'em after me—I work while you sleep!"

"What er yer do that fer? Wanter keep it in the dark? Yer certainly keepin' it a secret, 'cause I never ketch yer doin' anythin'," muttered "Shorty."

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"But I always bring home the catch, dont I? That's more'n you do," added Biggs.

"I aint s'posed ter do anythin'," whined the little fellow. "That's the understandin'. Yer said so yerself. I'm the president!"

"Well, if yer goin' ter president round me you've got ter learn ter keep yer coat, collar and tie on. You've got ter look decent. Put that under that wild hair of yourn, an' keep it there!"

"But, Biggsy, I've been laborin' terday," said "Shorty." "I done more work since yer seen me last than I ever did before in my life. It gits me all excited!"

"That'll do yer good," Biggs reminded him. "You've been sittin' round too long gittin' fat, while that Keystone gang slung pies at cher. Yer need ter reduce, 'Shorty.'" Then, as he gazed over the little fellow's shoulder at the little pile of papers, he added: "What have yer been doin' terday?"

"Transactin' a lot er business," replied the president, as he straightened up with an overdose of pride.

"Did yer get the offices?"

"Yep."

"Sign the lease?"

"Yep."

"Fer how long?"

"Year."

"Did yer order the decorations?"

"Yep."

"Furniture?"

"Yep."

"Stationery?"

"Yep."

"Stock-book an' seal?"

"Yep."

"What's all that stuff you've got here?"

"Bills."

Biggs reached over and picked up the paper which was on the top of the pile and studied it with interest. It was a long sheet and crowded from top to bottom with items. He glanced at the writing, and then his gaze returned to the heading, which read: "The Second-hand Furniture Corporation, 22 Grand Street."

"What the ——!" He tried to finish it, but words were too inadequate to express himself. "Yer poor, sick shrimp! . . . I could say lots more, but they wouldn't print it! What er yer think yer doin'—openin' up in the auction business?"

"But, Biggsy——"

"Dont talk, or I'll knock yer down!" exclaimed Biggs. And his face grew as red as the French Revolution. "Why didn't cher go ter the five-an'-ten-cent store? Yer could equip a whole floor with better stuff than yer got here fer 'bout two bits! Yer startin' off like a tramp with a pair of patent-leather shoes on! What would people think ter see a hundred-million-dollar firm with such a bunch er junk in its offices? If I didn't like yer, I'd hit yer fer this. A feller like you has to be treated externally, 'cause you've got nothin' inside ter fix up!"

"But I—I—was tryin' ter hold down expenses," protested "Shorty" weakly.

"Listen!" shouted the big fellow, as he brought his big fist down on the desk, narrowly missing the nose of his pal as he did so. "The only thin' you've got ter hold down is yer job. I'm makin' the money round this plant, and when the time comes fer trimmin' you'll find me hangin' 'bout here somewhere. Yer needn't fall in love with these dollars jest 'cause they've got women on 'em! What er yer think we're startin'—a colony for the aged and decrepit scrubwomen?" he added, as he went over the list. "You've got thirty rockin'-chairs here! I s'pose that's so our employees can sit round an' rock themselves ter sleep! 'Shorty,' 'bout the only thin' yer'll ever be good fer is a mascot. This furniture you've bought couldn't live thru the winter. Where's the stuff?"

"It's on the way uptown now, Biggsy," replied the humbled president.

"Judgin' from the prices yer paid fer these articles, I'm convinced they're too old and weak ter stand the journey," remarked Biggs. "But, if they do, yer better go down ter the office an' see that they're chaperoned right back ter Grand Street."

"Maybe they wont take the stuff back," pondered the little fellow.

"If they dont, yer can have it brought up here ter yer room, so yer can have somethin' ter play with," suggested the "exploiter." "I'll bet yer idea of recklessness is ter stand up in the subway, or eat peanuts all the way home. We aint goin' ter talk in hundreds or thousands, but millions—*millions!* It'll take 'bout twenty-five thousand dollars ter make our offices look pretty. If yer want ter make a success of this game yer must be reckless. Yer want ter look big, talk big an' act big. Say big words yer dont know the meanin' of, an' dont be 'fraid of slippin', 'cause the bunch yer'll be doin' business with dont know whether Webster's is a hair tonic or a cousin of the Hudson River. Some of 'em are still writin' ter Shakespeare, askin' him ter pound out a few scripts. If yer'll be a hard man ter see, change yer clothes every day an' eat in Rector's.

"Takes a big man ter do that, dont it, Biggsy?" inquired "Shorty," who had inhaled every word.

"Takes jest what yer've got, 'Shorty,' emphasized Biggs.

"What's 'at?"

"Nothin'," laughed his pal. Then, as he turned away, he added: "Now, yer go down there an' flag that furniture, an', if yer're a good boy, I'll take yer with me termorrow an' show yer how a real movin' pitcher organization should be equipped."

"All right, Biggsy," answered "Shorty." He put on his collar and tie, slapped on his hat and coat and the next minute started towards the door.

"Dont stay away till yer get old," Biggs cautioned him, as he went out.

(To be continued)

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REEL NEWS

MR. AND MRS. SIDNEY DREW have announced their intention of going into the legitimate. There used to be an adage something like this: "John Drew, but Sidney didn't." It is our personal conviction that the Drews are among the finest contributors to Screen Art today. As to the Stage Art we were not so convinced.

According to reports from "outside" writers, we are informed that Thomas H. Ince, Inc., does not want outside contributions. Hence it will be well to comply with their wish and save postage and patience.

Charles Sarver is now the man in charge of the World Film Corporation's Scenario Department. They want plays for Kitty Gordon, Carlyle Blackwell and Montagu Love.

Metro has a new man star, Robert Lytell, who needs material with a dash of comedy.

Herbert Hoagland is now in charge of the Scenario destinies of the Pathé Exchange, 25 West 45th Street. Look over their outfit on the screen and send them something.

Herewith is an authentic List of Long Record Manuscript Holders that deserve a niche in some place beside the Hall of Fame:

World Film Corporation (William A. Brady)—sent October 4, 1917.

Horkheimer—sent June 14, 1917.

John Collins (Viola Dana's director)—sent May 25, 1916.

U. S. Amusement Company (Herbert Blache)—sent August 13, 1917.

Commonwealth Film Corporation—sent January 10, 1918.

Margaret Anglin Film Co.—sent August 24, 1916.

Arrow Film Corporation—sent January 16, 1917.

I have inquired in some cases repeatedly, but have never had the honor of a reply or an explanation. I trust they liked my offering.

CHOICE CHAPTERS IN THE CAREER OF A FREE-LANCE

CHAPTER III

The Writer Cuts His Eye-Tooth on a Stiff Upper Lip

It is so easy to write for most New Writers that they could do it with one hand tied behind their backs and one eye blindfolded.

Why, they just dip their pens in their thoughts, as 'twere, and the words burst forth in a never-ending stream, much to their nearest and dearest friends' regret.

Some try it on the dog, others on their sweethearts, others on dozing relatives and still more poetic others on babbling brooks. There are specific reasons why all the aforementioned are not harsh nor condemnatory nor murderously inclined.

Writers never sell this Scum of their Souls.

If you ever intend to write you must get it off your chest—or wherever it comes from—or it may grow *in*, and obviously that would be awful. So you give it to your friends, and they get it square on the chests. That's what friends are for. Our gifts that nobody else will stand for we offer to our friends.

But sooner or later our friends get tired of listening, the dogs do bark, the sweethearts sigh for more action and the brooks dry up—and then we think of selling our Gems to an unconscious world!

All might go well with our designs were it not for our hereafter constitutional enemy—the Editor.

The Editor doesn't know a good thing when he sees it; that is a well-known secret among all New Writers. The Editor is consistently rude to New Writers who call and insolently refuses to correspond with them, except by means of caustic printed slips.

It suddenly dawns on us what outrageous profits Uncle Sam grinds from the lightest literature conceivable. We learn, too, that it costs as much to run a typewriter as it does a Ford and very little less to own one. This illuminating thought saves many a would-be Writer from Potter's Field.

Most of us kid ourselves along with the art gag, swearing that wild mules could not tear us from our vocation.

You can see, as your friends and nearest relatives see, that it is going to be very, very sad. And so the Writer begins his or her flapper stage, where they wear flowing ties and long hair and sad eyes and ecstatic poses.

This is all Scum of the Soul that must be skimmed, and will all come off like scales with the application of a few bank drafts of fresh air.

EXPERIENCE MEETING

We must not be too hasty in giving judgment thru our experiences.

For instance:

I saw Goldwyn's "Dodging a Million" the other night. Incidentally, I saw the major part of one of my own plays therein.

I went home and looked up my records to see if the Goldwyn people had ever had the play in which the plot in question was the sum and substance.

I learnt that Goldwyn had held it from August 6 to September 11, a month and eleven days!

If I were a New Writer, unfamiliar with the tricks of coincidence, or were I not well acquainted with the fine personnel of the Goldwyn institution, I might be hasty in jumping at a wrong conclusion.

Now, in my ripened wisdom, I wait until lightning strikes twice in the same place. Even then I am cautious, knowing that God Himself not infrequently makes twins, not to mention quintuplets. If God and Nature can think and conceive two or more human documents of exactly the same pattern, it is possible we might fall into the same divine coincidence.

The fact is that I sold the aforementioned story immediately after having it turned down by Goldwyn. The coincidence is further marked in that the plays have been produced within two weeks of each other.

Go see both Goldwyn's "Dodging a Million" and then Triangle's "Heiress for a Day" if you would like to see exactly what I mean.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

I learnt a severe lesson a few weeks ago that cost me considerable money, fame and almost friendship.

The truth is that I have been railing at producers right along for holding up our manuscripts so long as to jeopardize our bread-and-butter income. I could not always see *why*, when one Company was holding a manuscript interminably, another Company might not take a squint at it, too. There is always that delightful possibility of having two Companies want to buy your play at ONE time. It so seldom happens!

And this is what happened:

I sent a play to the Goldwyn Company. A month elapsed, during which time I had inquired politely about the fate of my child, but was not enlightened.

In the meantime, the American Company did me the honor to inquire if I had any stories on hand of a certain type. I sent them a carbon copy of the play the Goldwyn Company was holding.

The American Company wired me soon after, asking an option on the play. I asked them to wire me IMMEDIATELY they de-

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cided to take it. Incidentally, I at once wrote Goldwyn that another Company wanted the play they were holding and to name a price or return it to me.

A week elapsed without a word from any one—a week of delightful agonies. Then the American sent me a letter of acceptance. Then the check and release which I signed and sent off. The Goldwyn incident was forgotten—until the next morning.

The next morning Goldwyn informed me that they had decided to buy the play. I informed them that it no longer belonged to me and that I had written giving them an option, which they had ignored. They told me that they frankly thought I had been kidding them into buying the play by saying some one else wanted it, that this was a common practice among certain authors.

Later I was rung up again and told that I must be joking and informed that One Thousand Dollars was waiting for me for the play, which was considerably more than I had received for it.

Thereafter I was threatened with the law by both Companies and underwent a couple of anxious days. The play is "The Primitive Woman," which was released April first.

I see now that my attitude has not altogether been a fair one heretofore. There are circumstances entering into the consideration of a manuscript that has a real chance of acceptance which we writers are inclined to overlook. For example, the Goldwyn Company was removing their offices and reorganizing their entire Scenario Department during the time I was focussing on a single manuscript they held!

On the other hand, Goldwyn was at fault in not taking my serious inquiry seriously. American should have wired acceptance instead of waiting nearly ten days, when subsequent events showed they intended to buy it.

Most serious of all was the possible injury of a personal friendship and esteem for these two companies in particular, which stand highest in their effort to be fair to Writers.

THE MAIL COACH

Mrs. A. M. C., Pendleton.—Your outline of a play is not of sufficient length to warrant giving an opinion, tho I will say that should you submit it with more care to spelling and grammar it will receive better treatment.

J. W. F., Buffalo.—(1) A Company has no right to use your plot, providing they obtained it from YOUR MS., unless they compensate you for it. (2) You have little or no protection from thieves; however, let me assure you that it is seldom done. (3) Name your price if you choose, but accept their offer. (4) Companies usually get your acceptance before sending a check, and you sign a release which makes them the owners of your idea. (5) Handwritten MSS. are NOT acceptable.

B. T., Great Falls.—A twenty-page MS. is TOO LONG. Do not typewrite on BOTH sides of the paper. A beginner may expect from One Hundred to Three Hundred Dollars for a Five-Reel Photoplay. The Producers usually reserve the right to change the title or parts of the plot to suit their purposes. Address all communications to "the Company." Sound business policy looking toward a successful future prevents a Company from stealing a play, not to mention honesty. The Writer's protection is a Company's integrity. Reserve ALL other rights. Copyright does little or nothing for a MS. To copyright you will have to have the MS. PRINTED and then it is merely RECORDED—which is all the Government does for you.

H. L., Harrisburg.—In submitting a MS. for Gold Seal, Nestor, Victor and all other subsidiary Companies of the Universal, send to The Universal Film Company, Universal City, Cal. In the case of the Mutual Company you should send to the individual Companies making up the Mutual Programs. It is not absolutely necessary to give a detailed cast, but it is expedient.

L. A. A., Holyoke.—Stories of the Canadian Northwest and Hudson Bay are popular where there are male stars.

But I May Do My Bit at Home

By GEORGE WILDEY

They tell me I'm too old to join
The lads across the sea;
That war is not for such as I—
It's glory not for me.

I would that from the fount of youth
'Twere mine new life to drink,
That with the Sammies "over there"
My fortunes I might link.

But I may watch them, eager-eyed,
In many a battle scene,
And cheer them as they charge the foe,
Or march across the screen.

And tho I may not stand or fall
Beneath yon sky's blurred dome,
I find some comfort in that I
May do my bit at home.

When the Pictur's Come to Town

By NELLIE ERWIN GRAVES

Ma and me got pow'ful lonesome
Since th' boys had gone t' war;
Seemed th' evenin's were much longer
Than they'd ever been before;
But a feller that's right sprightly
Come t' town th' other day—
And now there's Movin' Pictur's
In a buildin' 'cross th' way.

Seems we're purty old for sich things,
But we go there ev'ry night,
And we feel a heap sight younger
After seein' things that's bright.
Them love-scenes are mighty pleasin',
And we like th' comics, too—
Nothin' ever struck us better
Than them Movin' Pictur's do.

If a pictur's over-pleasin',
Then we stay t' watch it twice,
'Cause it dont cost any extry,
And we think it's awful nice
For t' spend sich pleasant ev'nin's,
And not feel so awful blue,
Settin' home and worryin',
Like we always used t' do.

Just What Did He Mean?

Douglas Fairbanks, who has a young son of his own, knows how innocently pointed a child's remarks may be. He has a story to prove it. Whether it is his own story or not he is not telling.

Supper was in progress, and Doug was telling about a row that took place on the main street of a little Western town.

"The first thing I knew, I saw one man deal another a vicious blow, and then a crowd gathered. The man who was struck grabbed a large shovel and rushed up, ready to knock the other man's brains out, so I stepped in between them."

The young son of the family had become so greatly interested in the narrative that he had stopped eating his pudding, and his eyes fairly shone as he cried:

"He couldn't knock any brains out of you, could he, father?"

Father looked long and earnestly at the frank, open countenance of the lad, gasped slightly and resumed his supper.

Playing Audience to Bessie Love's Chorus Lady

(*Continued from page* 58)

"As I was saying, one night in Burlington I was as hungry as I ever expect to be. I had hunted all afternoon for the manager in the hope of coaxing some of my back salary from his pocket into mine. At six I gave up the hunt and wandered into a restaurant with aches in my feet, fifteen cents in my pocketbook and a five-dollar cavity in my corporeal woman. I read the menu down the right-hand side, then one-stepped across to the left-hand side, and found that fifteen cents was the call-number of a hot roast beef sandwich. Upon introduction I discovered that it was the smallest specimen of cow that had ever dared face hunger alone and unarmed. At this juncture in walked the missing manager and leading-lady. They seated themselves at a table in front of mine, and that man read the menu from top to bottom—the left-hand side, of course—dwelling with particular stress upon the tenderloin steak with mushrooms, to see if he could find anything to tempt the lady's appetite. Can you imagine how I longed to flag my back salary together with that tenderloin steak, accompanied or unaccompanied, and do you wonder that every time I see food I hear the conductor call, 'Burlington, Vermont'?"

At that moment my gaze wandered stageward, and I discovered Bessie in the act of trying to light her cigaret from its fellow in the mouth of Mr. L. W. Brownell, every inch of his six feet four a still camera-man.

"I'm going to reach it if I have to hold the scene up for the rest of the day," the little star laughed.

I prayed that her efforts would not be rewarded until the faithful graflex and I had arrived upon the scene. Sure enough, Mahomet was still trying to come to the mountain when "click" went Friend Graflex.

"Back on the set!" Mr. Hollywood called at that moment.

"And now, audience, if we pay strict attention and do not have to retake, we finish so much quicker," Madame Blache told us when we had taken our seats.

Of course we wanted to please the Madame, but who cared how long we stayed while Bessie continued to sing and dance? However, we did pay rapt attention, and before we realized that a few hours had passed Madame Blache was dismissing us in her best Franco-American.

Then the orchestra started—

> "Allons citoyen,
> La jour de gloire est arrivée,"

and we all stood at attention in honor of the little French director, of the boys "over there," and of the great tie that binds, while on the stage above us, against the background of Old Glory, was Bessie Love proudly exhibiting her newly acquired military salute.

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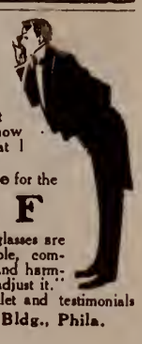

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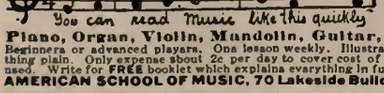

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This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, relationship, photoplay writing, and technical matters will not be answered. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies, or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn. Read all answers and file them—this is the only movie encyclopædia in existence.

N. S. D., Judson College.—Anlta Stewart isn't playing just now. Olga Petrova was born in Warsaw, Poland, about 33 years ago; educated in Brussels, Paris and London. She is 5 feet 6 inches tall, and has dark-red hair.

R. T. Fishal.—Florence Vidor was Irene Stuart in "The Widow's Might." Blanche Sweet hasn't been playing lately. Frank Losee was the father in "Bab's Diary."

Mrs. D. W.—Your first letter? Good! Always glad to make new friends. The total man power in the war is, I understand, as follows: Entente, 91,700,000; Teutonic, 25,050,000, or 78.5 per cent. against 21.5 per cent. Some players achieve publicity and imagine it is fame.

Francis MacDonald Fan.—You want a chat with Francis soon. Evelyn Greeley played in "The Beautiful Mrs. Reynolds" as Margaret. Everybody should read at least one fiction book a month. But never read unless you feel so inclined; otherwise it makes no impression.

J. McB.—Louise Glaum is with the Paralta. Adda Gleason and J. Barney Sherry had the leads in "Fanatics." Mary Miles Minter and Alan Forrest in "Beauty and the Rogue." Yes, this is the season for new suits. Dress has a moral effect on the conduct of mankind.

Midget, 18.—Wallace Reid's son's name is William Wallace Reid, Jr. You ask, "Do blonde actresses have success in the movies?" I dont know whether they are as successful as the brunets, but I guess they are, as a rule. Your letter was most amusing.

Brunetta, 17.—Yes, Alma Ruben has made rapid progress in the past year. Well, sometimes I get a seat in the subway, but generally I stand. People look at my gray hairs (what there are of them) and take no pity. It is usually the women who offer me their seats. God bless all good women! To their soft hands and pitying hearts we must all come at last.

Emma L. T., Brooklyn.—You have picked out some great men all right. You ask me to link their names with their greatest work. Joseph Jefferson, "Rip Van Winkle"; Milton, "Paradise Lost"; De Foe, "Robinson Crusoe"; Gray, "Gray's Elegy"; Cervantes, "Don Quixote"; Chaucer, "Canterbury Tales"; Holmes, "Autocrat"; Bryant, "Thanatopsis"; Dante, "Inferno"; Homer, "The Illad"; and Bunyan, "Pilgrim's Progress." What are you going to link my name to? Why did you leave me out? Muriel Latham was played by Martha Mansfield in "Broadway Bill," opposite Harold Lockwood.

Jane Novak Admirer.—Yes, L-Ko is a Universal brand. Edith Johnson is 24 years old. Cant answer your last. Treat your friends considerably, but not oftenly.

Kenneth D.—June Elvidge was Marcia and Montagu Love was John in "Broken Ties" (World). Louise Huff is in California with Paramount. The only way to secure photos of the stars is to write to them or to their companies.

Lonely Mary.—You say that with three days' riding with me in a carriage we could become better acquainted than if you wrote to me every day for five years. All right; let's try it. But what kind of questions would you ask? Frank Lanning is with Universal.

William Farnum Fiend.—A picture of Clifford Bruce. Yes, but I dont mind growing old. Old age is the ripest and the sweetest part of life. Octavia Handworth is playing in vaudeville.

Just a Country Jake.—Lucky boy! So you received a picture from Jackie Saunders. No, she didn't get to see us when she was in New York. I'm sorry you have such a long nose, Jake, but it cant be helped. Both Napoleon and Wellington had noses longer than the average, and it is considered a good sign.

Silver Spurs.—You say you just finished two hours' practice on the piano and violin. Do you play them both at once? Your letter was mighty interesting, and I want you to confide in me. I think your essay quite bright.

John P. P.—Edwin Stevens and Eric Mayne in "Yellow Menace." But everything is so—sorrow, money, trouble and poverty are very unequally divided in this world. We either get too little or too much, and some of us get more than our share.

Genevieve M.—No, I haven't the name of that chap. Sorry. Irene Castle was Roslyn and Harry Benham was Rodney in "Convict 993." Jack Sherrill was Robert in "The Crucible of Life." So you like Tom Mix. I believe there has been some talk of publishing a book of "Bright Thoughts from the Answer Man Department." What say you?

Pauline W.—Yes, he was the same child. We would be glad to use his pictures. We are always glad to use pictures of the players, provided we can get good ones. A star's lament on meatless and wheatless days: "To fast and pray we are by Scripture taught; oh, could I either as I ought? In both, alas! I err; my frailty such, I pray too little and I fast too much."

Marie Antoinette.—Emily Stevens and Emmy Wehlen are not the same. Augustus Phillips played with Emily Stevens. Glad you liked "Cleopatra." In marriage, as in war, it is permitted to take every advantage of the enemy. And believe me, it is being done.

Adolphus F. R.—You dont care for Bill Hart's pictures since he has been with Artcraft. You say you dont like to see him holding up stage-coaches and cleaning up dance-halls with his bare fists. In other words, you want him to reform and be a gentleman. That would be a public calamity. Even tho I write my answers in a hall-room, that's nothing. John Bunyan wrote "Pilgrim's Progress" in a prison cell, and Cervantes also gave birth to the immortal "Don Quixote" at the expense of the state.

A. K. J. L.—No, it makes no difference what you say, ours or yours, when you are talking about this department. It is more your'n than our'n. You didn't care for that player's singing? When a singer's throat is raw, you cant expect her song to be well done. You were lucky to hear her at all.

O. B. Joyful.—That's my motto also. Dont ever change your name. Stay an old maid. Kitty Gordon was Madeline and Gelene Johnson was Helen.

Babe, Los Angeles.—Carlyle Blackwell has renewed his contract with the World Co. I would advise you not to lend your friend money. Dont you know that money lent receives poor return, for it usually brings back neither interest, principal nor friend?

LILLIAN T., PORTLAND.—No, I didn't do much skating this winter, except when walking to and from the office—and most of the time that was real ice-skating. Of course, I am glad you think so often of me and wish to know my likes and dislikes. Just read this department carefully and you'll soon know me like a book. About seven hours' sleep do I require, eat a very light breakfast, sometimes so light I dont taste it; a hearty luncheon, and a big dinner at seven.

ROY.—Hey, thar! What be you doin'? Just trying to see how the Answer Man would look without his whiskers? Kindly desist, Reginald. Ann Murdock was Mary and David Powell was Blake in "The Impostor." Sure thing, I like a little jazz every now and then; then, too, I like Moszkowski, Mendelssohn, Leschetisky, etc.

RICHARD H.—Yes, "Innocent" was a fine thing, and Fannie Ward is always pleasing. I always did like John Miltern. Cant say that I cared a great deal for "Lest We Forget."

MAX.—You say you dont know whether the title is "Just For a Woman" or "Oh, For a Woman!" Well, it's quite important to know what you want. The former is the title of the Julius Steger play.

SENATOR BILL.—What's that—if you want to keep warm, keep thinking about the Kaiser? We may be wheatless and meatless and eatless, but as we are not mindless or sightless we can still enjoy the movies. Murdock MacQuarrie played in "The Kingdom of Love." Happy title, isn't it, Bill?

ALICE T., SYRACUSE.—You say you dont know whether you like Louise Fazenda as a downtrodden servant girl or Mae Marsh as Apple-Pie Mary. I dont think that Napoleon was the creator of the remark, "God is on the side of the heaviest artillery." The Roman Tacitus said, "The gods are on the side of the stronger," and in 1770 Voltaire said, "It is said that God is always on the side of the heaviest battalions." The Kaiser says, "Me und Gott," assuming that he is the big gun. These remarks should be contrasted with that of Abe Lincoln when he was asked whether he was sure that God was on "our side." "I dont know," he replied, "but I am very anxious to know whether we are on God's side."

JENNIE C.—Alice Hollister was Stella in "The Knife." She is now in the hospital with appendicitis. Robert Vignola directed it. (Please dont think I refer to appendicitis—I am answering Question No. 3, Who directed "The Knife"?) And thereby hangs the tale.

ELLA VATOR.—Joseph Kaufman died of pneumonia.

PERCY.—You say you are your mother's only son. So wise, so young, they say, do ne'er live long.

HERBERT T., ROCHESTER.—Mae Murray played in Ziegfeld's "Follies" before going on the screen. She was born in Ol' V'ginny, just about 21 years ago. Fantine was played by Sonia Markova in "Les Miserables."

LOTTIE DU V.—Every boy should read "Robinson Crusoe," every girl should read "Alice in Wonderland," and everybody should read "Don Quixote," "Les Miserables," "Vanity Fair" and "David Copperfield."

REGINALD L.—Mary Moore was Genevieve, Jack Ellis was Jim and Jean Sothern was Joyce in "Miss Deception." You just bet we ought to help the Y. M. C. A. In 1900 the Y. M. C. A. of North America had 359 buildings, valued at $21,300,000, and in 1916 it had 782 buildings, valued at $83,300,000. In 1915 alone the association opened 23 new buildings, valued at $6,000,000, and expected to erect as many more in the coming year. The association's activities have greatly increased in extent and effectiveness since the beginning of the present war.

ESTHER F., ATLANTA.—Arnold Daly was Philip Nolan and the two lieutenants in "My Own United States." Gerald Daly was President Lincoln; Frank Murray was General Grant.

(Continued on page 71)

"I Got the Job!"

"I'm to be Manager of my Department starting Monday. The boss said he had been watching all the men. When he found I had been studying at home with the International Correspondence Schools he knew I had the right stuff in me—that I was bound to make good. Now we can move over to that house on Oakland Avenue and you can have a maid and take things easy. I tell you, Nell, taking that course with the I. C. S. was the best thing I ever did."

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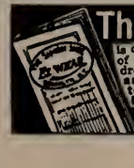

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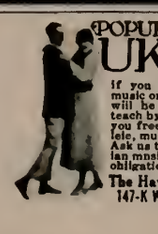

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Chats With the Players

(*Continued from page* 51)

Now comes the parting of the ways. The play was rewritten. Either by accident or design, a low-comedy, soubret part was introduced. In producing "Service for Two" this part and the way it was acted ran away with the story. Miss Kane naturally felt that the star had been left out in the cold. So as soon as the last scene was shot, Gail packed her forty-'leven trunks' and left Santa Barbara. And now American is being sued for $35,000, as Gail felt that her contract had been violated to that amount by not casting her in suitable rôles. Since then the girl, whose two names are characteristic of her, has retired temporarily, and friends say she should worry, as she is very well blessed with this world's goods, her collection of diamonds alone being worth a king's ransom.

Mary Garden is known to be quite superstitious, and never stages a new rôle without consulting a high-priced astrologer or palmist. While in Paris, Madame Thebes, who predicted the death of President Carnot and the Austrian Empress, as well as the present war, told Miss Garden she would be asked to picturize "Thais" upon her arrival in America. A funny story is going the rounds of the film Rialto about Mary Garden's quick wits and love of betting. Soon after her arrival in this country, she was visited by some intimate friends, and appeared in a wonderful kimono, apologizing for her appearance and saying she had just come from her bath.

One of the men said, daringly: "Why didn't you entertain us while you were *in* your bath? I'll bet you are afraid to."

Mary Garden answered defiantly, "I'll bet you anything you like that I will entertain you all tomorrow afternoon at tea while I am taking my daily plunge. Come now, what's the bet?"

Of course, they all fell for it, and next day arrived in due course to enjoy Mary's two-dollar-an-ounce tea. Mary was in the bathtub all right, but, alas! the tub was filled to her neck with *milk!* And Miss Garden won enough out of her stakes to buy a new set of furs that she'd had her eye on for a month.

HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR.

AN HONORED GUEST

"When working in the wilds of the Northwest," says William S. Hart, "I was entertained at dinner by a family who had as a guest Lord Ellston, who was in America for a hunting trip. A child of about five years, named Ethel, heard her father and mother now and then say, 'My lord this,' or 'My lord that,' or 'Will you have some of this, my lord, or some of that?' and was completely awed by the presence of the distinguished foreigner.

"Finally, when the mother was interested in the conversation of another guest, Ethel noticed that milord was gazing interestedly at a dish of relish quite out of his reach. The child thought she saw a chance to please Lord Ellston, and in a clear voice exclaimed:

" 'Mamma, God wants some pickles!' "

A Last Word to the Queen- and King-Makers

Royal Announcement on Coronation Day, May 15, in the June Classic

Presentation Day on June 15 Brings the First King's or Queen's Portrait

THE Kings and Queens of the Screen Contest continue to march triumphantly on, gathering into its ranks vast armies of recruits under the royal pennants of the various contenders for the thrones of Beauty, Charm and Portrayal. The contest closed on March 20th and the last voting coupon was published in the March CLASSIC. Since announcing the closing date our offices have been literally deluged with a storm of paper, each slip a warrior missile for its favorites. As only back issues of the CLASSIC now contain coupons, we are not announcing results for this month, but are working upon the grand and final tabulation to be announced in the June CLASSIC, published on May 15, when the Queens of Beauty, Charm and Portrayal will be crowned and the Kings of Handsomeness, Charm and Portrayal will grasp the royal scepter. May 15, then, is set for Coronation Day, when, drest in our best anticipation, we are all invited to the royal salon.

A complete list of all the players who received one thousand votes or more will be published, these comprising the ladies-in-waiting and courtiers for the royal gathering.

According to royal custom, Coronation Day will be followed by Presentation Day, set to coincide with the July CLASSIC, published on June 15. On Presentation Day the living, breathing likeness of one of the newly-crowned Queens or Kings will be presented to his or her loyal followers, in the shape of a stunning, hand-painted autographed portrait in natural colors, including a message from the new monarch to his or her subjects dear. Other Presentation Days will follow, month by month, until all the Kings and Queens have received the homage of all their devout followers. There is also a strong probability that we will publish the portraits of the Royal Princes and Princesses, or those who finished second in their respective kingdoms. The complete set of portraits will make a priceless and beautiful group to frame, as the portraits published on Presentation Days represent the labor of love of over 5,000,000 faithful followers, thru ten months of stress during the furious battle of ballots in the Kings and Queens Contest.

And now, having greeted you, loyal subjects, the royal herald retires into the Kings' and Queens' pavilion to consult the court costumer and the court painter and to make the new monarchs ready for Coronation Day.

(Continued from page 69)

HELEN OF TROY.—Olive Thomas was Minnie in "Limousine Life." Shannon Fife wrote "Love Letters." That is, he wrote the scenario. He never wrote the letters.

TEMPLAR.—Yes, I agree with you—it's a peculiar name. The Sidney Drews have gone on the stage. No, Mary McAlister did not come to see me when she was in town, but her mother phoned her regrets. Mary is certainly some little player.

ROSE.—Restrain the mind, and let mildness ever attend the tongue and pen. Louise Lovely was Lou in "Painted Lips."

LILLIAN C., BROOKLYN.—Ruth Roland in "The Price of Folly" (Pathé), with eight chapters of two reels each. H. Cooper Cliffe in "Raffles." H. Cooper Cliffe and Otis Skinner have what I call stage charm, and their elocution is of the best.

GRACE T. B.—Mary Fuller isn't doing anything just now. Constance Talmadge, yes, in "The Shuttle." Conway Tearle in "Stella Maris," opposite Mary Pickford. Yes, she really played both rôles. Catherine Calvert played in "Think It Over" for Sterling.

PEORIA, ILL.—William S. Hart is with Artcraft in California. In your journey thru life always keep in mind this dictum: Courtesy is the password to the house of success. True Boardman and Mildred Harris in "The Doctor and the Woman."

HERMAN T. B.—Germans who came to the United States to make their living and their home, but who did not become citizens here, could have kept their German citizenship by having their names and the names of their children immatriculated in the records of the German consuls officiating in their districts. This had to be done within ten years after leaving Germany. If they did not become citizens of the United States and neglected this immatriculation, they are now men without a country, neither United States nor German citizens. Oh, yes; Tom Moore did play in "Dodging a Million" with Mabel Normand.

MARITTA, BROCKPORT.—Jane Novak played in "The Eyes of the World" (Clune). So you expect to be a great writer some day. Good luck to you, but try to acquire clearness, strength, precision and conciseness. Adopt a style all your own.

MAX T., NEW YORK.—I can see from your letter that you are about as affectionate as Napoleon. Dorothy Dalton was Flare-Up Sal in "Flare-Up Sal."

AMOS T. B.—Well, I'm afraid you will have to step a little livelier when you come to New York. There are a lot of people here, and they are all in a hurry. Stop in and see me when you do come. Franklyn Farnum was Billy in "The Fighting Grin."

DAMA.—J. Gordon Edwards directed "The Forbidden Path." I dont agree, but Disraeli says it destroys one's nerves to be amiable every day to the same human being. That's why he never married. Madge Evans in "Gates of Gladness."

SOCRATES.—As Aunt Eliza says, all good players leave luck while winning. The higher the heap of luck, the greater the risk of a slip, and down comes all. Fortune pays you sometimes for the intensity of her favors by the shortness of their duration. She soon tires of carrying any one long on her shoulders. Alfred Paget is playing for Fox.

SONIA.—My, how cross you are today! All the perfumes of Arabia could not sweeten this little hand. Come, cheer up; it may not be true.

MAY, BUFFALO.—George Bunny is the son of John Bunny. He did play in "The Heart of Romance." Sonia Markova is the girl you refer to in the Fox. The great French Academy of Immortals has forty members, elected for life, after submission of their nomination to the head of the state. It was founded in 1635 by Cardinal Richelieu.

BESSIE.—Sorry you dont get along well with the girls. If you want enemies, excel others; if you want friends, let others excel you.

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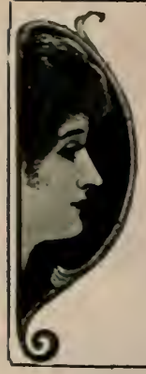

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Alice Herself

(*Continued from page* 48)

work. "Yes, I shall go back to the stage some day, I think; but I do like pictures and the infinite variety the work affords. Of course, they are a steady, all-the-year-round job, and therefore more lucrative—and we're all mercenary at heart," she said frankly.

"Oh, yes, I've lots of favorite parts. I liked my part especially well in 'The Knife.' You know, it was picturized from the famous Broadway play by that name. And quite recently I did 'Jane Eyre,' produced under the title of 'Woman and Wife.' I loved the part, but am afraid I made 'Jane' fearfully modern. If only," she went on plaintively, "I could be given a chance to try some comedy. I am naturally buoyant and happy, yet I am always cast for melodrama—just why I dont know."

She slipped into a fur-trimmed, rose-colored evening wrap and we went down to the waiting car. As we sped down Broadway, she spoke enthusiastically of her present work. "The picture is called 'Ruthless Russia,' she said, "tho it's hard to say what it will be called by the time it is finished. I am a short-haired musician—a typical Russian type. It's most interesting, and it's wonderful how the present Russian effect in women's clothes helps out. I have had to buy scarcely anything. It was amusing, one day, when a Columbia man, who is helping us with Russian data, said to me, 'Miss Brady, that gown is just right—you could not have made a better selection.' 'I'm so glad you like it,' I said; 'it's my very best street dress.' "

She left me at my door with a friendly good-by. "Well," I mused, "I see how it is. This independent, up-and-coming and lovely young person is 'Brady's daughter,' with all his indomitable will and energy. And it's this same will and energy that has made and will keep her—'Alice Herself.' "

REPUDIATED

"Yes, let us 'save the sweets for the soldiers' and everything else we can, and let us economize on our pleasures and put all our money into Liberty Bonds," said Douglas Fairbanks, "but let us not become too well known for our economics as did one fabulously wealthy man.

"He appeared at the gates of heaven and was met by St. Peter and Gabriel, recorder of deeds. St. Peter said:

" 'What have you done to cause you to think that you should come into heaven?'

" 'Well,' said the applicant, timidly, 'I met a crippled child and gave it two cents.'

" 'Um-m,' said St. Peter; 'that was something. Is that all right, Gabriel?'

" 'Yes,' grudgingly answered Gabriel.

" 'That is not enough. Anything else?' asked St. Peter.

" 'Yes. I met a newsboy. He was crying because he was stuck with his evening papers. I bought a paper.'

" 'Um-m,' said St. Peter; 'that was good. Is that all right, Gabriel?'

"Gabriel answered in the affirmative.

"St. Peter thought an instant, then consulted with Gabriel in low tones. Finally Gabriel closed his records and said impatiently:

" 'Oh, give him back his three cents and tell him to go to purgatory!' "

The Celluloid Critic

(*Continued from page* 53)

accomplished. Yet it makes clear the limitations of our screen of today. And "The Blue Bird," minus its spoken imagery, loses most of its whimsical humor and tends towards a mere parade of scenery.

Robin Macdougall and Tula Belle fit the requirements of the children, Tyltyl and Mytyl, very nicely.

Why must the movies sugar-coat life? "The Song of Songs," Artcraft's adaptation of Edward Sheldon's version of Sudermann's novel, is an instance in question. As Lily Kardos, Elsie Ferguson gives an admirable performance, not the best she has done for the screen, but marked by her usual splendid restraint and depth. The film traces its version of the story from the moment Lily is forced from home by a drunken mother, thru her marriage as a shopgirl to a wealthy senator, the tragic ending of the match when the husband's jealous housekeeper forces the girl into a compromising situation with a friend, Dick Laird, circumstances thus finally making Lily his mistress. Ultimately she finds real love in a young musician, hearing "the song of songs" in her heart for the first time. But rather than wreck his life, she goes back to Laird.

The late Joseph Kaufman directed Miss Ferguson in this, her fourth screen vehicle. His work is sincere, but does not measure up to Maurice Tourneur's handling of the other three productions.

The sheer beauty of Alice Joyce makes us forgive "The Woman Between Friends." I offer the glimpses of the Joyce in her robes of an art model as the pleasantest optical moments of the month. The photoplay tells the story of two friends, one of whom marries. The wife runs away with the other, the husband never learning the identity of the man in the case. A model, by chance, reveals the name of the false friend, and the other demands that the guilty one commit suicide on the anniversary of the woman's disappearance. The villain attempts suicide, but doesn't die, with which the other man forgives him—and marries the model. Marc MacDermott and Robert Walker play the friends. The story, by Robert W. Chambers, is Chambers at his "Cosmopolitanest." But Miss Joyce is admirably sympathetic and—there's no other way of saying it—darned restful to a tired movie eye.

"The Wooing of Princess Pat" is a Zenda-Graustark effusion built about the cuteisms of Gladys Leslie, who, of course, is the wilful, petulant little ruler. She marries the ruler of the neighboring country of Waravia to save her own land from war, and, altho she doesn't think at first that she loves him, she finds after five reels that she does. Uninspiring plot. Miss Leslie has appeal, but she shouldn't be asked to hold up a feature all alone—yet.

"The Other Man" is mediocre stuff, with Harry Morey and that ultra-blonde, Grace Darmond, featured. Morey plays a physician who hits the toboggan when his wife proves unfaithful. In a cheap boarding-house he comes to love Dorothy Harman, in reality a rich girl living in the slums on a wager, and starts out to make himself worthy of her. He quickly acquires success and whiskers, meets Dorothy in high life, makes love to her and is rejected. Dorothy still loves the man of the old boarding-house. So the physician shaves off his whiskers and wins Dorothy. I can hardly term this sort of stuff life.

"Men Who Have Made Love to Me," presenting the much-discussed Mary MacLane in supposed love episodes from her own life, had a bizarre and really compelling interest to me. It was pleasant to get away from sunset fade-outs and becurled ingénues, even to the torrid MacLane apartment. Miss MacLane, praise be! doesn't try to act, self-consciousness doesn't disturb her and she surely does hold your attention while she reveals her odd knowledge of sex psychology thru her piquant *affaires d'amour*.

Clara Kimball Young's latest, "The Marionettes," adapted from Pierre Wolff's play, is light material, the star playing a little convent-bred girl who is married by her family to a dissolute young nobleman. She becomes a butterfly, of course, and fascinates her errant hubby back into the fold again. Miss Young is better in her more sophisticated moments, while Nigel Barrie, who does the husband, is expressionless. He has, however, the most dramatic spats to be observed anywhere in celluloid drama.

Olga Petrova's second independent production, "The Light Within," is a pleasant little symphony in germs, with anthrax and meningitis microbes frisking thru the heavy rôles. Petrova plays Dr. Laurie Carlisle, doctor of bacteriology, who is married to the brutal Clinton Durand, altho she loves her co-worker, Dr. Leslie. Finally, Leslie volunteers to prove the efficacy of the woman's anthrax cure, has the deadly germs pumped into his system and awaits Laurie's antitoxin. Hubby smashes the test tube of precious serum, incidentally cutting his hand and inoculating himself in a way that escaped us. Wifey manufactures some more serum. Leslie is cured, but Durand expires in agony—and the last reel.

Lumsden Hare is excellent as the heartless husband in this medicated romance, while Thomas Holding is fearfully ministerial as the lover. I suspect that Petrova selected "The Light Within" because it gave her an opportunity to wear striking surgical costumes.

Bessie Love makes the change from the Triangle to the Pathé forces with "The Great Adventure," another story of a country girl who comes to New York, is immediately given the leading rôle in a Broadway show and becomes the rage of the metropolis. Trite is a tame word to apply to such hackneyed effort to pad nothing into five reels. Miss Love is an appealing little person in certain rôles, but "The Great Adventure" gives her a very bad start on the Pathé program.

"Our Little Wife," with Madge Kennedy as another piquant bride, is really in two distinct episodes with a slump in between. Dodo marries Herb, but she insists upon taking her three rejected loves along that they may not pine away. Herb's anguish over the honeymoon, which becomes an excursion, and his efforts to shake the despondent also-rans, form the first episode. Then we flash ahead to the point where Dodo's rejected ones are married and see how an innocent situation mixes up the jealous wives and husbands. A comedy with some amusing moments, despite the arid middle portion. Miss Kennedy improves in "Our Little Wife," but her cast isn't up to the standard of past Goldwyn performances.

"Headin' South," the latest Doug Fairbanks drama, shows a continued trend towards lively melodrama and away from satirical comedy. Doug plays a wild Western bandit who turns out to be a mounted police officer, wins the heart of a fair Spanish señorita, and captures one Spanish Joe, upon whose head is an award of $5,000. Plenty of pep and punch, with Frank Campau making a bully Spanish Joe.

William S. Hart, minus his pinto pony, plays the reckless leader of a lumber gang in "Blue Blazes Rawden." Blue Blazes kills Ladyfingers Hilyard, the crooked owner of a dance-hall, and takes possession of the place. Then from England comes Mrs. Hilyard, the unsuspecting mother of Ladyfingers, to visit her dear son, little knowing of his past or his death. How Blue Blazes lies to the old woman that her illusions may not be destroyed, and how she takes him into her heart because he was the friend of her departed son, present a situation of supreme irony. "Blue Blazes Rawden" has a strong if dragged-out idea, happily minus all ingénue love-interest. Gertrude Claire is admirable as the aged mother of Ladyfingers, who never comes to know. Hart oversteps his usual restraint and overdoes the anger of his early scenes, when his face convulses and he fairly barks at the camera.

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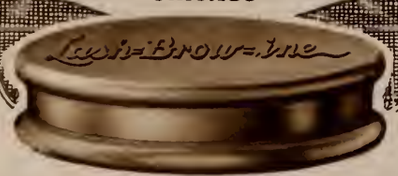

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Vivian Martin is steadily improving in her screen work. Her Mary 'Gusta in "A Petticoat Pilot," Paramount's adaptation of a Joseph C. Lincoln story, has sincerity and appeal. Mary 'Gusta is a quaint little orphan, who becomes the ward of two old salts, helps them run their village store and eventually marries the youth of her heart. Theodore Roberts, plus a splendid gathering of real alfalfa, gives a masterly portrayal of one of the crusty old guardians.

"The Guilty Man" is adroitly constructed melodrama of the Parisian "Madame X" school, but with an eye on theatric effect rather than on life. The theme deals with the retribution following a weddingless affair. Well acted, particularly by Vivian Reed as the lady-without-a-wedding-ring and by Gloria Hope as her nameless daughter. Excellent direction.

The Triangle average hasn't been well maintained of late. "The Captain of His Soul" is a confused melodrama of a murder, in which the scenario writer and the director lose all sense of proportion.

Cavalrymen clatter thru Fort Lee at $2.50 a day, while the ever-cheering populace cheers again, in "His Royal Highness," another tale of fanciful principalities. Herein Carlyle Blackwell, late of Harvard, invades Wallarya, masquerades as the prince, reorganizes the country, defeats the attempt of the King of Terresta to make war and wins the hand of the Princess Diana. If I were Harriette Underhill or Kitty Kelly, I would mention that the Blackwell pedal extremities in tight Wallaryan garb must disillusion feminine film fans, even if they didn't shatter Princess Diana's dreams.

In "Whims of Society," an Ethel Clayton World film, the poor "woiking" girl again marries the brutal rich employer's honest and upright son. Papa is about to disinherit his son in a new will, when a discharged foreman blows him up, along with three lawyers. Miss Clayton makes the factory girlie more appealing than she deserves.

"Broken Ties," a June Elvidge-Montagu Love-Arthur Ashley "all star" production, is lurid melodrama plus. Corinne La Force, a half-breed girl, kills her guardian when he is about to reveal the secret of her birth. Every one in the cast is suspected until Corinne stabs herself in the last reel. To like this you must have a brain which enjoys perusing the *Evening Journal's* magazine page.

The super-fluffy-haired Violet Mersereau was presented in "Morgan's Raider," in which we again see the Southern heroine, who loves a Yankee officer, riding thru the Northern lines with the paper upon which depends the fate of the Confederate army.

That near-Fairbanks, Franklyn Farnum, essays the dual rôle of men who look exactly alike—one a timid, studious chap, and the other a prize-fighter—in "The Rough Lover." A heavy, lumbering and pointless comedy with an eugenic cutie, Juanita Hansen, as the chief feminine interest.

"Wild Women," another Universal product, depicts the dream of a cowpuncher who fancies he is shipwrecked on an isle peopled by undulating ukelele girlies. This 5,000-footer has enough story for 500 feet. Built on the idea that a bevy of cuties in cuticle and grass skirts will put it over.

"Jilted Janet," a Margarita Fischer-Mutual vehicle, is a celluloid cream-puff of passable merit. About all we can recall of Edna Goodrich's "Who Loved Him Best?" is that the star films badly.

I cant arouse any particular interest over Edgar Lewis' "The Sign Invisible," in which a young derelict doctor refuses to believe in God until a sign comes in the marvelous cure of a wounded Indian. Mitchell Lewis is the Indian.

We must comment upon Captain Hesser's feature, "The Triumph of Venus," which shows life at old Mt. Olympus to have been just one darned classic dance after another. This was built on the supposition that the mentally callow will stampede box-offices in order to catch flashes of nude nymphs.

June Motion Picture Classic

Like a full-blown flower, the June Classic will bloom forth in all its beauty.

"Too Many Mary's Make a Mae"

We announced last month that there would be a story about Mae Marsh, by Hazel Simpson Naylor, in the May Classic. We had intended, most certainly, to use it. But wouldn't you have kept Mae's followers waiting another month if, by so doing, you could have obtained specially posed Mae Marsh pictures? You'll be glad you waited when you see Mae, with her family and in her home, in the June Classic.

"Captain Dick of the U. S. A."

In this charming little story you will learn why Richard Travers forsook the camera at the height of his career, bade good-by to his bride of a short time, his Canadian mother and father, and entered the Officers' Training Camp, from whence he emerged a *captain*. Altho above the draft age, this man, as well as hundreds of other brave chaps, felt and heeded the call of duty, and when you read about Dick Travers in the June Classic you will realize that Filmland is composed of *real* men.

"An Hour With Fannie Ward"

Roberta Courtland spent a very happy hour with Fannie the other day. The popular star showed Miss Courtland some of her newest gowns, and, between gowns, Miss Courtland obtained a lot of Miss Ward's very interesting history.

We have scooped the best of all the countless number of pictures sent in to us, and are printing the ones we know you are watching for—perhaps we will strike just the one for which you are saving that silver frame. There will be many pages devoted to pictures of such popular players as Charles Ray, Jack Pickford, Wallace Reid and Douglas Fairbanks; also many scenes from coming productions.

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC
175 DUFFIELD STREET BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Dorothy's War Story (*Continued from page 46*)

are you? You are so vivacious, and Englishwomen are stolid and seem to bear suffering without complaint—one hardly sees their faces change.' I said, 'I'm an American. My name is Dorothy Gish. What is yours?' Why, that woman just threw her arms around my neck and said, 'Thank God, an American! And you're the little star of the movies, too, aren't you?' Well, we talked and comforted each other for several hours, until the shooting was over and we could go to bed.

"That poor woman—I felt so sorry for her! She was afraid to stay in England and afraid to go back to the States. She had been in the *Lusitania* disaster—had jumped overboard because they told her she would be safer that way than attempting to get into a life-boat. She had clung three hours to a deck-chair, wearing a life-preserver. Finally, she was rescued; but she says she never can cross the ocean again—she gets wild with fear when she sees it. She cant go to France, where it is really much safer to remain, because it is impossible to get a permit unless one has special business there."

"But how did *you* travel about so easily, Miss Gish?" I was determined to get all the news from the front—of the camera!

"Mr. Griffith and his company were guests of the English and French governments. You see, it's this way: Mr. Griffith donates this film for free use in those countries, and all they can make out of it will be theirs for the war or for Red Cross work. For this concession we were allowed to pass in England and France, staying in ruined villages in the latter country. Why, Mr. Griffith was commanded to appear before the Queen Mother—you know, before Queen Alexandra — because she had seen 'Intolerance' and was enraptured over it and wanted to see the man who could direct such a spectacle. Yes, and he spent a day with Lloyd-George and Baron—oh, I forget his name. But, anyway, he was dined by the nobility a number of times."

"Did you appear at Court, too?" I had visions of little girls in court trains, bobbing up and down before the throne of their British Majesties, in that quick, fluttery robin fashion so peculiar to the Gish girls.

Dorothy Gish laughed. "Oh, nothing like that in the Gish family. We worked hard every minute over there, for you may know we were more than anxious to get back to the United States. I would rather face ocean dangers any time than hear air-raids in London."

"Did you buy any clothes in Paris?"

"Very little. You see, we are allowed only sixty pounds of baggage crossing the English Channel, which, by the way, was not a bit like my knowledge of it gained from a New York school geography. It was like a lake when we crossed. We had steamer trunks, with costumes, so that we could not buy much without exceeding the sixty pounds allowed. But, in Paris, we went every afternoon late to see the models show off costumes, and the shops were always crowded — so many buyers are coming in from Spain and making exportations to that country whenever possible. We enjoyed seeing the mannikins and were desperate not to be able to buy all the dainty things that were exhibited; but when we left England we looked like emigrants, as I told mother. We had gone over so hurriedly that we took only the most necessary duds; but, coming back, we each had bundles, hat-boxes, bags and suitcases, on which we sat at the wharf. We bought lots of things in England. The things that would not fit into our bags we wore—sometimes one coat on top of the other. We were like stuffed sausages, but we were determined to bring some frocks back from abroad. Do you know, mother lost thirty-five pounds, just worrying over our safety while we traveled from place to place? She never really had a peaceful day, for, in France, we heard the fighting close by—we were always near the villages where fighting went on. In Havre, we could hear the guns booming plainly.

"In Havre, the women work as motormen and conductors, but in England very few women work on the street. We saw one driving a postal cart, piled high with bags. She wobbled upon her high seat so that we thought she would land on the paving almost any moment. The Englishwomen are wonderfully brave; they say little, work hard, and make endless sacrifices. The French are more lovable — they are like us Americans, vivacious and pleasure-loving, apt to mingle amusement and joy with their sorrows."

A shadow fell in the open door of the Gish dressing-room. Lillian Gish ran in hurriedly. Seeing me, she apologized for her hasty entrance and greeted me cordially as Dorothy introduced us. Lillian wore the make-up which had seen foreign service. She is far prettier than on the screen, has an ethereal look, is very thoughtful, introspective, yet sociable. She had an overcoat of grayish blue, lined with red; the hood was pulled over her head, throwing an aureole of red silk about her piquant little face.

Another shadow—this time Mr. Griffith to call the sisters to work: Lillian, to finish her scene in the big foreign picture; Dorothy, to rehearse her newest rôle on the set just completed.

"We must run now!" shouted the girls in a chorus. "Yes, but you must come and have tea with us in our new dressing-room—we'll phone you as soon as it is in order," added Lillian. "You'd better come as soon as we *do* phone you," chimed in Dorothy, "for we always have the place in beautiful order the first few days; then when the rush begins it looks like the last days of Pompeii."

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Behind the Magic Door

Thumb Notes of Players' Doings—Their Work and Play—Their Exits and Entrances

Westward ho! is the song of picture players nowadays. Fannie Ward, after recovering from a slight illness, has flown to the Coast to do her next Pathéplay, "A Japanese Nightingale."

Bessie Barriscale had a perfectly grand street all finished for one of her productions, when the California rainy season burst all of a sudden and washed it all into a sodden mass.

At the same time Wallace Reid was giving a little "at home," and as his dripping guests entered the Reid domicile they had to be put thru a wringer before they were able to join in the festivities.

"Bill" Hart, the bad man of the screen, has captured Katherine MacDonald to make love to in his forthcoming production, a "sea" story. Bill, having suffered the tortures of the desert so often, will now get water to his heart's content, for most of the scenes will be made out of sight of land.

Having finished his production of "The Bell Boy," Roscoe Arbuckle, fearing he might wear himself away to a shadow, went to San Francisco for a vacation. He no sooner landed, tho, than several on-the-job theater-managers inveigled him into telling the story of his life to their audiences.

Taylor Holmes says the old-time style of press-agent is going out. "The old-timer was about as veracious as Baron Munchausen. I recall one fellow. He had a glib imagination and a weakness for liquor. One day, while somewhat 'influenced,' he sent a story to the papers to the effect that I had once studied for grand opera, and when he sobered up he sent out a yarn that I had always been tone deaf."

William Russell's leading-woman in real life, Charlotte Burton, will be his leading-lady in his next play, called "Hearts and Diamonds," an adaptation of the novel, "Adrienne Gascoyne."

The World Film Co. is paying Irving Cummings to support Kitty Gordon in "Her Great Moment."

The pictures of that beloved bad man of the films, "Broncho Billy," are being reissued by George K. Spoor.

Don Barclay's new Essanay comedy, "All Stuck Up," shows the well-known comedian of the Ziegfeld "Follies." He takes the part of a paper-hanger—'nough said!

After having vamped all over the United States, Europe, Egypt and part of the Northwest country, Dorothy Dalton is going to shed her vampire habits and come to the rescue of the United States Government in a patriotic story called "The Triple Cross," by Octavus Roy Cohen.

As soon as she is thru honeymooning with Fred Niblo in real life, Enid Bennett will commence "Desert Mating" with Thurston Hall.

Charles Ray, with twenty members of his company, trekked to Truckee, California, to get "snow stuff" for "The Law of the North."

Roscoe Arbuckle has a Jazz band all his own. Buster Keaton strums the ukelele, while Al St. John toots upon the saxophone. "Fatty" himself frolics with a banjo. Alice Lake does the dancing.

Rube Goldberg, famous cartoonist of the New York *Evening Mail*, has invaded the animated cartoon field with a pair of twins called "Mike and Ike, They Look Alike."

Metro believes in coöperation. By entering into agreements with their theatrical managers, three of their stars are now also playing on Broadway, New York. Nazimova is doing Ibsen plays at the Plymouth Theater, Ethel Barrymore is playing in repertoire at the Empire Theater and Emily Stevens is appearing in "The Madonna of the Future" now on tour.

Viola Dana's most recent namesake is a goat, the mascot of one of the gun crews in the United States navy. The sailor who wrote Miss Dana about it ingenuously remarks, "We hope you wont be offended when you learn the mascot is a goat. We gave it the name of a lady, because that is the kind of a goat she is."

Wheeler Oakman is now wearing khaki and undergoing training at Camp Kearny, San Diego, in order to take a part in the world war "over there."

Edith Storey and Viola Dana are going to burn up the Ascot Track in Los Angeles in an auto race. An automobile agency is to supply two racing cars of the same power and equipment for the contest, and each will have a woman mechanician. The Metro stars refuse to divulge the stakes.

Frank Keenan has taken a house in Hollywood directly across the way from Bryant Washburn. They have recently been busy hunting a house for Bessie Love in the same neighborhood, and they plan to invoke the aid of the town council in changing the name of the thorofare to "Pathé Promenade."

Director Hobart Henley is at work on his second Mae Marsh picture, "When Carey Came to Town," from the well-known book by Edith Barnard Delano.

Tsuru Aoki, in private life Mrs. Séssue Hayakawa, entertained recently at the Kinema Red Cross Tea-room, Los Angeles, attired in the raiment of her native land.

Billy Mason, while driving in a scene for a Christie comedy, and while doing nothing more exciting than shifting gears, broke two ribs and is unable to work for the time being.

"'Hand-Picked' Cast to Appear in Support of Madame Petrova in 'The Life Mask,'" is a headline we like immensely, but who's the picker?

June Elvidge is acting as a commissionnaire for a number of French soldiers occupying a trench sector near St. Mihiel, selling metal flowers for them made from shell fragments. The sums Miss Elvidge realizes from these go to purchase comforts for their wives and children.

Next to changing titles, the favorite sport of Moving Picture producers seems to be changing release dates.

While skating at a New York rink, Marjorie Rambeau recently fell and suffered a compound fracture of her right-hand underpinning.

The two busy bees, Francis X. and Beverly, are beginning "Breaking Into Eden," an ambitious little job.

Viola Dana has already planted her California garden. She confidently expects a big crop, for she planted her potatoes and onions so close together that the onions will make the potatoes' eyes water, thus doing away with danger from draught.

Bert Lytell is the newest star to be added to the Metro constellation. He played in Herbert Brenon's "Lone Wolf."

During Norma Talmadge's recent trip to Palm Beach she tried her good luck at the roulette-wheel in the Casino, and, with the good fortune that invariably follows her lead, all but broke the bank.

Travers Vale, the veteran director, signalizes the renewal of his contract with World with Montagu Love and Barbara Castleton in "The Swami." The locale of this new picture is India, the land where ancient and modern history meet face to face.

Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks is developing into a billiard champion, since she nearly beat her husband in a recent game. The latter is an expert and would make any champion look like a discouraged salesman.

Mary Pickford says that riding in the side-car of a motorcycle contains more thrills to the linear foot than any other sport. No, Mary doesn't indulge as a regular thing, only for screenic purposes in "Amarilly of Clothes-line Alley."

Hugh Thompson has been engaged to play leading-man to Doris Kenyon in her first De Luxe Pictures release, "The Street of Seven Stars."

Theodore Roberts would shave off his whiskers if he could, but they wont let him. He has to wear the hirsute adornment in "M'liss," Mary Pickford's new Artcraft picture.

In Wallace Reid's forthcoming Paramount picture, "The House of Silence," there are a number of scenes at a Red Cross Bazaar. When Director Crisp started to rehearse him, Wally raised his hands in protest and said it was unnecessary, as he had had enough practice from his Eastern trip. "I know exactly what to do," said Wally; "spend all my money and get out." The star promptly emptied his pockets and headed for his dressing-room. Crisp, calling him back, declared that no vacation had yet been declared.

J. Stuart Blackton, who is in the West making Paramount pictures, has decided never to return East to produce for the screen. Commodore Blackton has been joined in California by his family.

A Star That Doesn't Shine in the Dark

Crane Wilbur, at a recent Elks' Benefit held in Santa Monica, was called upon for a reading. He went triumphantly thru Robert W. Serviss' "The Odyssey of 'Erbert 'Iggins," from "The Rhymes of a Red Cross Man." That is, Mr. Wilbur's triumph was complete until he neared the concluding lines:

"It's my silly old feet wot are slippin',
It's as dark as a 'ogs'ead o' sin."

Not for all the fame, fortune and Motion Picture contracts that could have been laid at his feet could Mr. Wilbur remember the word "'ogs'ead." Afterward he stated that he knew it was something that meant absolute darkness. But at the time the only thought that came to him in regard to the hero of the poem was that he had "reached his destination safely." So he nonchalantly informed his audience, "Oh, well, he got there all right, anyhow!"

And the Elk assemblage laughed its loudest and applauded its hardest.

The Tiger Man

(*Continued from page* 26)

laughed at it—but it's—*so*. I'm sorry—but it's—so. But if I—took you—I couldn't forget neither. I couldn't take you, shrinkin'. I couldn't—lay hands on a saint."

He took her back on his horse, and as he gave her into the trembling, joyous clasp of the Reverend Luke she smiled up at him. "You *are* good," she said, softly, gratefully; "I *knew* it. And I will . . . I will pray for you."

Two weeks later, as Sheriff Sandy Martin and his deputies were sitting in the sheriff's "office" glooming over the slender chance the sheriff had for re-election, owing, chiefly, to his slip-up on the Tiger Man, that desperado himself suddenly appeared in the doorway and covered them.

"Hands up!" he said, coldly.

All hands shot up. The various facial expressions of consternation and bewilderment would have made a fortune for a film magnate.

"Mister Sheriff," then said Hawk Parsons, "you'd like almighty well to coop me up—isn't that about right?

"Straight," agreed the sheriff, rather quaveringly.

"Then," said Hawk Parsons, "you can do a little trick for me, and if you do it and do it straight I'll come back and hand myself over. You can lock me up for keeps, and—you'll be sheriff of Cactus County again. How are you on it?"

"Shoot!" said the sheriff.

"There's a sky-pilot here name of Luke Ingram," said Hawk, "who has been puttin' up, near as I can make out, a pretty stiff fight for some services on Sunday. The gamblers in this hell-hole are against him—nat'rally. It aint clear to me yet if you are against the gamblers—or with them. I'm goin' to find it out—and find it out *now*. *You* and your white friends here are the logical ones to see that the little pard of the Almighty gets away with his prayer-fests. He *wants 'em*. His wife wants 'em. So do I. You see that he gets 'em—and *I* see that *you* get—*me?* Are you on?"

"What's your game, Hawk?"

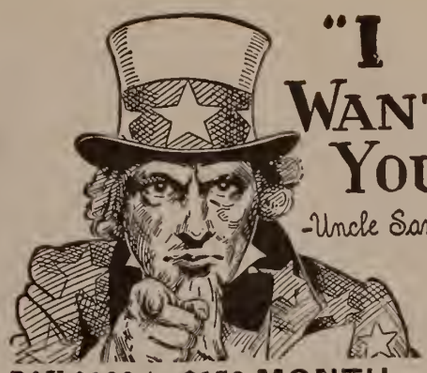
"That aint a part of the contract, pard," and Hawk Parsons narrowed his evil eyes, in whose narrow depths, while he was speaking, a light unbelievingly soft had been showing; "that's mine—the REASON. Shoot!"

"I'm on," said Sandy Martin.

"World without end, amen," said the Reverend Luke Ingram, and raised his saintly face to heaven.

"Amen," repeated Ruth, and smiled to see the awed faces in the crowd before them.

"Hell—without — end — amen," whispered Hawk Parsons, locked, double-locked and guarded in his prison cell. And his huge chest rose and fell.



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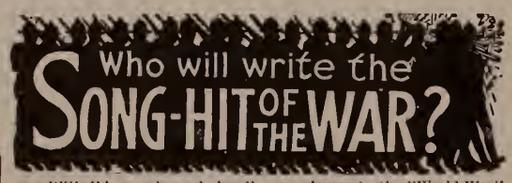

With this country entering its second year in the "World War" it is doubtful if the song which will be known as the "Hit of the War" has as yet made its appearance. While it is true that such War Songs as "Over There" and "Liberty Bell" have made some impression, have Our Boys adopted another "It's a Long Way to Tipperary," which has been the great favorite with the "English Tommies"? Inasmuch as several Commanders of our training cantonments have requested boys in the service to write such a song it appears to be still wanting.

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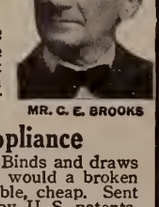

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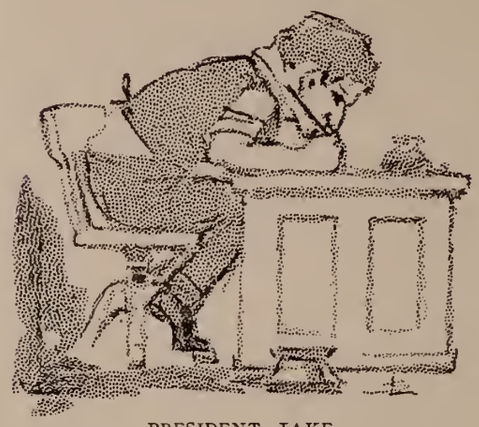
President Jake and Manager Sam

By F. M. WILTERMOOD

(From Jacob Loud, President of The Gilt Edge Film Co., of New York, to his Studio Manager, Samuel Seeley, at Los Angeles)

NEW YORK, June 21.—Dear Sam: Well A Woman's Soul got here today and we run it off and say Sam I am writing this in long hand so that no stenographer here can see how I feel about my own personal opinion is that for a five reeler the picture is rotten but maybe I can market it to the state rights guys somehow. I'll try to get a dollar a foot for it but Sam I should think you could put more kick into these features. Now Sam do the best you can and I should ask you to fire that mutt of a heavy Dean for he always mugs and looks like an amateur stiff all the time and Sam you should not get sore at me now for what I have done as I have worked hard to boost you as general manager of our west coast studios and now Sam I have had to borrow another five thousand from old man Egglestine to keep our business going and I have pledged myself to make a face card out of his only daughter Sadie. She is not much of a good looker but do the best you can Sam and make a star out of her or break her neck and so she and her maid will leave here for Los Angeles tomorrow and will make a stopover at San Francisco as Sadie is to do some confidential mining stock business there for her father. Now Sam I have given Sadie a personal letter to you and so kid her along the best you can for her father has more money than Carter has pills. Sadie should have a script written especially for her so have Miss Clark dope out a 3 reeler that will make a madcap type out of Sadie and lives by the seashore and have Sadie doing water stuff for she says she can swim like a shark. Now Sam her father made me promise to keep her real identity a secret from the press and magazines and so I have doped out this name for her

SADIE EGGLESTINE



PRESIDENT JAKE

of Gertrude Gold and so be careful not to let anybody get wise to who she really is as her father says it might ruin his wall street business if people found out he was financing a film plant. Now Sam do the best you can with this girl Sadie and ship me some stills of her on location after she gets camera broke a few days. Have Bert Earle direct her easy and tell him a stall about she is a girl under which we are under obligations for many favors from her relations. She dont know grease paint from cheese so have some actress make her up a few times till she learns how. Well Sam do the best you can.

Yours truly, JAKE.

(A New York Newspaper Society Note)

Miss Sadie Egglestine, the accomplished and beautiful daughter of Henry Egglestine, Wall Street banker, will depart tomorrow on a sightseeing trip to the Pacific Coast, and will visit San Francisco, Los Angeles, the Grand Canyon of the Colorado and other points. She will be accompanied by a maid and expects to be away from her Riverside Avenue home for several months. The recent report that she was betrothed to Jack Bracken, son of the financier, Ezekiel Bracken, has been denied by both families.

(From Manager Sam to President Jake)

LOS ANGELES, July 1.—Dear Jake: Well Jake that Egglestine girl got here today and she certainly needs some training for she sure is no prize beauty. She showed up about 10 this morning and if she did not have your personal letter of introduction I would never believe she was Egglestines girl. She said her maid got sick in Frisco and she left her in a sanatorium, also her 2 wardrobe trunks got shipped off by the railroad company in the wrong direction and she is still waiting for them to show up. Miss Clark has fixed up a first class 3 reeler for her about a fisher maiden that lives near a rocky cliff and the Egglestine girl sure will have to go some in leaping off rocks and swimming. I eased the skids under that mutt of a heavy Dean and I give the job to Herb Thomas who I believe is a comer in the heavy stuff. I am sorry you do not like A Womans Soul but Jake you know I had to make that film at about 40 cents a foot which is going some in economy believe me. Bert Earle and the Egglestine girl with the rest of his company will pull out tomorrow early for

MANAGER SAM

the rocky ocean point five miles south of Redondo and Earle says he will put Gertrude Gold thru some sensational water stuff at high tide on the rocks and high cliffs. Well Jake I will now close and

"WHERE IS SADIE?" HE YELLED

remember that I am making film as cheap as feature stuff can be made by anybody.

Yours truly, SAM.

(From the film news column of the Los Angeles *Sun*)

Miss Gertrude Gold, a handsome young actress identified for several years with leading Eastern dramatic companies, arrived in the city yesterday from New York and will be starred in a series of feature dramas at the Gilt Edge studios in Hollywood. Miss Gold formerly was a notable member of the Newport society set and is famed for her prowess as a swimmer, equestrienne and dancer.

(From President Jake to Manager Sam)

NEW YORK, July 6.—Dear Sam: Well Sam I got your letter today and am pleased that you should get to work so quick on a picture with that Egglestine girl for her father was in to see me this morning and his doctor has ordered him to quit business for a while and take an outing trip and so Sam he is going to Los Angeles and said he dont want Sadie to know he is coming so as to give her a surprise. Now Sam keep this stuff a secret between us and dont let on to Egglestine when he arrives that I have put you wise but have the studios running full blast and have some nice stills of Sadie to show him. Now Sam do the best you can in making good with Egglestine for I have not been able to sell A Woman's Soul yet and maybe we will lose that money and have to borrow much more cash from Egglestine. So do the best you can in making a big show before Egglestine when he arrives at our studios. He is leaving here tomorrow and so you wont have much time on this so get busy.

Yours in haste,

JAKE.

(From Manager Sam to President Jake)

LOS ANGELES, July 13.—Dear Jake: Egglestine got here today and the girl we have been starring up all the time in front of the camera is not Sadie at all for she has gone to Japan and there has been such an excitement here today that I am hardly myself but I will try to tell you all about how she imposed on us. Well when Egglestine showed up at the studios about noon he came into my office and introduced himself and asked where Sadie was and I told him she was working on location below Redondo. He asked if I would take him in my car down there and so we left the studios him and I alone. When we arrived at the ocean rocks such a sight met our eyes for as we stood on the rocks the girl star had to leap into the waves and save the leading man McDonald from drowning sure enough for he had been flung against a rock by a big wave and made insensible. That was not in the drama but the camera-man kept on grinding and we got it all and such sensational stuff will make the greatest feature in years. At last the girl was brought ashore and then Egglestine come down to the shore to meet his daughter but when he saw the girl he said why thats only Sadie's maid and he yelled where is Sadie. As soon as the girl saw Egglestine she trembled and beat it down the beach to make a getaway but he says there is something wrong here and told me to find it out. So I ran down the beach and caught the girl and brought her back to Egglestine and she cried and confessed everything that Sadie had met that rich young fellow Jack Bracken the bankers son in Frisco and they had got married and left on a liner for Japan and that for a joke Sadie had given the letter of introduction to the girl and told her to go to Los Angeles and take her place at our studios. The girl's name is Lutie Ryan and she is a wonder as a swimmer for she was born and raised on the East Side of New York and she says she used to dress in boys clothes and go in swimming off the docks before she became a lady's-maid to Sadie. Egglestine was all broke up over the way Sadie had deceived him by eloping but when we got back to the studios there was a letter there from Sadie to him and she told him all about how she had married Bracken in spite of his opposition. Now Jake we lose nothing for the picture is certainly one of the greatest features ever made with water stuff and if that girl Lutie was not a crackerjack swimmer our leading man McDonald would have died in the ocean. We will change the story to make the stuff all fit in about how the fisher girl saves her sweetheart from drowning in the waves near the rocks. Lutie begged me not to have her arrested for the trick she played on us by making me believe she was Sadie herself but I told her to forget it as she would be hired in our regular stock. And Jake tonight we had a print made of the scenes we took today and that girl Lutie and her stunts is simply grand. Egglestine has gone to Frisco to look up all the marriage records of Sadie and Jack so he will have his mind at rest that everything is O. K. Well Jake I will ship you the picture by express the first thing in the morning and if this does not prove to be the greatest feature in years why then I am badly fooled. I will start another water stuff feature with Lutie right away and she likes the name of Gertrude Gold as her film name and so lets use it. Now Jake I am going to have some swell straight pictures of Lutie taken and I need a young feller to write all sorts of foolish stories about her. Also I got to get her a lot of flash jewelry and clothes. Well Jake I have done the best I could in all this mixup and so let us be glad we got a big feature which is sure to set the fans wild.

Yours to the finish,

SAM.

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The Latest Film Gossip from Los Angeles (*Continued from page* 44)

Flowers at her belt, flowers over one shoulder, other shoulder bare, and a big breeze blowing her golden bob-curls, Miss Mitchell looked to me more like the impersonation of midsummer. Rhea is leading-lady to Bryant Washburn and thinks that the Paralta plant is "perfectly lovely" and that the new dressing-rooms will be "magnolious." In her old dressing-room she looked entirely comfortable as she stretched her hands over the oil-stove while I pivoted her around, searching for those elusive sorority pins. I happened to see an almost finished sweater on the window-seat and asked inquisitively, "Why such thick yarn?" She reparteed quickly, "Because such cold soldiers!"

As I passed Lois Wilson's door, she peeped out to say "Buenos dias!" Her little sister was over for a visit, and she looks enough like Miss Wilson to make one feel sure she'll win a beauty contest when she's out of school and enters the same vocation as that pretty little star. The lovely part of Lois Wilson is that she is so naive, unspoiled and a real home girl. I asked her what she considered her greatest achievement, and Lois looked surprised as she answered bashfully, "Oh, that is yet to *come,* you know!" Every afternoon the little sister and chauffeur drive over for Lois, and the girls spend every spare moment knitting. Miss Wilson cares nothing for society life and thinks her mother is the best pal in the world.

George Stone saw the choir-boys, in full regalia, emerging from the side-door of our Pro-Cathedral recently and asked his mother whether they were all going for a hair-cut. This cassock and cotta garb is a new one on George, and he doubtless considers it quite "*barber*-us!"

Nell Shipman opines that one may appraise an actress's salary by the number of valuable dawgs she feeds, and, with license fees at three dollars a year in Los Angeles, they do diminish the family income somewhat. She is starting the guessing game by annexing an expensive French bull, the sort one expects to use for a paper-weight. Why she named him *Mickey* is beyond me, for it would seem as if Napoleon might be more suitable to his nationality and love for the bony part—of a dinner.

Richard Bret Harte has returned to Paralta Scenario Department, Mr. Kidd is again doing plays and has forsaken the publicity room, and Paul Dowling, whose stories we've all enjoyed in the Magazine, and who forsook free-lancing to join the Lasky forces, is now hustling his offices into shape and unearthing the deep secrets of Pathé and Paralta stars. Mr. Dowling has enlisted in the Naval Reserve, however, and may be called out soon, so he is working overtime on news items and studio stills.

Baby Mary McAlister got off a good story the other day. She had been taken to visit relatives on a ranch, where there is a particularly good artesian well. The house-grounds are fenced in and a pump invites thirsty wayfarers to partake from the gourd which hangs at its side. For years strangers have enjoyed the cold draught, but Mary's auntie was horror-stricken at the idea of germs lurking in the cup, took the vessel inside to scour it, delivered a dissertation on germs in general, and declared that there would be no more free drinks in that front yard. A few hours later Mary returned to the living-room and said a man had insisted on coming in and taking a drink from the sterilized gourd, that she had told him he must not touch it because he would leave germs behind, and that he had not paid any attention to her, but drank quite a lot of desert nectar while she scolded hard. Auntie said, "Well, what did he say to *you,* dearie?"

Mary struck a dramatic pose and recited tragically, "He *said* to me—he *said,* 'R*idikl*ious midget!'"

What greater insult could be offered a star of the silent?

Let me tip you off, ye hopeful aspirants. The movement on foot to do away with stock companies is assuming alarming proportions, and yet it does seem the wisest method of economizing and procuring the greatest variety for lovers of photoplays. It is almost impossible to get even extra work for a day now at any studio, for types are all well established and recognized players remain at home and emerge only at a telephone call, instead of wasting hours on benches at the lot. It will be the general policy to engage leads and perhaps a character man and woman on contract, and all others will be chosen with especial care in order to obtain good ensemble playing.

I asked Lois Weber who was in her company now, and she smiled at me with "Mildred Harris is really my 'company,' and we carry no stock, but engage a new lead to play opposite her each time and select all the others to dovetail around her personality and the play's demands."

The new scheme is much better for experienced players, who will now feel it worth while to live in Los Angeles permanently and be sure of receiving all the extra work that is given out. There is sufficient work here, but it has been farmed out so often to newcomers that residents have failed to make sufficient income. The saving of time to the player and of temper to the director, who is annoyed with "would-be's who cant be," appeals to the film corporations.

Chaplin bought his latest suit at the Salvation Army headquarters, for he wanted something quite ultra for a new comedy. This raiment was built when Los Angeles was a pup.

To an Actress

By CHARLES DIVINE

Flicker, flicker, little star,
On the evanescent screen;
You are near, and yet so far,
Flicker, flicker, little star.
How I wonder if you are
Thirty-five or seventeen!
Flicker, flicker, little star,
On the evanescent screen.

'Are You an Actress?'' They Cried

Texas Guinan, who recently joined the Triangle Players at the Culver City studio, was speeding to location with her director, E. Mason Hopper, the other day, when two urchins halted the car on the state highway and requested a ride. Miss Guinan and Hopper picked up the youngsters and continued on their way until one of the boys noticed the grease-paint on Miss Guinan's face and startled her with a yell of dismay.

"Are you a movie woman?" he cried. "Are you a regular actress?"

"The jury is still out," replied Miss Guinan, rather disturbed. "I am working at the trade, and they pay me, so I guess they think I may be."

"Well, if you are, let us out right away," demanded the youth, "because our mother told us if we ever had anything to do with these actresses around here she'd lick us good."

After considerable discussion of an argumentative nature, Miss Guinan at length established an alibi for herself and the party continued merrily on its way.

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MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

20¢

DECEMBER

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LILA LEE

[Reprinted from letter of May 25 to Committee on Public Information, and incorporated in War Activities Report of National Association of Motion Picture Industry]

"The people of the country who are working at high pressure to win the war need some form of recreation, and to a vast number of our people moving pictures are the only form of recreation within their means. The majority of the moving picture theatres of the country have placed themselves unreservedly at the disposal of the Government for the furtherance of Liberty Loans, War Savings, and other Government movements, and deserve the thanks of the country for their patriotic attitude."

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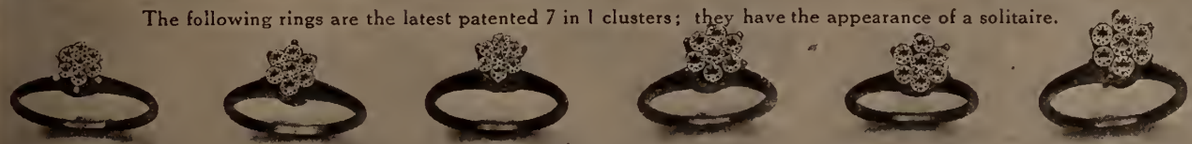

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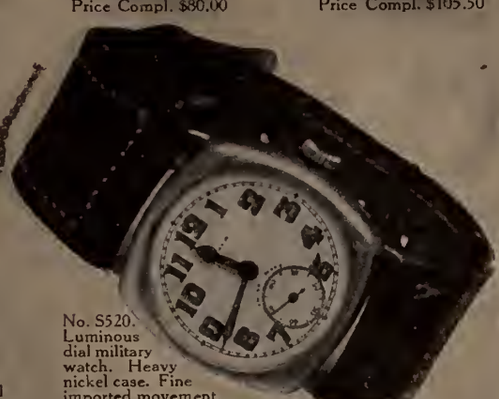

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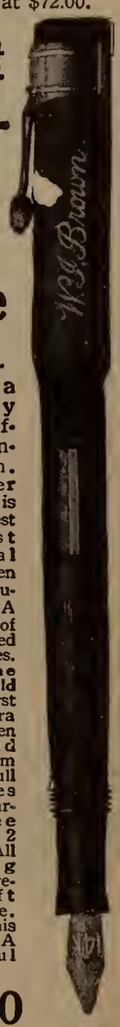

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Vol. VII DECEMBER, 1918 No. 4

CONTENTS OF MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

LILA LEE

Lila Lee, Paramount's new star, is an interesting example of what publicity can do. A year ago she was unknown to screenland. Now her name is a household word from coast to coast. Before coming to Paramount films, Miss Lee was known as "Cuddles" and she was a popular feature in vaudeville. Lila Lee brings a distinctly new personality to the photoplays. She has youth, she is still in her 'teens, and she bids fair to become a popular favorite as she acquires experience and surety.

PAGE

Gallery of Popular Players. Studies of William Faversham, Vivian Martin, Winifred Westover, Rose Rolanda and Betty Blythe..... 11-15

Life and the Photoplay. David Griffith talks on the film play and its relation to humanity.....*Harry C. Carr* 16

Alice in Quest of a Temperament. Miss Joyce threatens to become a regular star.....*Frederick James Smith* 18

The Conversion of a Presbyterian. Bryant Washburn and his Philosophy.....*Elizabeth Peltret* 20

May in December. The coldest month is summer when Miss Allison is around.....*Hazel Simpson Naylor* 22

Décolleté Connie. Informal glimpses of Constance Talmadge, exponent of celluloid negligée..... 24

Seeing Themselves as Others See Them. Studies in double exposure at the World Film studios..... 26

A Ford Who Isn't a Flivver. His name is Harrison, and he's already one of the most popular of leading-men.....*Walter Vogdes* 27

And They Say Baseball Isn't Essential!..... 29

Love Is Ever Changing. At least in the case of the versatile Montagu.....*Gladys Hall* 30

Stars of Democracy. Dramatic tableaux in the new Blackton production.... 32

The O. Henry Girl. A chat with the modern Galatea, Agnes Ayres.....*Gladys Hall* 34

Koy Kute Kathleen. Otherwise Kathleen Clifford..... 36

Paid in Full. Eugene Walter's drama, screened by Pauline Frederick, told in interesting fiction form.....*Frederick Russell* 37

Out of the House That Jack Built. An interview with Raymond Hatton, who started as Little Eva.....*Fritzi Remont* 41

Oh, Olive! New snaps of Olive Thomas..... 43

The Thin Blue Line. There are still a few famous stars who haven't been won over to the silverscreen.....*Arthur Edwin Krows* 44

The Celluloid Critic. The new photoplays in review...*Frederick James Smith* 46

The War-time Theatrical Season. Interesting pictures of the new footlight attractions..... 48

Back Stage With the Sidney Sapolios. A chat with the Drews during a performance of "Keep Her Smiling"....*Charles Jameson* 50

All-Starring "The Squaw Man"..... 52

"The Panther Woman." Olga Petrova's newest photoplay told in story form.....*Janet Reid* 53

The Extra Girl Plays Nurse to the Lee Kiddies. "Swat the Spy" in the making.....*Ethel Rosemon* 57

Gossip From the Pacific Coast.....*Fritzi Remont* 60

Double Exposures. The Classic's department of humorous comment on photoplays and players.....*Conducted by F. J. S.* 62

Mr. Biggs Puts It Over.....*H. H. Van Loan* 67

The Movie Encyclopedia.....*The Answer Man* 76

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MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC - - - 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

This magazine comes out on the 15th of every month. Its elder sister, the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, comes out on the first of every month. Both are on sale at all newsstands in the English-speaking world.

SUCH IS THE POWER
By Gladys Hall

Such is the magic screen
That, as I watched,
Your voice thrilled thru my being—in tenderness—
And words you have not said these many years
Come back to bless.
Such is the magic screen.

Such is the magic screen
That, thru the hours,
You seemed so close I felt your pulsing breath
Caress my face, a-thirsting, raised to yours
Till light brought death.
Such is the magic screen.

Such is the magic screen
That Time stretched forth
A pitying hand—and swept aside the years—
And lo! I felt your lips take mine again
And then . . . the tears!
Such is the magic screen.

Patter From the Pacific

Goldwyn has taken over the Triangle Culver City studios. All Goldwyn stars will winter in Culver City, along with Hugo Ballin, the art director, and other production executives. Mae Marsh is now en route to the coast.

Bert Lytell has completed Frederick Bartlett's "The Spender" and started Richard Washburn Childs' "Faith." Charles Swickard is behind the megaphone for both.

The Fox kiddies, the Lee children, are headed this way, with Director Arvid Gillstrom in charge.

Doug Fairbanks dashed away on a Liberty Loan tour a few days ago. Doug received a wire from Secretary McAdoo on Monday and he went Eastward on Tuesday morning.

Robert Ellis has been engaged as leading man with May Allison in Luther A. Reed's "Thirty Days."

Ora Carew is going to play opposite Tom Moore when he comes West with the Goldwyn forces.

Al Roy, cousin of Charlie, is Ruth Clifford's leading man in the Bluebird, "Home James."

Oliver Thomas is playing a little Belgian girl in "Blood Will Tell," which Director Frank Borzage is making for Triangle.

Carl Laemmle, Universal president, has been Los Angelesing.

A service flag with 25 stars, one of them of gold, hangs outside the Metro Hollywood studios.

Tom J. Geraghty has been appointed scenario editor of the Metro Coast studios.

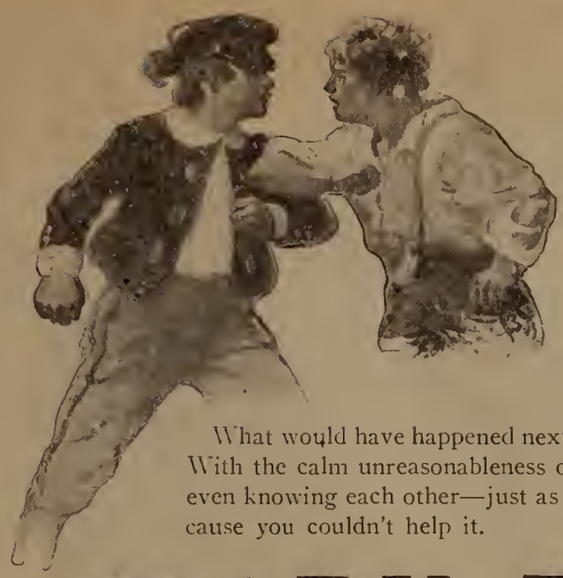
Roscoe Arbuckle has been doing a comedy at Catalina in which there will be a lot of sea stuff.

Albert Roscoe, who has been playing opposite Theda Bara, has left the Fox forces.

Bobbie Harron has been placed in class 2A by his draft board in Los Angeles, the classification to continue while he is at work in propaganda and war pictures.

Niles Welch has been signed by Jesse L. Lasky for the next four years as featured leading-man for Paramount-Artcraft stars. He has arrived on the Coast.

(*Continued on page* 6)



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"I AIN'T afraid."
"You are."
"I ain't."
"You are."

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Take Huckleberry Finn and Tom Sawyer by the hand and go back to your own boyhood.

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He was American. He had the idealism of America—the humor, the kindliness, the reaching toward a bigger thing, the simplicity. Born poor, growing up in a shabby little town on the Mississippi—a pilot, a seeker for gold, a printer—Mark Twain was moulded on the frontier of America. The vastness of the West, the fearlessness of the pioneer, the clear philosophy of the country boy were his; and they stayed with him to the last of those glorious days, when Emperors and Kings, Chinese Mandarin and plain American, all alike, wept for him. In his work we find all things, from the ridiculous in "Huckleberry Finn" to the sublime of "Joan of Arc"—the most spiritual book that was ever written in the English language, of serene and lovely beauty, as lofty as Joan herself. A man who could write two such books as "Huckleberry Finn" and "Joan of Arc" was sublime in power. His youth and his laughter are eternal; his genius will never die.

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The Christmas Classic

The January CLASSIC will be as crammed with good things for movie fans as a Christmas stocking. More beautiful, more varied and more all 'round interesting, this issue will start the year of 1919 with a smash. Despite the stiff pace THE CLASSIC has been setting for itself, the January number is going to put all past issues in the shade.

A Few of the Features:

JACK HOLT

Holt, the fascinating villain of the silverscreen, has had a career well nigh as fascinating as any of the characters he plays upon the films. Not so very long ago Jack was a civil engineer in the wilds of lonely Alaska. How he found the photoplay forms an interesting chat by Fritzi Remont.

BILL HART

Is the real Hart a bashful Westerner—a woman hater? You will be surprised at Janet Reid's discoveries. There is a side to the grim Bill never before discovered by an interviewer. And it's a side you never in the least suspected.

FLORENCE REED

The beautiful Miss Reed is always interesting. In a chat, illustrated by fascinating new photographic studies, Eileen St. John Brenon presents the real woman. Here is an absorbing personality.

BILLIE RHODES

The comédienne, who has just become a star, has been interviewed by Elizabeth Peltret. Some comedian, after watching Miss Rhodes on the screen, has asked if there are any more at home like Billie. To which Miss Peltret reports her findings: six brothers and three sisters. This is a little informal chat with Billie's own quaint personality in it.

VIOLA DANA

No article about Viola would be complete without Mr. Viola Dana, otherwise John Collins, the star's husband and director. So this, being thoroly complete, is a conjugal talk with 'em both.

THE CLASSIC'S fictionized photoplays, always the cream of the screen world, will include Alla Nazimova's "'Ception Shoals" and Dorothy Gish's "The Hope Chest."

And, last but not by any means least, there's a captivating Christmas cover of Marguerite Clark.

THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC
175 DUFFIELD ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Across the Footlights

The best selling stage plays on Broadway as THE CLASSIC goes to press are "Friendly Enemies" at the Hudson, "Three Faces East" at the Cohan and Harris and "Lightnin'" at the Gaiety. "Daddies" at the Belasco, "The Girl Behind the Gun" at the New Amsterdam, Alice Brady in "Forever After" at the Central and others are doing nicely, too. In fact, no complaint can be made over a bad season, except by producers who picked flivvers. Note that the element of war is a vital part of nearly every one of these footlight hits. Americans are certainly thinking, breathing, eating war.

Another odd angle of the new season is the way the stage is contributing to the "talkies." For instance, a stage play has just been adapted from a photoplay, reversing the usual order of things. "I. O. U.," Hector Turnbull and Willard Mack's version of "The Cheat," recently at the Belmont, with Mary Nash and Jose Reuben featured. Remember "The Cheat" with the branded Fannie Ward?

"Three Faces East," that masterpiece of clever staging and suspense sustained by the frankest trickery, is the work of Anthony Paul Kelly, the scenario writer. Not only is "Three Faces East" a bully war and mystery play, but it has the most realistic effect of a Zepp raid we've witnessed. It happens off-stage, with merely the crashes and flashes coming to the audience, but it's a hundred times more vivid than David Griffith's raid of "The Great Love." The screen can still take lessons from the stage in the art of suggestion.

Henry Walthall returned to the speaking stage at the Lyceum in "The Awakening," in which every New York critic complimented the Little Colonel's vivid performance. They talked of the splendid training of the studios and so on. Quite a step from the derision of a few years ago!

Now of the other new stage offerings, John Barrymore is credited with a highly artistic performance in Tolstoi's "Redemption," based on "The Living Corpse," at the Plymouth.

"Sleeping Partners," a French farce redolent of the light-hearted, before-the-war boulevards, is proving a frisky and frothy comedy at the Bijou, where H. B. Warner is starring, with Irene Bordoni as the Parisienne charmer.

Cyril Maude heads a distinguished cast at the Empire in C. Haddon Chambers' "The Saving Grace," which is high comedy at its best. Maude plays a big-hearted duffer of an English army man who has lost his commission in the British army in a scandal over a woman and who eats out his heart because he cant get into the war. Finally he is officially forgiven and is called back to his regiment. Maude realizes the rôle to perfection. Otis Skinner is doing nicely at the Lyceum in H. A. Vachell's "Humpty-Dumpty."

Leo Ditrichstein has returned to town—at the Vanderbilt—in a typical comedy, "The Matinée Hero," which he wrote in collaboration with A. E. Thomas. Ditrichstein depicts an actor who has sacrificed his serious ambitions to satisfy a romance-loving public and who finally "revolutes."

Jane Cowl is at the New Selwyn Theater in "Information, Please," which she wrote with Jane Murfin. (The stars are fast displacing the playwrights this season.) She plays a madcap wife who elopes quite harmlessly and then returns to her absent-minded but loving hubby.

Patter From the Pacific (*Continued from page* 5)

Charlie Chaplin went upon a vacation at Catalina Island upon completing "Shoulder Arms."

True Boardman, a well known screen actor, died in Los Angeles early in October. He was 39 years old. At one time Mr. Boardman appeared in Essanay Western Features. Later he was with Kalem and Universal.

Monte M. Katterjohn has formed his own producing organization, work to be done in the Brunton Hollywood studios. Katterjohn is the well known scenario writer. Work will start upon the termination of his Famous Players-Lasky contract and the first production will be a Katterjohn Alaskan story. The Katterjohn idea means that, for the first time, an author will follow his creation thru the maze of production from script to the final cutting of the finished negative.

William L. Sherrill has placed Mabel Withey under contract for the Frohman Amusement Company. Miss Withey is a Winter Garden girl and but sixteen years of age, so says the ever-honest press-agent.

George Siegmann, assistant to D. W. Griffith, has received a commission as second lieutenant in the Signal Corps of the United States Army.

William D. Taylor, who has been directing Mary Pickford, has enlisted in the British Army.

Helen Keller, the famous deaf and blind woman, has finished her first picture at Brunton studios. Herbert Heyes, formerly leading man for Theda Bara and May Allison, has the leading male rôle in the film.

One of the impossibilities of life: Alfred Whitman trying to study a script at his home when his two little daughters—Margaret, age four, and Estelle, age two—are not asleep.

The various film stars appeared at the different motion picture houses in Los Angeles every night of the Liberty Loan drive, and after a short address, sold bonds to the audience. Needless to say the coffers of Uncle Sam's treasury profited greatly.

Kitty Gordon is doing her first Coast film for the United Theaters.

Clarence Badger expects to join the Los Angeles film colony very shortly. He has been informed that the Madge Kennedy Company is to come to the Coast to make their Goldwyn features, and as Clarence is Madge's director, that means he will soon be occupying his handsome Hollywood home again.

STAGE PLAYS THAT ARE WORTH WHILE

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when these speaking plays appear in their vicinity.)

Astor.—"Keep Her Smiling." Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew in a typical comedy in which he proves that he is an artist of the first rank—she, a charming but extravagant wife. A big hit and no doubt destined for a long run.

Broadhurst.—"Maytime." A dainty, touching comedy with music. It has a real plot, following the life of a young couple from youth to old age, interspersed with tuneful music and some dancing.

Central—"Forever After." Alice Brady in a play of youthful love which endures despite many obstacles. Excellently acted thruout. It charms its audience into living once again the violent joys and heartaches of youth.

Cohan and Harris.—"Three Faces East." A mystery melodrama based on the now proverbial German spy system. The mystery is to tell who's a spy and who aint, and Anthony Paul Kelly has succeeded in keeping us guessing till the end.

Cort Theater.—"Fiddlers Three," lively little operetta with considerable fun and much good music. Louise Groody scores as a captivating little ingénue and dancer, while the lanky Hal Skelley's humor is amusing. Altogether a likeable entertainment.

Forty-eighth Street.—"The Woman in the Index." War theme again, but this time a Turkish spy instead of a German. Contains several tense situations, excellent acting, and a strong plot.

George M. Cohan's Theater.—"Head Over Heels," with the saucy Mitzi as a delectable little vaudeville acrobat. Entertaining with tuneful Jerome Kern music and the highly amusing Robert Emmett Keane.

Hippodrome.—The newest production, "Everything," lives up to its title. It is a maze of varied attractions, ranging from Houdini to performing elephants, from dainty Belle Story to scores of remarkable roller skaters, from De Wolf Hopper to a stage full of tumbling Arabs.

Liberty.—"Going Up." A charming musical farce written around an aviator, with Frank Craven in an interesting rôle. The music is unusually bright and catchy.

Playhouse.—Mark Swan's "She Walked in Her Sleep," a near-risqué farce of the "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath" type. Built around a pretty somnambulist who wanders into strange rooms clad in a white silk nightie. Entertaining, but not riotous. Alberta Burton is a decidedly pretty lady-who-walks-in-her-sleep.

Winter Garden.—"The Passing Show of 1918." One of the best of the Garden shows. Pretty girls and stunning costumes. Among the features are the amusing Howard Brothers; that lively dancing team, Fred and Adele Astaire; and the laughable Dooley Brothers.

ON THE ROAD

"Tiger Rose." An intense and very popular drama similar to "The Heart of Wetona," in which Lenore Ulric plays the part of an Indian maiden who loves and swears charmingly.

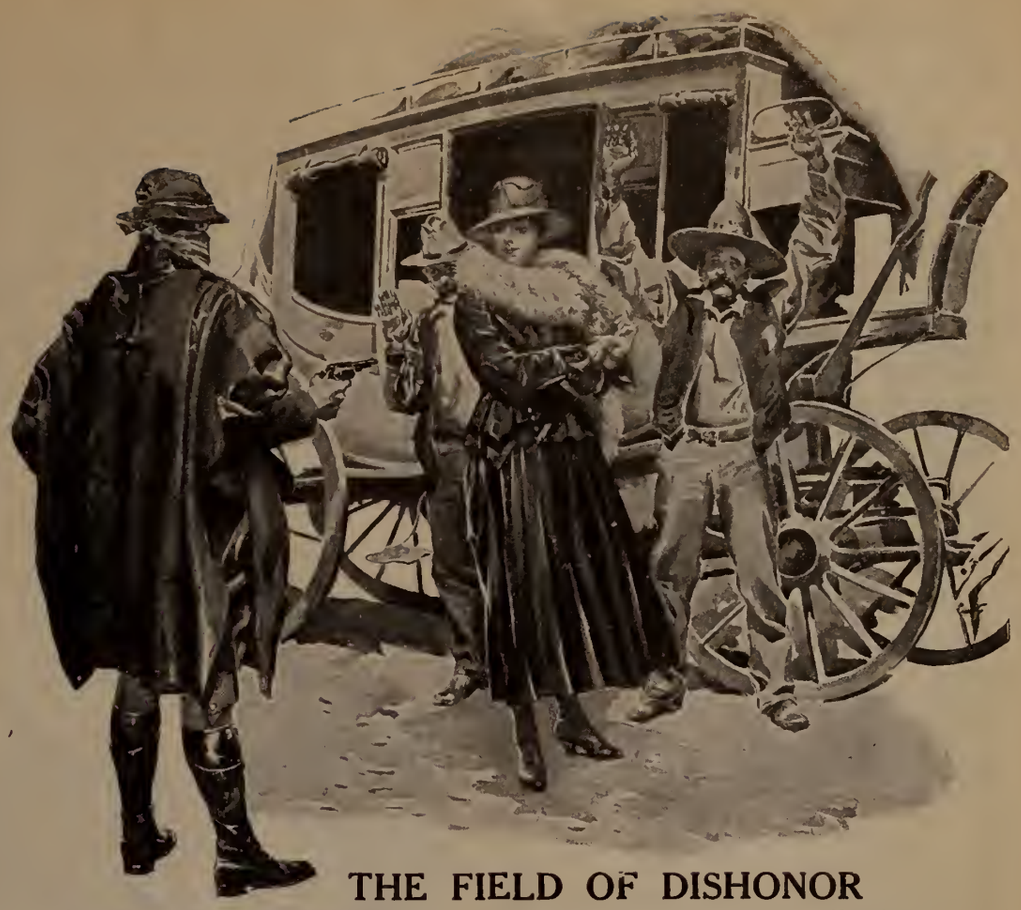
"The Copperhead." One of the big dramatic successes of last winter by Augustus Thomas. A drama that will live.

"The Little Teacher." A charming play, full of human interest, and played by a company, every one of which makes a hit. Mary Ryan is superb, as usual, and her support is unusually strong.

"A Tailor-Made Man." An altogether captivating comedy full of laughs, built around a young tailor who became great thru reading the book of an unsuccessful author and who then hires the latter to work for him.

"The Kiss Burglar." One of the most charming of musical-comedies. Pleasant music, distinction of book and considerable humor. Above all the fascinating personality of Fay Bainter. Very pretty chorus.

"Oh, Lady! Lady!!" Chic musical-comedy. Daintiness, wit, a well-balanced, all-star cast and catchy music are the outstanding charm of this offering *intime.*



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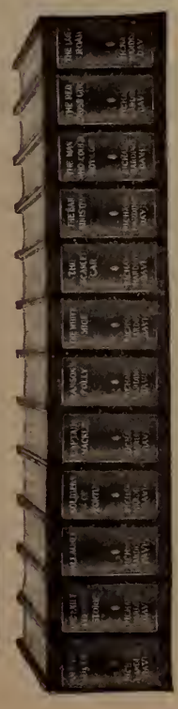

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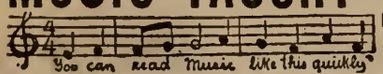

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Last of all, but not the least, his favorite magazine,
THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC, to bring memories of the screen.
As she packs, she sees a vision of her soldier over there,
Reading, perhaps, with memories of other days more fair
Before the war, when, happily, together they would go
'Most every evening to take in a Motion Picture show.

Behind the Screen

The screen industry, as THE CLASSIC goes to press, is just entering upon a shut-down of activities, at least as far as manufacturers and distributing agencies of the National Association of the Motion Picture Industry are concerned. This organization voted to release no new motion pictures for a period of four weeks ending November 9. It is stated that the epidemic of Spanish influenza, which closed some 50 per cent of the screen theaters of the country, made this move necessary. The association is asking actors and actresses to forego salaries during the period of curtailment. As far as can be learnt, different interpretations are being placed upon the decision, some companies finishing pictures already under way before ceasing activities, while others are stopping abruptly.

Texas Guinan, lately of Triangle, appears in June Elvidge's World Film production, "The Love Defender."

Edwin Arden, the well-known actor, last seen in the Schomer feature, "Ruling Passions," died from heart failure at his Forest Hill, L. I., home on October 2d.

Theda Bara and William Farnum, the Fox stars, have been visiting in the East. Theda is to do a picture in Florida and Farnum is starting one at Fort Lee. Frank Lloyd is directing Farnum.

William Desmond's Triangle contract has expired and he has been in New York. Jesse Hampton will present him in a series of eight productions, released thru the Robertson-Cole Company.

Select Pictures completed its first year in October. The first release was "The Moth," with Norma Talmadge. The corporation started business August 6, 1917, releasing two months later.

An exodus of Metro stars and directors to the Pacific coast has started. Mme. Nazimova's first California picture will be "The Red Lantern," in which she will be directed by Albert Capellani. Viola Dana and Hale Hamilton leave soon, Harold Lockwood will likewise start shortly and Emmy Wehlen will go as soon as she finishes "Sylvia on a Spree."

Allan Dwan's contract as Doug Fairbanks' director has expired. Albert Parker is now directing Doug, the first being a revival of Augustus Thomas' "Arizona." Marjorie Daw is the Bonita.

Peggy Hyland has received word that her father, Dr. Cyril Hutchinson, died at sea while en route to England. Dr. Hutchinson had been in this country on recruiting work.

Barbara Castleton is William Faversham's leading-woman in "The Silver King."

James K. Hackett has returned to the screen, now doing "Liquor" at the Pathé studios. Ormi Hawley and Irving Cummings are in the company.

Nell Shipman has left Vitagraph.

Herbert Standing has received news of the death of a son, Aubrey, in a German prison camp. Aubrey was one of four sons in the British Army.

William P. S. Earle has gone to Los Angeles to direct Lillian Walker. Her first picture under his direction will be John Breckenridge Ellis' "Frau."

Bryant Washburn has been in New York recently with his director, Donald Crisp, filming some Eastern scenes for "Venus in the East."

Bill Hart has also been Manhattaning for the Liberty Loan drive and catching some scenes for "Branding Broadway."

Eugene O'Brien has signed a four-year contract with Famous Players-Lasky. He started it opposite Elsie Ferguson in "Under the Greenwood Tree."

Unusual honor was accorded Maurice Tourneur's first independent production, "Sporting Life," which was purchased by Artcraft, the first time that organization ever purchased from the open market.

"Good Gracious, Annabel," Clare Kummer's successful stage comedy of last season, is being screened with Billie Burke in Lola Fisher s original rôle.

Fritzi Brunette has changed her name to Florence, Fritzi being too Teutonic.

William Fox has signed Madeleine Traverse as a new star.

Vera Steadman, who has been prominent in Sennett comedies, is now a Lehrman Sunshiner.

Jack Mulhall is playing opposite Lila Lee.

The cast of Maurice Tourneur's third production, "My Lady's Garter," adapted from the late Jacques Futrelle's novel, numbers Sylvia Breamer, Wyndham Standing, H. E. Herbert, Paul Clerget, Clarence Hardyside and Warner Richmond. Miss Breamer was secured by special arrangement with Commodore J. Stuart Blackton.

On and after December 24, the name of Hearst Pathé News will be no more. Pathé will continue to issue its news weekly as Pathé News while the Hearst International News will appear from the offices of the International Film Service Company.

Mary Charleson is resting in New York.

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The Classic Gallery of Popular Players

WILLIAM FAVERSHAM

Ten years ago "Favy" was one of stageland's best beloved matinée idols. Then Faversham suddenly developed into a serious thinking actor and producer. Since then he has given the public "The World and His Wife," "The Fawn," a notable revival of "Julius Cæsar," "The Hawk" and other offerings of dignity and distinction. Now he is doing a revival of "The Silver King" for the Famous Players-Lasky.

VIVIAN MARTIN

Altho Vivian was born in Grand Rapids, Mich., we generously forego any wheeze anent Miss Martin and furniture. She started at the age of six with Richard Mansfield and played Peter Pan in the Frohman road company, while Maude Adams was doing the lad-who-wouldn't-grow-up in New York. She was a delightful Peter, too. We know, because we saw it. Maurice Tourneur discovered her screen possibilities—and now she's a star.

WINIFRED WESTOVER

Not so very long ago Winifred Westover was a Triangle ingénue. Now she's a leading-woman, playing opposite William Russell in "Hobbs in a Hurry" and "All the World For Nothing." Winifred is a D. W. Griffith discovery, like 'steen dozen other actresses. But Winifred crosses her heart and swears it's true.

ROSE ROLANDA

Miss Rolanda has been coming to the front in Maurice Tourneur productions. She not only played in "Woman," but designed the costumes. Miss Rolanda is a Los Angeles girl. She danced as solo artiste for two years with the original Morgan Dancers, and last year had her own dancing company in the roof show, "Over the Top." She is returning to the stage with her dancers in the new Hazel Dawn production.

BETTY BLYTHE

"Over the Top" established Betty on the celluloid horizon. She was born in southern California, in the San Gabriel Valley, educated in Coast seminaries and sent to Paris to study music. She started in musical-comedy and then along came the movies.

Life and the

David Griffith Talks On the

Griffith says the true drama is Life

THE sun had gone on a little vacation behind the great Babylonian goddess Istar, and the camera had to stop. So Griffith came over and we sat down on one of the battlements of the weather-beaten "Intolerance" set, which still stands in ghostly glory out Hollywood way.

With tufts of his dark hair sticking out of the peek-holes in the funny old Mexican straw sombrero which "D. W." always wears when directing, he spoke of many things. Unlike the famous walrus, he did not confine his attention to shoes and ships and sealing-wax or cabbages and kings. But he did speak at length of Motion Pictures.

Griffith is a fascinating talker. Out of the depths of a philosophical mind, fed with worldly experience and wide reading, he talks. I only wish I could remember all that he said.

I remember that the subject of plots came up.

"Plots?" he said. And then he added, with a grin, "Go ahead and say the rest of the patter—anti-climaxes, dramatic unities, etc., etc."

He took off the old dilapidated head-gear and surveyed the holes with critical interest. "I'll tell you a typical motion play," he said. "A gallant young soldier, going over the top, encounters a Hun in No Man's Land. They fight with bayonets, and our gallant young hero jabs a bayonet thru the gizzard of the German, thereby killing him to some extent. The Hun's gas-mask is torn off, and our hero discovers that he has killed his long lost brother."

"What's the matter with the story?" I asked. "I think it's a beautiful story." To tell the truth, it sounded very much like one or two masterly screen dramas with which I myself was preparing to enlighten the world and uplift the screen.

"Mush!" said Griffith, briefly. "All these dramatic rules dont matter. Such little tricks are not real drama. Any one can conjure a series of peculiar coincidents. But if you examine these so-called stirring dramatic effects by the cold light of logic, you must come to the conclusion that the more 'dramatic' they are the farther are they really away from the true drama.

"Some day pictures must attain the height of true drama. And only those earnest workers who are trying toward that end will survive.

"The true drama is life. The so-called 'dramatic effects' are not life. They are isolated life conditions shuffled together. The process of getting up these situations is not unlike the ancient industry of manipulating three walnut-shells and an innocent green pea."

"Sounds darned interesting to me," I protested weakly, "that stuff about killing his brother in the gas-mask."

"Peeling an onion is darned sad by the same standards," parodied Mr. Griffith.

"Then what is real drama?"

"Real drama is life, and life is yourself," said Mr. Griffith.

"There is only one subject in which every person is genuinely interested. Man is a self-centered beast. I dont know why we are all put here, but we have a hard row to hoe. The hoeing of it absorbs our whole thought and effort.

"It is literally true that our whole existence is a battle with fear. Our first emotion is fear, or hunger, which is only a fear that we may not get the means of sustaining life. We fear and we hope, which is the reverse side of fear. This struggle to get on absorbs our whole effort. We are not sincerely interested in anything else.

"When we go to the play or when we read a book, we

Photodrama

Film Play: By HARRY CARR

merely look into a mirror. We are interested in the characters only as they reflect ourselves.

"The boy looks at the heroine of the movie drama and he thinks of himself. He says, 'Gee, I wisht I had a girl like that.' And the mother sees herself. She says, 'I hope my daughter will be like that.' And the father sees himself and the little girl sees herself.

"To the exact ratio that people see themselves is dramatic or literary work a success or failure. There are occasional great works of literature in which the whole world—every one in the world can see the reflection of himself. And it becomes immortal.

"I remember being very much amused when Mr. J. M. Barrie's 'Sentimental Tommy' came out. About every man of my acquaintance confided in me that he was exactly like Tommy, but he didn't see how Barrie could have written him up, as he was positively sure he had never met Barrie. In other words, Mr. Barrie was writing of the man who is in every man's inside.

"In a way, the early primitive works of literature were the truest. There was nothing artificial about the old sagas of the Norseman. One old wandering minstrel after another added to them until the finished result was the poured-out heart of the Norseman.

" 'Beowolf' was a great work of art, because in it every swashbuckling old two-handed sword-wielder saw himself as he wished himself to be—killing dragons and demons and spilling blood all over the map. It was the day-dream of the primitive killer set to words.

"Just so 'Siegfried' was the echo of the thoughts of the rough old Germans of that day. Both of these works are immortal because they register the heart-throbs of the people of that time. There were no little tricks of plot in those great folk stories.

Griffith has a philosophical mind, fed with worldly experience and wide reading

"The so-called dramatic situation, which in plain terms really means a shuffling of coincidents, as I have already said, cannot be the real stuff, for two reasons:

"The dramatic coincidence does not happen to enough people to give it the universal appeal.

"It is by its very nature physical, not mental or mortal."

"I am not sure that I get you," I said. D. W. was wading into water too deep for me.

"Well, here," he said. "There are twenty millions or more men fighting in this war. They all have folks at home; they all know fear and hope and despair. They all know pain and suffering. These are the universal emotions. How many of that number have killed brothers by mistake? Possibly two or three. Do you think the twenty millions would be more interested in a drama that truly reflected their own emotions and perhaps helped them solve their own problems, or in a drama that touched upon the experience of the one or two men of the twenty million who killed their brothers?"

"I think they would be interested in the story," I said stoutly.

"So do I," said Mr. Griffith. "They would be interested in it not because of the brothers in the gas-masks, but because out of it they got a glint of the horror that they translated into other terms and applied to their own cases."

"Then what's the answer?" I asked.

(*Continued on page* 70)

Alice in Quest of a

A Chat With Miss Joyce

If you asked us to give an instant mental impression of Alice Joyce, we would say . . . a delicate gray personality . . . wonderful eyes . . . a Botticelli face . . . a sense of humor . . . in a word, a Madonna listening to a jazz band.

For the thing you like most about Miss Joyce, upon knowing her, is not her beauty, but the sense of humor that flashes thru the gentle Joyce surface.

Our last interview with Miss Joyce occurred on a drear October day. The rain was beating down remorselessly. Flatbush looked more Flatbushian than ever.

We had planned to interview Miss Joyce on location. But the weather had ended that. She was quite sympathetic about it, until she caught sight of our umbrella—a borrowed one—in a state of collapse from gentle Brooklyn zephyrs.

Then she subsided into laughter. "You're the wettest interviewer I ever saw," she confided pleasantly.

© Ira Hill

If you asked us for an instant mental impression of Alice Joyce, we would say . . . a delicate gray personality . . . wonderful eyes . . . a Botticelli face . . . a sense of humor . . . a Madonna listening to a jazz band

"Even our ardor is dampened,' we admitted.

"I dont know what I can tell you about myself that's new, except that I'm terribly worried over deciding upon a car," began Miss Joyce. "I've had a hired car for a year, and now I'm to get one all my own.

"It's not so much what kind, but whether or not I should get one, since I may go to the coast soon, and it is practically impossible to ship a car across country in these war times.

"But I do want a car. You see I have never been like other stars in the past. I have never had so very much money to spend. And I've always been very careful. (Miss Joyce held up two bank-books). But now I'm changing. I'm getting more self-reliant . . . I think I'm getting a temperament."

At which we laughed. Miss Joyce temperamental!

"I know I have always been as quiet as a mouse around the studio, but now I have discovered that I can ask for things—and get them. It's the loveliest feeling! So I make it a rule to always ask for something each day. Isn't that getting a temperament?"

We admitted the possibility.

Miss Joyce pointed to several scripts and a dressmaker's mannikin upon which was draped a gray gown. "That's

Temperament

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

how I spend my spare time," she explained. "Since the rain prevented exteriors today, I'm reading scenarios and fitting a dress."

Miss Joyce picked up one of the scripts. Then she read an excerpt, "'A Madonna-like tableau, with the actress in graceful draperies.'

"Why do they insist upon rolling me in cheese-cloth to make a Madonna?" plaintively protested Miss Joyce.

"You want to play——" we began, turning the question.

"Rather emotional parts, human rôles, something that seems real to me; most of all, better stories."

Which shows a decided development. Exactly one year ago Miss Joyce told us that she couldn't understand why they gave her emotional rôles, that she was quite, quite unemotional.

Almost in the same breath, Miss Joyce admitted that she had just been doing a comedy in which she played a gay and heartless coquette. "Quite unlike my real self," laughed Miss Joyce. But we rather suspect she was spoofing.

Miss Joyce glanced thru another script. "Here they want me to attend a masquerade ball in the costume of a Spanish toreador," she remarked. "I surely would look sensationally slender."

"But being slender has its advantages," we consoled.

"I should say it has," confessed Miss Joyce. "Getting fat is a state of mind. As soon as you begin acquiring avoirdupois your mind seems to grow fat, too—fat, lazy and indolent. You grow careless—and oblivion hovers just around the corner from the studio.

"Let me make a real confession," said the actress. "My trouble in the past has been that I lacked assertive faith in myself—in my playing and in my business arrangements."

Conway Tearle, who was playing at the Vitagraph studio in rented space utilized by the Anita Stewart Corporation, had just dropped in, overhearing Miss Joyce's confession.

"Only last night I was at a first-night with Louis Sherwin, the *Globe* critic," said Tearle. "We were talking of photoplays, and he said that you were one of the few real actresses of the screen."

Miss Joyce blushed! (This blush is the first we have observed in a studio for months.) "That was sweet," she said. "I wish I had that faith in myself . . . I might do something real and big."

The rain having subsided, Miss Joyce walked with us to the elevated "L" station near the Vitagraph studio.

"Quite untemperamental for a temperamental star," we reminded.

"I'm afraid it's hard to live up to a perfectly good temperament."

At the foot of the "L" stairs Miss Joyce left us. "Good-by," she said, and subsided into laughter. "That umbrella—that umbrella!" she gurgled.

Right—A new study of Alice Joyce Moore, Miss Joyce's daughter

The Conversion

Bryant Washburn

By ELIZABETH

"There is a certain attitude toward life which makes for success," says Bryant. "Work for it; not tensely, but cheerfully; and you'll get it, because it belongs to you"

BRYANT WASHBURN—The Apostle of the Human Touch.

This doesn't mean that Bryant—(every one calls him Bryant)—goes around borrowing money from his friends. That kind of touch is very human, but not the kind I mean. (On the contrary, if there is any borrowing done, it is probably the other way 'round.) But only that the first thing you notice about him is a complete lack of heroics. His has been the interesting evolution of a character actor.

You'd never think it to look at him now, but eight years ago he used to play old man parts, with Chinese and negro and "boob" English, and perhaps even Swede stuff on the side. And before that he was on the stage, where life went anything but smoothly.

He hasn't had an easy time of it; he has had to work for everything he has gotten.

"But then, I have always gotten the thing I set out for!"

He has three little books on the power of mind which are, to him, like bibles.

"Of course, I dont believe that a person can get anything he wants by just sitting down and wishing for it," he went on. "But there is a certain attitude toward life which makes for success

You can begin going after a thing by wishing and, if you like, praying for it; but dont stop there. Work for it; not tensely, but cheerfully; and you'll get it, because it belongs to you. I'm not a member of the Christian Scientist Church, nor have I given any special time to the study of New Thought; I have rather worked this philosophy out for myself, because I've found that with me it works!"

The most surprising thing about this is that he is a direct descendant of Dwight Moody, the famous evangelist, and was himself brought up a strict Presbyterian. He still goes to the Presbyterian Church.

"But my belief has changed, radically. I used to really think that I was walking over a fiery furnace where human souls were burning, and that heaven was a place where every one floated around, dressed in long, white robes and did nothing but sing or play on their harps!. As I could neither sing nor play on a harp, I believe that I preferred hell to heaven, tho both seemed very unpleasant places!"

It is an interesting thing that in "Skinner's Dress Suit," his greatest success, he should have found clearly expressed much of his own philosophy. Success is, he believes, as much a state of mind as anything else, and, certainly, he lives up to his own ideas.

I have only met him once, but

# of a Presbyterian

and His Philosophy

PELTRET

I have seen him at work a number of times. He takes his work seriously, and yet never seems to give an impression of anxiety or nerve strain. Between scenes he is always ready to joke with somebody or take his part in a practical joke, with the result that his popularity is practically unbounded. Knowing all this, from observation, I was anxious to get an interview with him at his home. I wanted to describe his wife, a non-professional, and their little boy, who is "Bryant Washburn IV," and "every inch a king."

"He is only three years old," said the proud father, talking about him. "So you can imagine how shocked Mrs. Washburn was when he stubbed his toe the other day and actually said 'dam.' The worst thing about it is, that she blames it on me. The baby is always playing with George Beban's youngster, so I told her that it would be only fair to blame it on George. But no: she says it's my fault and that nothing will ever convince her to the contrary."

However, I am ahead of my story. I didn't, after all, see Bryant Washburn at his home. He was, at this time, working very steadily, because Donald Crisp, his director, wanted to finish the picture in thirteen days—an effort which was, by the way, successful—so I had to get my interview at the studio. He was not on the set when I got there, but came up a few moments later. After the usual formalities of an introduction, he said:

"Letters from fans mean popularity, and popularity means more money, and money means pretty things for *her*," says Bryant. At the left is Mr. and Mrs. Bryant and across the page a glimpse of them in their garden

"Well, we will finish this picture on the thirteenth day, all right."

"Then you are not superstitious?" I remarked.

"I am about the number thirteen," he answered, laughing. "I want to have it in everything. It's my lucky number.

"It's the most curious thing the way that number keeps turning up," he went on. "For instance, when I was in Chicago, the license number of my automobile was three thirteen, three thirteen. I sold that machine and came to California. Here, my license number is thirteen, thirteen, five. I got my two thirteens back again."

All of this time I had been noticing the dimple in his chin. I was almost surprised to find that it was unaccentuated by grease-paint; in short, was exactly "as is." His eyes are brown; not grey-brown, nor blue-brown, nor black-brown, but brown-brown, the color that is being worn a great deal this season. His hair is a shade or two darker. Naturally, I asked if his wife was ever jealous of him. (A reporter can ask anything.)

"Oh, no," he answered lightly and as if he meant it.

"Not even when the fans write you letters?"

"She likes that best of all! Letters from the fans mean popularity, and popularity means more money, and money means pretty things for her." (*Continued on page 73*)

May in December

The Coldest Month Is Summer When May Allison's Around

Tho golden-haired and girlish, May is independent and self-reliant

BRIEFLY spoke my favorite editor, "I want a personality story on the real May Allison. But," he added, as the memory of a certain predilection for May (in every month as well as December) returned to his consciousness, "remember, only one superlative is permitted!" As if any one could write a personality story about May Allison with one superlative!

Prodigally, I make use of that in my first sentence—May Allison is the *most beautiful* girl I have ever seen.

Therewith I have my little fling at the truth, and visions haunt me of the remainder of these pages being filled with dots and dashes which denote the superlative personality of the young lady in question.

For I refuse to allow even my favorite editor to censor my aptly chosen adjectives. Better than that, give me wordless spaces surrounding these photographs which prove the truth of the superlatives I am ordered to suppress.

But the task invites. One reads regularly of ladies of the screen whose sea-green eyes and milk-white shoulders and otherwise adjectived selves are each and every one the most wonderful star in screenland, in spite of my innermost conviction that May is—

One moment, while I shift my Underwood to second speed.

A happy quotation recurs to me: "Personalities," it reads, "are not revealed brilliantly and in the altogether, but as shy things that peep out, now and then, from inscrutable swathings, giving us a hint, a suggestion, a moment of understanding. Does a man really know what is going on in his wife's mind? Not if she *has* a mind. He judges her as a human being, by bold and scattered inferences. He sees her soul, insofar as he sees it at all, in the way she buttons her boots, in the way she intrigues for a kiss, in the way she snaps her eye at him when he has been naughty . . . He interprets her ego in terms of her taste in ribbons, the scent of her hair, her quarrels with her sisters, her fashion of eating artichokes, her preferences in the theater, her care of her teeth. Thus, by slow degrees, he accumulates an image of her. After long years, perhaps, he knows her after a fashion—that is, he knows how many shredded-wheat biscuits she

By HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR

likes for breakfast, how long she can read a first-class novel without napping, what she thinks of woolen underwear, the Irish movement, the family doctor, soft-boiled eggs and God . . ."

Thus I find a vast and adventurous field for a new type of personality story, and I set the wires belonging to Mr. Western Union buzzing:

Miss May Allison,
Hollywood, Cal.
Wire me a list of your likes and dislikes.
Hazel.

And later over the wire comes the answer:

Hazel Naylor,
Motion Picture Classic.
If there is anything you do not know about me, I dont know it.

And so I begin at the proper place, the beginning, leaving you who read to form in your own minds a definite and symmetrical effigy.

May Allison was born on a plantation in the southern part of Georgia. A slight, soft Southern drawl is still noticeable in her voice.

Being golden-haired and girlish, blue-eyed and cheerful, one imagines on first acquaintance she might be the clinging-vine type of old-fashioned girl. As a matter of fact, she is independent, brimful of go-aheadness and perfectly self-reliant.

Nor is she a typical bachelor-maid. She admits that some day she hopes to meet her ideal, marry him and have three or four kiddies.

Her life outside the studio is governed by a fragile little mother, charming as a miniature, who in spite of her tiny stature has an indomitable will. Her ambitions for May are even greater than May's for herself.

"Sometimes," says May, "I feel as if my mother expects me to be so perfect it is an absolute impossibility to live up to her ideals."

May Allison's favorite color is Alice blue.

She cannot bear people that are temperish, in spite of which fact she seems to know instinctively how to handle them.

Blessed with a happy disposition, she has never had a sad day in her life. It is a great deal easier for her to smile than cry.

Altho May Allison has no trace of that well-known studio ailment, temperament, in her cosmos, she generally gets her own way.

Never, however, does she rant or rave to get it. She merely smiles and says, "But listen; dont you think——" and the manager of productions, or the director, or the scenario writer, as the case may be, notes the dazzling white of her teeth, the cute little way she has of moistening her lips with the tip of her little pink tongue, when she is particularly in earnest, and always does *cheerfully* see it May's way.

She believes in God and heaven, three good meals a day, early to bed and early to rise, and she has no strange imaginings about formerly having been a princess or the reincarnation of Cleopatra. Neither does she believe in spooks, nor that she is psychic, and she has no interest in such weird items as astral planes.

One of the few things that really thrills her besides finding a good scenario for her next picture is a

(*Continued on page* 70)

May believes in God—and three square meals a day

Décolleté Connie

Constance Talmadge is fast becoming not only the foremost screen comédienne, but the leading exponent of celluloid negligée. Here she is in everything—from aristocratic silken pajamas to democratic cotton nightie

No review of Connie in décolleté would be complete without that revealing flashlight moment of "Up the Road with Sallie"

Seeing Themselves As Others See Them

Impressed with The Classic department, "Double Exposures," the World Film camera-man decided to make a few photographic contributions. You have seen movie double exposures—here are the first still camera ones

Above—Johnny Hines is acting as his own self-starter. Note the way Johnny orders himself about. If we were Johnny, we wouldn't stand for it

Left—Louise Huff films herself in the giddy rôle of Nellie, the beautiful sewing-machine girl. Louise is going to ask herself for more close-ups in a moment

Right—Madge Evans has solved the problem of Hooverizing energy. Here she is eliminating freckles and enjoying an afternoon siesta at one and the same moment

Above—Here we have Frank Mayo in the odd rôle of a human parade, following himself around the Fort Lee studio yard

The Ford Who Isn't a Flivver

His Name Is Harrison and He's Already One of the Most Popular of Screen Leading-Men

By WALTER VOGDES

Harrison hails from Washington, D. C., and he made his stage début at the hale and hearty age of seven

ABOUT twenty years ago he was a very small boy in Washington, D. C., the city where the senators and the congressmen and the presidents go to acquire fame. He was seven years old, to be exact, and, right around the corner from the house where he lived, there was a theater.

Each week a new play given by a new company would be shown at the theater, and huge wagons carrying trunks and sets and similar things would drive up to the stage door and stop. The boy became curious about the theater, and often he wondered about the life behind the dark stage doors, and he used to stand about with the other boys of the neighborhood, watching those wonderful people, the actors, go in and out.

One day a strange thing happened. While he was playing with a group of boys in the alley that led to the stage door, a man suddenly stepped up behind him, whirled him around, leaned over, and scrutinized his face carefully. Then the man turned to a lady who stood nearby.

"Do you think so?" said the man.

"I do," said the lady, decisively. The boy noticed that she was richly dressed.

"H'm," murmured the man, thoughtfully. Then he addressed the boy, "Would you like to go on the stage? Would you like to play a small part?"

The boy was astonished, bewildered, frightened, but he managed to gasp out, "Yes, sir!"

Harrison Ford and Constance Talmadge make a delightful comedy team

"All right," said the man. "Now we'll see your parents and find out if we can arrange it."

A visit to the boy's parents resulted in the "arranging," and that night the boy was an actor in the big theater, with a costume, and make-up, and two lines to speak. That evening marked Harrison Ford's first appearance as an actor.

Now he is one of the best-known leading-men in the pictures, an actor whose well-sustained characterizations have resulted in his playing opposite some of the most famous stars recently. But if that odd trick of fate had not placed him before the public at the age of seven he might never have fought his way to front later on, when he took up acting as a serious profession.

He appeared every night during that week in Washington, then he retired to obscurity, not to emerge until twenty years later. But the germ was there, he had tasted of the glory that is limelight and the grandeur that is fame, and, tho it was only a slight taste, it was sufficient to bring him back

Connie and Harrison in "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots"

when he grew up and had to decide on a profession. His parents suggested law or medicine, but Harrison Ford remembered that week when he had been an actor. And he said—the stage. So he hied himself to Robert Edeson, who was starring in "Strongheart," William C. De Mille's drama of college life with its university-bred Indian hero. With Edeson he secured a small thinking, walking and cheering part. He was "one of the students" in "Strongheart."

But he stuck at the work, studied hard, and seized every opportunity to go forward. And before long he was playing honest-to-goodness speaking rôles with that splendid actor, William H. Crane. Then he was given a chance to play the lead in the stage production of "Excuse Me."

When the screen version of "Excuse Me" was made, the producers asked Harrison Ford to again play the lead. He accepted and since then he has led a film life, altho he did find time to play in "The Bubble," enjoy a season with the Empire Stock Company of Syracuse, N. Y., portray a prominent rôle in "Rolling Stones" and appear briefly in "U. S. Minister Bedloe." He was with the Universal-Bluebird forces for a time and stood out strongly in one of the best-known Bluebird features, "The Mysterious Mrs. M."

He played leads with Fannie Ward in "The Crystal Gazer" and "On the Level." And when Constance Talmadge came west to make those comedies of hers that we all like so well, Harrison Ford was chosen as her co-worker. In "Good Night, Paul!" he shared honors with Norman Kerry, and in "Sauce for the Goose," "A Pair of Silk Stockings" and "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots," he and Miss Talmadge do some sparkling and clever work. In fact, Madcap Connie and Harrison are both unusual exponents of screen light comedy.

Then Lila Lee, the new little Paramount player, came west to be a star in her very first picture drama. And in her first two pictures, "The Cruise of the Make-Believe" and "Such a Little Pirate," Harrison Ford plays the leads and demonstrates once more that he is an actor who has youth, ability and the sort of personality that makes audiences remember him and ask for him again and again.

Ford's playing savors a bit of the unusual—it is unactory, sincere and touched with a certain distinction of method. And he must have a distinct sense of humor, since most of his hits have been made in celluloid comedy.

Ford has been advancing more rapidly than any other screen leading-man within our field of observation. If any young player seems destined to ultimate stardom—it is Harrison Ford. Here's betting that the small boy who used to watch theatrical trunks unloaded in Washington will be a star before another year passes.

Harrison has gazed into the eyes of every staress on the Coast—for the screen

And They Say Baseball Isn't Essential

"Batter up!" Home Run Vera Stedman faces the lucky pitcher

"'Ray! 'Ray!' the blond crowd (otherwise June Belmont) is cheering Vera. No baseball player ever had better support than Vera—in this picture

At the left the umpire is calling Vera out. Which proves to us that the picture is phony. Would a real ump say Vera isn't safe? We ask you

Love Is Ever Changing

Montagu Love, Character

LARGELY the latter.

He is big—even Herculean—and good-looking-homily, if you know what I mean—and red-headed and blue-eyed—and full of a sense of humor.

Likewise he is kindly.

And broad of mind.

And widely tolerant.

He has tenderness—strength.

And epicurean ideas and ideals, professionally and personally.

All of the above being potent characteristics, they deserve special paragraphs. You just naturally *like* him—a lot!

Still more, he is a good sport, and would make Anywoman's life complete by ordering her luncheons and dinners de luxe. I speak from first-hand experience, because we interviewed at luncheon at the Claridge, and—but this doesn't happen to be a *menu!* However, it is a lovely trait in man.

And he was born in India, to revert rather abruptly to first principles.

When he made known that fact, I eyed him severely. It sounded sort of dead-Arabish and bizarre, and hence totally unlike him, who is most thoroly, convincingly, sheerly and unmistakably Mere Man.

"I harbor a suspicion of—publicity," I said, unkindly.

"Monty" shook his nice red head. "No," he declared, "my mother was solely at fault."

I prepared for another query—what is your favorite color, or do you like to motor?—or some such departure from the cut-and-dried. I felt that I *must* give the Kasaba melons a chattish atmosphere. "Monty" saw it coming.

"Dont," he pleaded, in his nice, deep, slightly accented English voice, "*dont* let's interview! Let's just—have luncheon!".

And we did.

But in between Mr. Love told me some of his so-different theories about his work. He is going in, even as he has done in the past, solely and exclusively for character work. That is to be his line, his *forte*. Each one different. Each time a totally new personality, bringing with it a new atmosphere, creating a new impression. Even as his widely variant Corsican avenger in "Forget-Me-Not," the wily, subtle Japanese diplomat in "Yankee Pluck," the Parisian Jekyll and Hyde in "The Brand of Satan," Russia's black monk in "Rasputin," the famous Cardinal Mercier of violated Belgium in "The Cross Bearer," and others, each one a different person, under a different sun, product of a different people.

It will go big—small doubt of that. And it's never been done before—at least by any one as prominent professionally as Montagu Love—and most certainly it will effect his purpose—never to sate the public.

"I think it a mistake—a cardinal mistake," he said, "to flood the market with pictures—to be constantly *before* the public and in more or less the same type of stuff. One is bound to grow monotonous—to be an old story. But if one sticks to character work the people will stick, too; likewise their interest, and their curiosity, which is the marrow of their interest. 'What is he like really—as *himself?*' they will want to know. For example, people innumerable demanded

Montagu Love had two decidedly contrasted rôles in "Darkest Russia" (left) and in "Pirate's Gold" (below)

By GLADYS HALL

Actor and Man of Character

Love in his dressing room. At the lower left is a character study in "Forget-Me-Not," while above is another vivid role in "The Brand of Satan"

to know what the man who was Rasputin *could* be like apart from his rôle."

"Small wonder," I interrupted, "and not to be irrelevant, the way you *kist* your victims in that picture was *terrible!*"

"Terrible?" laughed "Monty." "*I* thought it was wonderful!"

"M'm," I murmured, "maybe that *is* the adjective — but I hope you dont believe in the Rasputin *theories.*"

"I dont know . . ." mused Montagu Love, "I haven't gone into them very thoroly, but why not?"

"I shall print this," I warned, darkly.

"Go ahead," he dared. "But I *do* wonder what the inner life of that man must have been."

"*You* ought to know," I declared.

"I'm out!" he laughed again. "Let's talk about producing. For instance, *I* am going to be rather sparing of my pictures. As I said before, I dont believe in flooding the market. Happily, we are all agreed, generally and specifically."

"Who will your new leading-lady be?"

"I dont know yet. But I hope some one *little*. I always like to play opposite the demi-tasse sort of girl——"

"To emphasize your own —well, proportions?" I suggested.

"I didn't like to *say* so," laughed "Monty."

Then we drifted back to natal, Indian days, and English schools, and ambitions to be an artist, which were in due course of coming true when the stage called and was answered.

"I was a rabid and very zealous disciple of the palette and brush," he said, "and it would be almost impossible for me to describe the various transitions that landed me finally, and probably permanently, on the stage and screen. I just got into the theatrical atmosphere, and the atmosphere got into *me*. I played in London for a while, and finally Cyril Maude asked me to go to America with him in 'Grumpy.' I was the heavy villain in that. After that I played with Lou-Tellegen in 'The Ware Case,' and one or two other productions, and the rest you know.

The screen was the logical step, especially for me. Types—character types—are my study, and the screen, of course, affords me the widest, the most varied and the most satisfactory field for that study. I hope to bring some of the nice discrimination, the restraint and the reticence, which is part of the real artist, to my greatest canvas—the screen."

Then we rambled off into small talk, of the proverbial "number of things"—of the people about us—hazards as to what they were beyond what we could see—of the war—of his recent severe illness—of cabbages and kings . . .

For instance, a svelte and vampirish lady sat behind us, super-green of eye, super-scarlet of mouth, frantically puffing poutish poufs of Turkish Trophy from between flamboyantly seductive lips.

"*Regardez!*" said I.

Said Monty: "What studio does she think she's working in?"

"Thank you," I said, as we proceeded to go on our separate (sub) ways, "for this most appetizing interview."

"No, thank *you*," he insisted, with a courtly charm of manner habitual with him, "for making an interview *not* an interview!"

Stars of Democracy

In J. Stuart Blackton's "The Common Cause," a series of tableaux represents the spirit of the Allies

Julia Arthur is Italy the land of brave deeds, poetry and imagination, of D'Annunzio and Marconi, of Cæsar and the epic poets. The glory that once was Rome's is returning in the glory of modern Italy

To Marjorie Rambeau is allotted the rôle of America—whose all is in the struggle for liberty and world democracy

Violet Heming is Britannia—the land that, thru history, has fought on and on against countless odds, never giving up—the land that brought civilization to the ends of the earth—the land that, rather than forsake an ally in the dark days of 1914, threw its very life into the balance

Suffering Belgium—who recklessly threw herself in the path of the Hun Goliath—is portrayed by Effie Shannon

The spirit of France is here—for Irene Castle has caught the spiritual fire of the race that, with its back to the abyss, said, "They shall not pass," and stood like a wall of rock against the hordes of hatred and brutality

The O.

Agnes Ayres:

By GLADYS

© Ira Hill Studio

Agnes Ayres still is, and always will be, sculptural—marble

Of course, it is all a fallacy to accept a legend too seriously or too literally, either in part or in whole. For instance, Galatea as she came down to us was, perhaps indubitably, a marble thing of sheer exquisitude, and Pygmalion was at once her creator and her most ardent lover, so ardent that he transformed the chaste marble into responsive flesh and blood. Equally, of course, it would be stretching the credulity somewhat to compare Agnes Ayres with exactitude to the legendary Galatea. But, as a thought-symbol whereby to express her sculptural features, her sculptural calm, her repression of gesture, voice and manner, all of which is marble-made-animate, the comparison is not only wholly adequate but amazingly fitting. Which brings one to a question of Pygmalion, one that, for all of me, must go unanswered. She spoke of no perfervid youth. She didn't even admit to having been a statue. One must form one's own opinion as to that phase of the matter.

In a certain sense of the word, Agnes Ayres still is, and always will be, sculptural—marble. Not outside her own volition. Not because of a lacking Pygmalion with his vivifying Touch, but because she is a self-professed disciple of Repression, because she believes firmly and implicitly in the high, fine reserve of Art. Returning to statuary, most of us have gazed upon some masterpiece, inevitably and eternally silent and cold, and been thrilled by a sense of vast potentialities. In a sense, that is the form of art Agnes Ayres believes in. It is her cult.

She has a perfect dread of ranting, a horror of overemoting. Still more disgust for hectic vamping. She is the more courageous in the maintenance of her beliefs because she believes, too, that she would "get along better" if she did lose a little of her artistic reserve. "They," she says, with a touch of wistfulness, "would like me better if I threw myself about a little more—ranted a trifle. Perhaps they are right. But if one loses one's belief in one's individuality, one loses the individuality itself—and that really is, must be, the whole thing—to be apart, isolate, a distinct individual."

I hardly dare to breathe into printer's ink the fact that Agnes is intensively—domestic. I fear the editorial staff will moan, "Old stuff!" I fear the scoffing and the spoofing of the fans, who believe in Rolls-Royces rather than gas ranges. But when, leaf-brown, wild-rose, starry-eyed and sincere, she sat and discoursed to me of home and Mother, of conserve and tomato pickle, gardens and fudge, canning and pies, I beg leave to know what else there is for me to *do* but to *tell* you about it? What if it *has* been written 'steen different times before

Henry Girl

A Modern Galatea

HALL

'bout 'steen different persons? What if it will be written 'steen times more in future? Merely that I shall be neither the last nor the least of the offenders, and that the backbone of the Nation, not the screen but the home, will continue to be—and continue to be beautiful because of the spirits who preside.

Personally, I think it rather interesting, rather sweet and thrilling for a girl who girdles and delights the globe to risk blemishes, blisters and burns over a conserve kettle. There's something inherently *right* in the girl who "fusses" in her home kitchen. Still more so in her mother's home kitchen. And, more than all, when that girl is a star to whom such things might easily grow to be the lesser things, dimmed and somehow unworthy. Something strong and sane and, in the building that, sooner or later, is going to get, not only "across," but into and under the skins of the people—and remain.

All this may be very sentimental over mere matters of jellies and jams, but you ally it to a girl with the face and form of Galatea, to a girl who preaches a doctrine of repression, profound from the lips of near-high-school youth, and you have a combination productive of results or I resign!

Outside of the aforementioned culinary accomplishments of which I have told you, there are her stellar roles in the O. Henry stories, with which you are, or certainly should be, familiar. For a variety of reasons. Because they *are* O. Henry stories, primarily. Secondly, but hardly secondarily, because they are O. Henry delicately studied, thought out, thought over. Agnes reads each one carefully herself, tries to see the characters precisely as O. Henry conceived them. "He can put," she said, "the whole of a characterization into three illuminating words. I loved doing 'Transients in Arcadia' and 'Sisters of the Golden Circle.' I believe I am to go on filming the O. Henry stories for the rest of the year."

Apart from these two interests she has no specific others. No particular pals, outside of her mother and Alice Joyce.

She is a thoro little body, Agnes Ayres. She is very, very much in earnest. She is utterly sincere. She is beautiful, intrinsically, not sensationally, wholesomely and lastingly. She is completely natural, both as to person and as to manner. She has the supreme gift of simplicity, fairest child of that broader term, democracy. She believes in helping the other fellow. She is wishful for encouragement, having her moments of despondency. She is prodigal of it herself. She is an enthusiast. Over and above all, she is quiet. And she comes from suburban Illinois.

(*Continued on page* 71)

At the left is a portrait bust of Miss Ayres made by Lorado Taft, the Chicago sculptor

Koy Kute Kathleen

At one time a musical-comedy star and later in vaudeville—doing masculine impersonations — Kathleen Clifford is now a screen headliner to be observed in Plaza Pictures. "The Angel Child" was one of 'em

PAID IN FULL

BY EUGENE WALTER.

Storyized by FREDERICK RUSSELL from the Photo-drama based on EUGENE WALTER'S Play

When I married Joe Brooks I thought that the greatest possible earthly happiness had come to me

WHEN I married Joe Brooks I thought that the greatest possible earthly happiness had been given me. I was sure I loved Joe. And so our little flat in Harlem—three rooms and kitchenette with southern exposure—(upon an adjoining brick wall)—seemed Heaven itself.

The years—four of them—passed. We still occupied the same little apartment. It was hard. Most of our neighbors had moved on, to bigger apartments further down town. Some went to family hotels. All my girl friends had beautiful things to wear. That hurt worst of all. For poor Joe didn't seem to go ahead. He worked way down in the shipping district, for a steamship company owned by Captain Williams. In our whole four years of married life, Joe had been advanced just two dollars.

I cant tell how it all happened unless I relate these sordid little details. They're a necessary part of the picture. And then I must go back a year to the beginning of the thing.

It was like most any other night. I had worked all day around the little flat; indeed, I had just completed dinner when Joe returned. He was in the depths. "I asked the old blood-sucker, Williams, for a raise, but he refused."

I was disappointed, of course, but I didn't want Joe to know. "Never mind, dear," I said, "better luck next time. It was a pretty gloomy meal for us both. Perhaps I looked worn and tired. Anyway, Joe seemed to grow more worked up as he studied me. "This is a h—ll of a life for us both, always slaving for nothing. You were never meant for a poor man, you hate this work, and your mother and sister hate me for bringing you to it."

Finally I kist away Joe's bitterness. No, I wasn't tired, altho I did ache for beautiful things. And that very night, Joe had forgotten . . . forgotten that it was my birthday . . . forgotten in his bitterness. But we had hardly finished dinner, when our door-bell rang. It was Jimsy Smith. Jimsy, I should explain, was Williams' dock superintendent. A wonderful soul is Jimsy . . . and an old suitor of mine. Joe has never quite forgiven him for that.

Jimsy handed me a bunch of flowers. "A birthday token," he smiled. I tried not to look at Joe. I knew that he must have felt hurt. Poor Joe, he had worked hard all day, had been so deeply disappointed and had forgotten. I went over and kist him to make him know that I understood.

"I could well afford a few flowers, Emma," ex-

Finally I kist away Joe's bitterness. No, I wasn't tired, altho I did ache for beautiful things

I got a match for him and held it while he lighted his cigar. The calculating way he studied me sent a chill thru me

plained Jimsy. "Old boy Williams raised my salary." At which Joe glared angrily. "He turned me down." "Hard lines," consoled Jimsy, "but you cant expect all the luck in the world—you've got Emma."

Jimsy started to leave soon after that, realizing that Joe rather hated him more than ever, but I made him stay. So Joe went out to buy some cigars. He had hardly gone down in the elevator when mother, sister and Captain Williams dropped in.

Mother has never liked Joe, so she introduced Captain Williams to our apartment with, "I dont think it is nice. I think it's horrible that a daughter of mine should be cooped up and have to do her own housework when she might have done much better for herself."

Captain Williams spoke to Jimsy gruffly. It was one of the few times that I had met Joe's employer, and somehow I couldn't like him. Father, who had known him, had told me that in the old days Williams had been an illicit slave-trader and gun-runner, that his evil reputation had been the talk of seven seas, that nothing was beneath him, that his special weakness was women. He was a hard, ruddy man of some fifty years, grim, with an eye like cast steel. "Well, it does seem as if she should have a hired girl and more than three rooms, but—" he started to say in order to placate mother. But just at that second Joe burst into the room. He was excited. "Do you know why she hasn't?" he demanded of the surprised captain. "It's because you aint on the square. I've worked for you five years and all that time you have been grinding me down." I thought for a second that Williams would strike him at the very second he was speaking. I jumped between them. Williams dropped his clenched fist to his side and smiled cynically. Poor Joe turned, rushed into our bedroom and slammed the door. "It's all right," growled Williams, when I tried to tell him how sorry I was at the outburst. Then, to show that he had forgotten, he drew a cigar from his pocket and asked if he might smoke. I got a match for him and held it while he lighted his cigar. The calculating way he studied me sent a chill thru me. The match trembled in my hand. Then it was that I readily realized Joe's fear of him. The captain noticed it and thought it was due to worry over Joe. "There, there, Mrs. Brooks," he said, "perhaps I have been hard. It's because I've lived a hard life myself. But Joe keeps his job and this aint going to make a bit of difference." Of course, I thanked him and sighed with relief when they all went.

But they had hardly gone when our door-bell rang again. It is curious how little things change the whole course of our lives, but that chance ring swept the whole current of our lives aside. It was a young couple from upstairs on their way to the theater and they wanted us to go along. Of course, I told them that Joe was tired, realizing that we couldn't afford such extravagances.

I had hardly closed the door when Joe was beside me. "We'll go," he exclaimed. "Why, Joe," I protested, "we cant afford it; besides, I haven't a dress, or shoes, or gloves fit to wear. I'd be ashamed to be seen out." "I dont care, I've saved a little for just such a treat," insisted Joe; "we both need it."

And so we went. But little did I know what it was all leading to.

Two days later Captain Williams went away on a trip to South America, taking Jimsy along. I shall never forget that night, when Joe came home early with the news. "Oh, Joe," I asked anxiously, "you haven't lost your job?" "Hardly," answered Joe. "Williams has gone off on a six months' trip—he's raised my salary and given me six months' back pay."

It was wonderful. That night we planned everything. The little dingy flat would no longer be our prison. We'd go downtown to . . . yes . . . at last . . . to a real apartment hotel. Joe said it would avoid the trouble of trying to get good servants. And I was to get some stunning clothes and . . . even a set of furs. And Joe decided to get evening clothes. At last all our dreams were coming true.

Two joyous months passed. One night mother and sister both were having dinner with us, when the 'phone rang. It was Jimsy Smith, back from his trip with Williams to South America.

"It's old Jimsy," I explained to Joe. Poor Joe! He started and grew pale. I hadn't thought before how he disliked Jimsy for being a rival. So I ran over and kist him. "You old dear," I whispered, "wont Jimsy be surprised!"

"Just back from South America two hours ago," said Jimsy. "You're nicely fixed up here." Joe left Jimsy and I talking together while he went down in the elevator with mother and Beth, who were going to the theater. While he was gone Captain Williams came up on another elevator. "This is a good deal different than the Harlem flat, isn't it?" I said to the captain. "And, of course, we owe it all to your kindness in raising Joe's salary."

"Why, Joe," I protested, "we cant afford it; besides, I haven't a dress, or shoes, or gloves fit to wear"

Just then Joe returned. I noticed again how pale the poor boy looked. "Your wife has been telling me how she enjoyed your new income," said Williams, taking

Joe's hand: He left soon after that, saying, "I never knew before what a little money meant to a woman." Then he turned to Joe: "I want you to get to the office early tomorrow—there will be two or three gentlemen who will be very anxious to see you."

I thought there was something strange in the captain's attitude, and, when he had left, I spoke to Joe about it. Joe seemed to collapse.

Holding his head half in hysterics, Joe whispered his confession—his terrible confession. "You think I got a raise," he said; "I didn't. All this money you have been living on I stole. And now Williams knows and I am done for. He's been here three days and had men going over my books at night. There's detectives all around the hotel right now."

I turned to Jimsy. "I know everything," he said, "that's why I came tonight—to warn Joe. But I'm afraid it's too late. Captain Williams is as hard as steel. Can I help?"

The whole world seemed to have fallen crashing around me. "No," I whispered, "please go away. I want to be alone with Joe."

When Jimsy went, I broke down in tears. Joe paced the floor. "If there was one person in the world I thought I could turn to, it was you," he snarled, "and you turn on me. What I need now is somebody to help me out."

I felt the reproach. "I'm not wishing to reprove you, Joe, but if I'd only known the truth!"

Joe ran over to look at the clock. It was ten thirty. "I'll be in prison twelve hours from now," he said. Then he turned to me. I saw him looking at me, the light of an idea in his eyes. For the first time, I began to realize that Joe was weak, and I whispered to myself: "Can this be the Joe of my courtship days?"

Then, thru my sobs, I heard him speak. "If there's anything to be done," he was speaking rapidly, "it has got to be done tonight. Williams is the only way . . . *you* can square it with him . . . he likes you."

"I dont—dont understand," I answered.

Joe went on half hysterically. "Women are his weak point, every one knows his reputation. He will do anything you ask him, if you go to him right."

I believe my heart half stopped beating. I felt sick with the disillusionment of it all. Then that pleading voice came thru my tears again. "He's gone to his home now . . . close by here. . . You can go . . . No one will know what occurs, but just Williams, you and me."

So this was the real Joe speaking! My love was gone, unutterably crushed. "You dont mean for me to go to his apartment alone . . . now?" I asked, still doubting my senses.

"All the money you have been living on I stole. And now Williams knows and I am done for

I tried to turn to my bedroom, but Joe barred the way. "Who did I steal the money for?" he demanded. "I did it because *you made me.* I took chances on the races and thought I would win enough to pay it back."

The accusation staggered me. "You hated poverty," he went on, "and I risked everything to give you this comfort. If I go to jail it is because of you."

My love was dead—but Joe's words appalled me. Perhaps, after all, I had been to blame. I had, at least, innocently aided his weakness. I must do something to help this man who had been my lover and who now groveled in weakness before me.

"Whatever I may do or promise to, it is simply because you blame me," I said. Joe was hysterically grateful. He thought I was weakening. After four years Joe didn't understand me.

He ran to the 'phone. "Schuyler 3597," he said . . . Seconds passed. . . "Captain Williams," exclaimed Joe, "it's Joe Brooks . . . Emma is coming over to see you about . . . about that matter." And he hung up.

I could see, even thru the daze of my disillusionment, that Joe felt relieved. Not a thought of the appalling degradation he had mapped out for me. I put on my hat. "You understand that if I bargain with Captain Williams for your freedom, I alone make the bargain, whatever it may be," I said.

"Yes," said Joe. He was thinking only of himself. So I went out into the night. The cool night air rather revived me. With cars whirling by, laughing folks passing me, the whole events of the last two hours seemed a mad dream. Finally I reached Captain Williams' apartment. He himself answered his door.

He seemed delighted to see me, but I could see thru the mock courtesy of it all. I believe he wanted me to. "You're the first lady to call on me here," he began, then added, "I said *lady.*"

I crossed to his desk. A memorandum of Joe's indebtedness lay there—$16,850, it was. "It's about this I called," I said.

"Dont let's talk business," laughed the captain. "It knocks all the romance out of this visit."

He insisted upon helping me off with my wrap. Then he called me over to see his various keepsakes. One of them was a model of an old-time sailing vessel. "That's the *Sea Queen,*" he said proudly. "Sailed her everywhere . . . round the Horn . . . South Sea trading . . . many a tale she might tell . . . women were scarce in those days . . . once I stole the daughter of a South Sea chief. They chased us for miles in their war canoes . . . she was a queer, wild little thing."

"Captain Williams," I interrupted, "some other time. Tonight——"

"I know what's the matter with you, you want a drink."

"No, no!" I exclaimed. While he was drinking, I continued: "You knew my father well. He was as honest as the day. Cant you have some pity for his daughter?"

Williams sat down, and said gruffly, "You have come here on your husband's account. What's your proposal?"

I paused, not knowing what to say. Then Williams leaned nearer. "Your husband sent you, knowing I like women. You are here and I am here—what have you got to say?"

"Is there any honorable way in which I can help him?" I asked, whereat Williams smiled grimly.

"I know what you want me to do," I whispered, forcing myself to look into his cold, gray eyes. "I know what my husband sent me here for——"

"All right," he interrupted; "what are you going to do about it?"

I turned and went to the door, locked it, and threw the key in front of him on the table.

"You have killed men," I told him, "but you've always bought your women. Well, here's your first chance to kill a woman, for that's what you'll have to do."

A queer smile came over Williams' face. Then he spoke, "There are only two kinds of women, good and bad. I banked on your being a good one, and I'm d—d glad of it!"

At first I couldn't understand. "I mean what I say, and I will show you something," continued the captain, and he drew a bit of paper from beneath his desk-blotter.

Thru my tears I managed to read:

To Mr. Jos. Brooks—Your resignation is accepted. I wish to thank you for your services and to assure you that your accounts with the Latin-American Steamship Company have been audited and found to be correct.

Amos Williams,
President.

"You are here and I am here....What have you got to say?"

Just then some one pounded, loudly and firmly, on the door. It was Jimsy Smith. He crossed to my side and looked into my eyes. I did my best to smile. Then Jimsy turned to Williams, drew a revolver from his pocket and emptied the cartridges upon the table. "I've been waiting outside—and listening." Whereat Williams laughed loudly.

"How can I ever thank you?" I asked of the captain.

"It's worth that much to me, and a lot more, to have a good woman as a sort of daughter—and, by the way, pay a lot of attention to that fellow, Smith. He's an awfully good friend of yours."

Once on our way homeward, I told Jimsy, "When we get to the hotel, I want you to wait for me." I went up alone in the elevator and knocked at our apartment door. Joe opened it. He was trembling, and beads of perspiration were on his face. I handed him the letter. He read it and crumpled breathless into a chair. "What happened?" he asked. "Did he try to——"

But I stopped him. "Good-by. I am going to my mother's. I am leaving you, Joe."

But Joe ran in front of me to the door. "I want to know how you obtained the letter. It's my right to know."

"The price I paid for that letter is none of your business. I told you that, if I made a bargain, I was to make it alone."

Joe blocked my way to the door. "You're going back to Williams!"

"I thought I loved you, Joe," I forced myself to say. "I always believed you till tonight, and now I know you've always been at heart dishonest. You've struck the downward path and you'll keep going until the end. If you ever had a chance, it was with me, and you've thrust that away."

Joe stepped back, stunned. I crossed to the door and went out. Jimsy was waiting in the corridor. "Is this the end?" he asked. I nodded. Just as the elevator door opened, we heard a muffled crash. We turned back. There on the floor of our little bedroom lay poor Joe. In one hand was the crumpled letter, in the other a revolver. Across the areaway came the sound of a victrola. Shall I ever forget?

The terrible, black weeks that followed! Poor Joe! I kept thinking of all our days of married life—the gradual disillusionment—the collapse of everything. Joe had been a weakling, and circumstances had finally crushed him. "God's mill grinds slow, but sure."

It seemed that the world must stop. But the whirl of life went on just the same. That is the way of things . . . tragedies sear us, but we go on . . . and on.

To be sure, there had been no love at the end. Not a spark of the old love. But the terrible disillusionment! The shattered idol! That hurt . . . so much. So I went away to start life all over. Months have passed since that night. Out here in the country, I've tried to forget. This afternoon a note came from Jimsy. "I've kept away from you all these months," ran the lonely message. "I'm a patient fellow, and I dont mind waiting for years, so long as you can give me some hope."

So tonight I'm writing—to Jimsy—that I want to start all over—and forget the wreck of things.

PAID IN FULL

Eugene Walter's drama adapted to the screen by Charles E. Whittaker. Starring Pauline Frederick and produced by Famous Players-Lasky. Directed by Emil Chautard. The cast:

Emma Brooks	Pauline Frederick
Joe Brooks	Robert Cain
Captain Williams	Frank Losee
Jimsy Smith	Wyndham Standing
Mrs. Harris	Jane Ferrell
Beth	Vera Beresford

Out of the House That Jack Built

Raymond Hatton Once Played Little Eva—But That Was Years Ago

By FRITZI REMONT

Two studies of Raymond Hatton and a glimpse of his John Trimble in "The Whispering Chorus"

Way back in Red Oak, Iowa, there lived a quiet surgeon who hadn't the faintest idea in the world that one of his boys was born with an infatuation for the stage. Nobody in that family ever had aspired to histrionic honors, the lad's mother was quite a homebody, and the town was so small that first-class theatrical troupes never visited it.

But when Raymond Hatton was ten years old, the good doctor moved to Des Moines, and you can imagine his astonishment when Ray reported that he had just joined a theatrical company presenting "The House That Jack Built." Nobody knew where the youngster ever got his aggression and independence, but after the first excitement died down and the company had played a week's engagement in Des Moines, Ray's parents gave their consent to a theatrical career.

Unchaperoned, save by the kindhearted members of the company, the ten-year-old roamed the country. There were vacations during which he was compelled to study, for his mother worried about the neglected education. Fortunately, Raymond Hatton had a thirst for knowledge and visited public libraries in spare time, read books far too deep for him, and acquired a vocabulary and style which proved that travel and reading often do more than the school-bench in developing intelligence.

From that youthful beginning, Mr. Hatton gradually built up a reputation. It was just because I wanted to know what sort of building material Mr. Hatton used, that I climbed the funny heights to his dressing-room. Right off a corner of the Lasky stages you'll find an open stairway leading to dressing-rooms on props—much like South Sea Islanders live over the water. Pausing at the first tier of rooms, one finds the sign

"These for women only today." Another flight of wooden steps and one emerges on a queer platform way up in the pepper trees, right under the blue vault of the sky. It was for all the world like playing "Swiss Family Robinson" but before I could even say "Jack Robinson," Raymond Hatton extended the glad hand from a dressing-room on the left. One really felt like a birdie in the tree up there; it's cool and the breezes flap the red berries and scatter showers of cheery messengers into the land of make-up, where black-striped cretonne forms a background for bright posies.

There's a tri-cornered mirror enlivened with an electric light at each point, which does service on occasional dark days. The big easy rocker is Mr. Hatton's favorite spot between times, and here he still studies and reads, for he believes that to play "characters" one must be familiar with great characterizations as given in novels, history and biography.

Here it was possible to have a pleasant chat, and it wasn't long before I discovered that Ray Hatton had played Little Eva in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," just about the time that little girls were doing "The Prince and the Pauper" or "Little Lord Fauntleroy." Well, it's all in the day's work, and was just another step in the ladder of fame. When fifteen, the lad was doing repertoire, then he played stock and did vaudeville turns, while at nineteen he was engaged as character lead, playing old men sans teeth, sans hair, sans almost everything but his faithful reproductions of inherited family butlers, grandpas or retired business men. The funny part of it was, that the leading-man was forty-five years old.

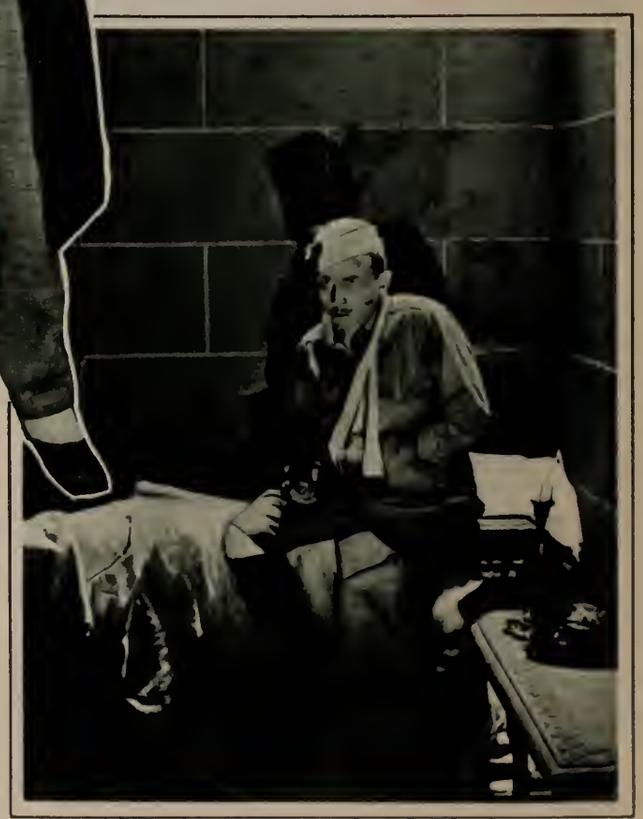
Eight years ago, Mr. Hatton came to California and played in stock. The engagement was not financially a winner, but it served as an income provider, a necessary thing by that time, for the actor had married at twenty. Mrs. Hatton was an actress, but has not played any permanent engagement since her marriage, limiting her efforts to occasional extra bits at the Lasky Studio. However, her famous husband said very emphatically, "I know what I owe to my wife. She has not only been a constant inspiration and encouragement to me, but she is a very fine critic. She rarely comes over to see me act before the camera, but she attends all rushes, as well as previews, and gives me honest praise as well as carefully considered suggestions concerning improvement in the part I am playing. I would feel very ungrateful if I should attempt to take the glory for such measure of success as I've achieved, without giving Mrs. Hatton credit for her collaboration with me."

Since rapid financial advancement seemed impossible, Ray Hatton thought over the suggestion of a friend who asked him to try Motion Pictures. Like all the early birds in this game, he felt ashamed to go to a studio. It seemed like a backward step and he feared the criticisms of his friends. However, another member of the stock company wanted to see what a studio was like, anyway, and together the men trotted to the old Kalem, at Glendale, where Uncle George Melford, now a director on the Lasky lot, was introduced to them.

Mr. Melford looked them over critically. Then he said briefly, "Well, you might as well stay a while, put on whiskers and a blouse and make up like Russian peasants."

Make-up was neither expensive nor beautiful in the early days and, after Mr. Hatton had put on some prosperous looking whiskers and an outing flannel nightie, held in by a belt, he felt quite ready for deportation to Siberia. The first day's work went very well, but on the

(*Continued on page 72*)



Hatton in "The Cruise of the Make-Believe" and "The Firefly of France"

O! Olive!

Some new negligée glimpses of Olive Thomas snapped at the Triangle studios. Miss Thomas has been very busy on special productions recently, despite her seeming inactivity. It's all because these pictures aren't appearing on the regular "Tri" program

The Thin

There Still Are a Few Hold-Outs Left—They Will

By ARTHUR

Top, David Warfield; *center,* Leo Ditrichstein; and *right,* a recent portrait of Maude Adams

It seems scarcely possible, in this age of the world—this enlightened period of the gas-mask and *schrecklichkeit*—that there could be a living person who wouldn't go into the pictures if he had a chance. Nevertheless, Rollo, there are a few stragglers among the dramatic stars who have yet to learn the tremendous advantages of the close-up over the worn and splintery center-stage.

The strangest part of all is that, if you try to count them on your fingers, you will find the job considerably larger than your hands will hold—you will have your hands full, so to speak. You will have to call for assistance upon the hands of your best girl; or, if you are nobody's sweetheart, upon the hands of George Creel or those of Secretary McAdoo. The doubters are that many. David Warfield has not yet appeared in pictures, altho he once sang topical songs, made up as a Yiddish peddler, in slapstick burlesque. Neither have Otis Skinner, Laurette Taylor, John Drew, Leo Ditrichstein, Frances Starr, Henry Miller, Margaret Anglin, Ruth Chatterton, Francis Wilson, Maude Adams, J. E. Dodson, Grace George, Frank Craven, Guy Bates Post, Julia Marlowe, and a lot more.

In a way it was foolish of me to say all those names in one breath, because it is so easy to slip on the banana-peel of forgetfulness and slight the memory of some two-reel "feature" in the attic days of Famous Players or the London Film Company, that may have slid these names into screen archives. Many a stage star who now seems "untainted" by the greedy hand of the kinetografter has tucked away in the closet of a decade ago a single trip into filmdom when the industry really was "in its infancy." For instance, who would suspect that the same George Arliss who lately gladdened the heart of Lawrence Reamer, the dramatic critic, by contributing a tirade against Motion Pictures to the staid columns of the New York Sunday *Sun*, once made a one or two-reel picture for World Film? I may be mistaken, but I repeat, who would suspect it? Again, how many recall that Mrs. Fiske once made a venture as a screen actress with pardonable results that she would rather forget?

This is not said in a spirit of unkindness. Pictures were different then. There was as wide a discrepancy between photoplays of then and now as there is between the ancient stink-pots of the Chinese soldiery and the modern mustard gas that the Allies are flinging back against the Huns. One would think it scarcely necessary to mention that circumstance with emphasis, but the fact is that contempt of hold-outs, having the same attitude as George Arliss, is based wholly upon these crude experiments of pioneers in the field and no knowledge of the better things done today. That pictures have advanced by leaps and bounds, both inspirationally and technically, is no secret to confirmed picture-goers who read these pages; nevertheless, it seems to be to George Arliss and several other excellent actors who should know better.

In a way, screen experience

Blue Line

If They're Not Blue About It Now, Be Later

EDWIN KROWS

too early in the game has ruined for a number of excellent stage stars what ought to be sane and healthy recognition of a sister art.

But it is impossible to consider the hold-outs in classes. Each case is individual, and most of them are wavering in greater or lesser degree. William Faversham, who made one film a long time ago, a version of "The Right of Way," and another the name of which I have forgotten, has lately announced that he intends to appear soon in a screen adaptation of Henry Arthur Jones' celebrated melodrama, "The Silver King." Then, to show another degree of inclination, Otis Skinner once was scheduled to appear as a bright particular star of the now defunct California Motion Picture Corporation; in fact, it is said he even started work. Then he was claimed by Herbert Brenon, and now he is rumored in a new connection for portrayal of his old part, Hajj, the Beggar, in Edward Knoblauch's "Kismet."

In many cases, even when films were better from the production and photographic standpoints, stage stars were not presented in plays either well enough designed or well enough developed to show them for the first time to a new public. We have at least one recent instance of inadequate presentation in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," with Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson. The play was photographed as almost a literal transcript of the stage version; then (and there is reason to believe without the knowledge or consent of the producer, who is a man of proved intelligence) it was slashed and hastily printed until virtually all the quality of both star and play was ruined. Had Sir Johnston not appeared previously in films, this single experience might well serve for him to retire, without another "farewell appearance," bitterly convinced that the cinematograph is all its detractors say of it.

Top, Otis Skinner; *center,* Grace George; *below,* Frances Starr at her Lake George summer home

It is a curious but noteworthy fact that Daniel Frohman has been the greatest single factor to bring the celebrated players of the speaking stage into the picture field. At once a connecting link between the stage of Booth and Modjeska and the stage of George M. Cohan, and between the stage itself and the screen, Mr. Frohman's sympathetic understanding has leveled more than one obstacle that might have discouraged ripening acquaintance.

(Continued on page 64)

The Celluloid Critic

Maurice Tourneur's "Sporting Life" is the most artistically produced melodrama ever screened

THE time has come, we fear, for a strenuous protest against the way film producers are giving away the back studio secrets. Consider Fred Stone's "The Goat," for instance. Here is a supposed exposé of studio life—amusing, but nevertheless damaging.

At least half of the appeal of the stage and screen lies in the glamour, the romance, the actual mystery of it. Some ten or so years ago theater producers began presenting plays in which the back stage artificialities were exposed, played upon, revealed in all their starkness. And the stage was irretrievably hurt.

Now the screen, searching for new thrills, is doing the same thing. Picture dramas like "We Cant Have Everything" and "The Goat" will amuse and interest for the moment, but they are injuring every screen play that is to follow them. Is it worth it, Mr. Producer?

We frequently hear protests over screen stars appearing in theaters. Idols are shattered and so on, we are solemnly told. But the producers are doing a hundredfold more damage by showing the mechanism of the silverscreen.

To return to "The Goat," (Artcraft), which is Fred Stone's second screen endeavor. Stone plays an ironworker who, stung with the movie bug, decides to be a screen actor. He lands a job of a "double" for the star; that is, he is hired to do the daring stunts supposedly performed by the star. He is injured and, when he finds that the star gets even the glory of the injury, he decides to forget the films, enlist and get some regular adventure. If producers must show studio life, let them be accurate. Here we have Stone as Chuck McCarthy doing the double stuff unknown to the studio forces, except to the star and manager. In reality there is no secret in studios over doubling. So "The Goat" borders on the ridiculous as far as reality is concerned.

Fred Stone, with all his homely homeliness and his agile acrobatics, is amusing and gets across very well. "The Goat" doesn't amount to much as a comedy, but it has its laughs and entertaining qualities, due wholly to the star.

Some of the strongest dramatic moments of the month were contained in "Kildare of Storm," Metro's adaptation of Eleanor Mercein Kelly's novel. It is the story of Kate Leigh, who marries the brutal Basil Kildare, scion of an old Southern family. In time she comes to love a young doctor of the neighborhood. Later Kildare is found dead after a struggle with the physician, who is tried, convicted and sentenced to life imprisonment. Finally he is pardoned and, when a mulatto girl confesses to the actual killing after Kildare had been left stunned at the roadside, he is united with Kate.

It is a sordid story, but decidedly strong, of primitive situations. Emily Stevens, who is starred as Kate, is utterly miscast, but King Baggot gives a gruelling performance of the bestial Kildare—a protrayal of remarkable virility. Of but little less strength is Crauford Kent's playing of the doctor. "Kildare of Storm" is strong movie fare and we recommend it—if you can forget Miss Stevens in disheveled negligée.

We must blame ourselves for not becoming a May Allison fan before this. But, if nothing else, "The Return of Mary," (Metro), won us over completely to the blondly charming star.

A railroad engineer, imprisoned after a wreck, conceives the idea of getting revenge upon the president of the road by passing off his daughter as the railway head's long lost daughter, who was stolen as an infant. Then, when the railway king's family comes to love Mary, the disillusionment engulfs every one. But Mary has come to love the president's son, so the king gets a daughter-in-law anyway.

"The Return of Mary" is all Miss Allison. Billie Burke at her very best was never more bewitching than this star, who has verve, piquancy and unusual beauty.

We were vastly interested in Maurice Tourneur's adaptation of the Drury Lane melodrama, "Sporting Life," because we consider Tourneur at the very forefront of our directors. "Sporting Life" is very bald melodrama of the old ten, twenty, thirty, school, but Tourneur gilds it with imagination, lifts it into a thing of photographic beauty and stages it so adroitly that it becomes the most artistically produced melodrama ever screened.

Far be it from us to attempt to unfold the plot, which revolves around the deep-dyed machinations of a scoundrel, Malet de Carteret, and his yampire wife, Olive, to ruin an honest young nobleman, the Earl of Woodstock, and get possession of his horse, the Derby favorite. The sporting events of the picture are not palpable imitations, but vastly real. There is a prize fight with a whole theater packed with enthusiastic spectators. The picture has a cast of comparatively unknown but more than adequate players. There are a score of fine instances of Tourneur at his best, but one instance is enough to mention—the London night street scenes with the fine ef-

Ernest Truex gives a nicely shaded comedy performance in "Come On In"

Fred Stone, with all his homely homeliness, is amusing in "The Goat"

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

fect of dense fog. Yet, (we cannot help adding), we hope Tourneur does not waste his abilities upon such material again.

Speaking of imagination, William Fox's newest Annette Kellermann production, "Queen of the Sea," is an interesting—we should say uninteresting—example of utter lack of it. Supposedly it revolves around the love of Merilla, "the queen of the sea," for Prince Hero, and the efforts of the wicked King Boreas to wreck the romance. The director alternates fifteen or so feet of tank swimming, with fifteen of mermaids lolling upon rocks and fifteen of near-story thru the whole six reels. At least, as far as we observe it, the whole thing—in scenario and direction—is completely infantile. We departed before the finish, we must confess.

Miss Kellermann's costumes are largely by Hepner, the wig manufacturer, but even this frankness bored us. The whole cast is lost, except possibly a little unknown, Mildred Keats, who makes the slender rôle of a princess stand out.

George Bronson-Howard is named as the author. He has good grounds for damages.

We expect pleasant things of the new juvenile team of Shirley Mason and Ernest Truex, with John Emerson and Anita Loos behind them.

Harold Lockwood is the typical screen idol in "Pals First"

Bill Hart's "The Border Wireless" merely substitutes hun agents for bandits

Dorothy Gish shows humor—and the need of a restraining hand in "Battling Jane"

The first Mason Truex comedy, "Come On In," (Paramount), a satirical slam at the German plotters, is slender but amusing. Miss Loos plays upon words even with her characters, the hun agents becoming Ophul Schmell, Von Bumstuff and so on. It was daring to playfully burlesque the war, but Miss Loos gets away with it.

Truex gives a nicely shaded comedy performance and Miss Mason is wholly likable. We're looking forward to their next picture.

Some of the reviewers pronounced William S. Hart's "The Border Wireless," (Artcraft), a novelty. We fail to see it. Here is the same old theme with German plotters substituted for the conventional bad men.

Bill plays Steve Ranson, wanted for murder. He meets the usual blonde cutie, unearths a German wireless rigged up in a deserted mine and aids in the capture of the hun agents after a running fight from room to room and up and down stairs. All the while United States cavalrymen are clattering over the hills to the rescue. Then, of course, it is proven that Steve's original crime was merely done in self-defense, and, naturally, Steve gets the blonde.

Pretty Wanda Hawley plays the girl in question and does it with sympathy and charm. Wanda held our interest, if Bill and the plot didn't.

"Pals First," with Harold Lockwood, is a special Metro release, probably because it is in six reels. Herein Danny Rawland, a crook of the underworld, takes the place of Richard Castleman, a wealthy young Tennesseean whom he resembles in every detail. He wins the love of a young Dixie girl, and when confronted with proof of his duplicity, proves that he is, in truth Richard Castleman. He had been robbed of his clothes and papers in 'Frisco by the real Danny who, upon taking passage to the Orient, had been lost at sea. A longing for adventure prompted Richard to pose as Danny and come back to masquerade as himself.

The trick finish is the best thing about "Pals First." This surprise is adroitly hidden. Harold Lockwood does Richard in screen idol style while James Lackaye really overtops him thru the six reels as Dominie, Danny's pal, a fat exclergyman and whilom crook. Ruby de Remer, as the heroine, is hopelessly amateurish.

Dorothy Gish has a distinct sense of humor, but she is about as repressed as a gentleman suffering from St. Vitus' dance. She needs a restraining hand—and needs it badly.

In "Battling Jane," (Paramount), she has much

(*Continued on page* 80)

Violet Heming, who plays the Secret Service agent in "Three Faces East," at the Cohan and Harris Theater, is proving herself one of the most sympathetic and appealing of our younger actresses.

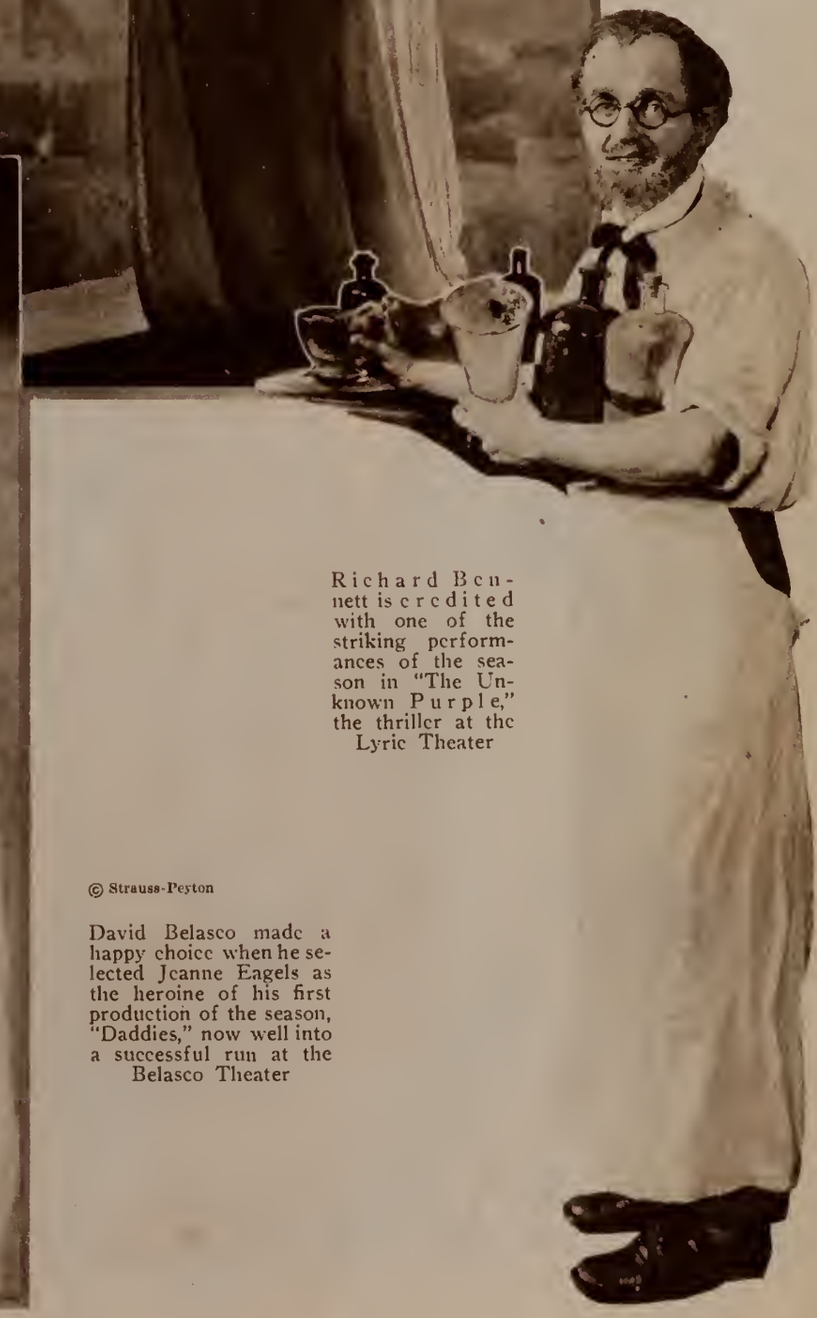
Elizabeth Hines, one of the delightful personalities of the new Princess Theater show, "Oh, Yes!" Miss Hines is a fascinating dancer —and folks are calling her a second Mrs. Castle

Cyril Maude gives a delightful performance in "The Saving Grace" at the Empire Theater, and he is ably aided by that splendid comédienne, Laura Hope Crews

The War-Time Theatrical Season

Musical-comedy has no more piquant figure than Mitzi, the saucy little star, who is scoring in "Head Over Heels" at the George M. Cohan Theater.

No more captivating somnambulist than Alberta Burton could be found. Miss Burton is the heroine of the comedy, "She Walked in Her Sleep," at the Playhouse



Richard Bennett is credited with one of the striking performances of the season in "The Unknown Purple," the thriller at the Lyric Theater

© Strauss-Peyton

David Belasco made a happy choice when he selected Jeanne Eagels as the heroine of his first production of the season, "Daddies," now well into a successful run at the Belasco Theater

Back Stage With

By CHARLES

It was odd, watching the Sidney Drews from the wings of a real stage. For the Drews are playing on Broadway in a "noisy drama," "Keep Her Smiling."

Sidney Drew was making a curtain speech, a nervous, seemingly hesitating one. In it he referred to himself and his "splendid co-partner" as the "Mr. and Mrs. Sapolio of the Movies," all because of their belief in spotless movies.

Whereat the audience shook with laughter.

Then he joined me in the wings. Mrs. Drew came, too. "Sid, there are a lot of fans out front tonight," she said. "Did you hear them?"

"How can you tell film fans from regular theater followers?" I asked.

"When we hear half-suppressed ahs and ohs and half-audible comments we know that some of our film fans are out there in the darkness, and that they've just forgotten for the moment that they're at the talkies," said Mrs. Drew. "Then, too, we can tell by the applause that greets our first appearances."

We retreated to Mr. Drew's dressing-room while the scene-shifters changed the stage setting.

"I'm going to answer your question before you ask it," laughed Mrs. Drew. "We haven't deserted the screen—yet. In fact, we're making a series of two-reel comedies right now at the Biograph studio. We've finished one already.

"If 'Keep Her Smiling' goes on the road, after a while, it will be comparatively easy to keep up our screen work in other cities, such as Chicago, Boston, and so on. Yes, Sidney is going to work hard this year."

"You see," sighed Sidney, "I thought it would be a great idea to present my wife with my services for a year as a birthday present."

"So I'm managing him for a year," said Mrs. Drew, triumphantly, "and Sidney is going to be kept busy. I love the studio best of all, because I not only act, but direct and work out my own scenarios, while Sidney loves the stage most. It's in his blood."

The Sidney Drews in a scene from the Astor Theater comedy, "Keep Her Smiling"

Here I must flash back in my interview. Mrs. Drew's faith in her husband as an actor gives an interesting angle upon their co-partnership. I had been standing in the wings watching Mr. Drew a few minutes before when Mrs. Drew seized my arm.

"Listen to the way he puts a catch in his voice in this next speech," she whispered.

I listened—and heard. "It's wonderful, isn't it?" exclaimed Mrs. Drew.

But to return to the interview.

"When my year is up," continued Mrs. Drew, "I fear he will take 'Keep Her Smiling' and myself and go to England and Australia. He's longed for that for years. He wants to do it. It will be meeting old friends and be a sort of rest

the Sidney Sapolios

JAMESON

for him. Then the screen will really lose him for a while."

Mrs. Drew told me that she wanted two-reel comedy ideas. "Please tell your readers to send them in—just the bare ideas—we will do the rest. We do need them terribly."

We talked of "Keep Her Smiling," which, in brief, is the story of Henry Trindle, a middle-aged bookkeeper, who, after marrying a butterfly wife, innocently extravagant but loving, is actually dragged up the business scale in his efforts to keep pace with his expenses until he becomes a partner of his former employers. Success is piled upon his head.

"We have labored from the first to humanize the story," explained Mr. Drew. "At first the wife was a woman of 42 or 45. We gave her youth, because we know, for one thing, that audiences wouldn't sympathize with an extravagant butterfly of that age. We have tried to tone down everything, to make it near life. Of course, we couldn't eliminate the improbable extent to which success drops upon Henry Trindle in the end, but we have helped it here and there."

Mrs. Drew asked me for an opinion of her characterization. Then she explained: "Some of the critics took exception to my baby voice. Of course, that is part of the rôle. Normally I talk deeper, entirely differently. But a heavy voice would not go hand-in-hand with the flighty Polly Trindle."

"My characterization has changed materially since the opening night," said Mr. Drew. "At the start I played Henry Trindle in a broader comedy manner. Now I'm trying to shade the rôle in more subtle ways. At the beginning they laughed at Henry, now they chuckle. That proves to me that Henry is becoming more real. The 'laugh inside' means the human note——"

"It means," interrupted Mrs. Drew, "that audiences love Henry Trindle too much to laugh at him."

Mrs. Drew hurried away to her dressing-room to change costumes for the ensuing act. Then Mr. Drew picked up a cigar-lighter, rusty, worn and battered.

"Some one came in yesterday and gave this to me. Said it had belonged to my son, Sidney Rankin Drew, who had given it to him in Paris.

"It hurts, of course, to have these memories stirred. But it doesn't sadden me. People wonder why I haven't shown more sorrow over Rankin's death, fighting for his country in the skies over the Flanders fields."

The mask of comedy had disappeared. Sidney Drew's tired eyes glowed. The worn, lovable old Henry Trindle stood erect. The very room seemed exalted.

"It's because he died so bravely," exclaimed Mr. Drew. "It does hurt to realize that the last of the Drews is dead, that the name of Drew will die with my generation. But it is good to know that Rankin died better than any Drew has ever lived or died."

Mr. Drew, Mrs. Drew and De Witt C. Jennings in an amusing moment of "Keep Her Smiling"

All-Starring "The Squaw Man"

Cecil De Mille is making a special production of Edwin Milton Royle's Western melodrama, "The Square Man," for Artcraft. Herewith are presented five members of the all-star cast: Jack Holt as the villainous Cash Hawkins, Katherine MacDonald as Diana, little Pat Moore as Hal, Ann Little as the Indian girl, Naturitch, and Elliott Dexter as the squaw man, Jim Wynnegate

The Panther Woman

Storyized by JANET REID

From the Novel, "Patience Sparhawk and Her Times," by GERTRUDE ATHERTON. Picturized by MARY MURILLO

June———

I am always wondering these days—the *why* of me keeps hitting against my heart—and against that Thing which I feel must be my soul. The Beautiful Thing which hates the dirty ranch-house and the terrible woman who is my stepmother. I dont seem able to fathom even myself—myself least of all. My father is dead—and my own mother. They died too soon. There are many questions they ought to answer me. They ought to tell me whether they handed down to me the need for beauty which is in me. They ought to answer me when I want to know whether their legacy was for good or bad. I think for good. My father's picture dreams with its eyes, and my pretty mother's loves. Those are the two things I need—need bitterly—to dream and then—to love!

I haven't ever had anything to love—nor any one. Perhaps when I was a very tiny child—but the heart of a child, it seems, forgets. The heart of a woman—never! Oh, there is dear old Mr. Foord, of course. I do love him. But somehow, dear as he is, he is more a *mind*, just a dreaming, remembering, quaintly lovely and learned old mind, than anything vital and live and *mine*. He is relieving, day in and day out, his romance days with his glorious Spanish wife. Her memory is more live than he. I hope some man loves me some day as he must have loved her. Swinburne says, "That one should love me with real love—such things have been"—to live, to love and then to die! If I might have the first two I should turn to kiss the third with ever willing lips . . .

June—Later.

Mr. Foord has let me read Byron's poems. I am not the same. A while ago I wanted the whole of life—I saw it as a confused pattern—as a swirling mass of vivid, indiscriminate colors and objects—I was groping and grasping—everywhere at once. Now I know what I want. I want to love. I want to love till I am swallowed up in it—submerged—overwhelmed. To love—that is to live. I know that now. Suppose I never do! Suppose he never comes—*he*, holding his power over me in his hands like some high, valorous sword. I want to die—I want to die, if that be so!

Mr. Foord says it will. He says I am like a magnet—that love would beat a track to me tho I dwelt alone in a trackless desert. He says to hope, to wait, to have faith. But it is hard!

Here, up in this mission tower, where the bell hangs, broken now, I read and dream—and wait. Before me, slender as a ribbon drawn, winds the road to Monterey. Inside the garden walls dreams seem to linger, to be loath to go. Sometimes I feel them touch me, the gay doñas, the brave caballeros. There is a scent of musk about them. There is a clinking of their spurs. I almost seem to see a poppy, red as blood, against a slender throat, as white as milk. I hear soft laughter, amorous and low. They lived, they loved and they died.

I only dream and dream and dream—and read Byron's poems.

July———

I knew that he would come today. If I should tell that, even to

I walked a bit down the road to Monterey with him—and I had never known before how beautiful it was. It is a miracle how one person—one single person—can make the world that which it has never been before.

That night when I went home I found her flat upon the floor. She was hideous

Garan Bourke looked at me. He said no word, but I stood—tried and convicted

Mr. Foord, whose Spanish Carmelita comes to him every night, he would laugh at me. But I think it is because I am alone. In all the world there is no one more alone than I. When I walk thru the town the townfolk jeer at me. "You hold your head too high for such as you!" they mock. "You—with who knows for a father and a drunkard for a stepmother!"

I know they cannot hurt me by their words. My father died leaving no trace, it seems, that he had lived. And my stepmother — she is shudderingly terrible. How can a woman grovel so? How can she be so deaf as not to hear the echoes of sublimity?

Mr. Foord says I am incurably the idealist. He said it, shaking his delicate old head sadly.

"Christ was an idealist," I said, "the greatest . . ."

"They crucified Him," said my friend, and stroked my head.

"He rose again," I maintained, "triumphant . . ."

"Oh, as to that," he said; "but the Cup, my child, did not pass from Him."

Nevertheless, I knew that *he* would come today. I crept down to the tower very early in the morning, with my books and some luncheon I made in the ranch kitchen before I left.

When I climbed to the top, and found Too Whit waiting for me, I felt it at once. The doñas and caballeros felt it, too. There was faint, delicious fluttering all about. There seemed to be a whispering . . . an anticipation . . . vague . . . I hoped he would come so that I would *surely know him.'* I hoped my faith would not be tasked too hard. I thought of that splendid, moving old tale of Tolstoi's, where the old cobbler waits all day, having been told that the Christ will visit him. A beggar comes, with whom he shares his bread. A woman with a babe to whom he gives his milk. A tramp, I think it was, to whom he gave his shoes. But the Christ came not. The old cobbler was bitterly disappointed. But at midnight he was reading his Bible just the same when the shadow of the Highest fell, one of living light, across the page, and a voice, divinely tender, spoke and said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto them ye have done it unto Me"— and the cobbler knew that the Christ had come not once, but thrice. Not merely as Himself —in many guises.

I hoped, tho, that he would come just as himself.

He did. Just at noon he came walking up the narrow road, leading his horse. He saw me a long way off. I waved my hand. He seemed surprised, but then he could not know that I had been expecting him.

"I've lost my way," he said, but I did not feel a lack at the commonplace words. Of *course* he had lost his way—his *journey's* way! I knew he liked me. It leapt into his dark, blue eyes, it curved his lips anew, his dark cheeks flushed, and in his broad, strong chest I sensed the added thumping of his heart.

Then we talked. No one, ever, had talked to me before — saving Mr. Foord, and his is almost always of the shadowy Carmelita.

He told me wonderful things . . . things that will linger . . . he said there are as many tomorrows as there are yesterdays. He said that we must make of past mistakes mere stepping-stones — never tombstones for hope or faith. He told me I was the splendid type of American woman—that I would go on and on until I dropped.

Standing beneath me there, he gave me faith in myself, hope, belief, ground beneath my feet. And he gave me love.

I wanted to tell him that I would never forget him. I wanted to tell him that I loved him. But I couldn't. The near-to-nature part of me urged me to. The panther part of me that would stalk her jungle mate. But the shy, wistful doñas, fluttering, wavering, for some bold caballero, the wistful waitings of a generation gone, withheld me. So I said it with my eyes.

I walked a bit down the road to Monterey with him, and I had never known how beautiful it was. It is a miracle how one person—one single person—can make the world that which it has never been before.

Then he was gone. Somehow I did not mind. I knew that he would never be gone from me.

August 1st.

It happened today—the Horror—the Horror that has been impending for the Sparhawk ranch for years. When I walked down to Mr. Foord's today for another book, the girls and boys were more terrible than ever. Youth is a terrible thing. A deadly, cruel thing. I shall be glad when I am no longer young. I am afraid of my own coldness. I am afraid of my chilliness, my unexpansiveness. They said: "Your mother nearly did the town up last night with the hired man. Cant you find some better company for her, Patience?"

I winced. Then they were worse than ever. That night when I went home I found her flat upon the floor. She was hideous. Her depravity was hideous. I felt a revulsion against my father. Perhaps she *had* been young and pretty—then. But I would have known, I felt, I would have sensed it—this coarseness. I spoke to her, harshly, I suppose. Anyway, she answered me. She said vile, obscene things. The next thing I knew I was a panther—I *was*. I sprang. I hadn't hands—I had talons. I dug them into her fat, working throat. I dug *in*. I wanted—I wanted to *stop* her—her words that ran out at me, thickly, like sewage—her breath that was heavy with cheap whisky and gin—I wanted her to be *dead!* Then they pulled me away—the hired man pulled hardest. Once I got my talons from her throat I lost my terrible desire. I felt differently. The lust to kill was gone. In its stead was another feeling—I am not sure that it was more cleanly. A feeling of horrible, nauseous disgust. I knew that I could never live again under the same roof with *that*. I went to my room and got my things. Then I went into the parlor and said good-by to my father's picture—my father, with his dreaming eyes. "Good-by," I said, and kist him; "good-by—I'm sorry—but I *cant!*"

Then I went down the road to Mr. Foord's. "He will know," I said to myself; "he will tell me what to do."

August 2d.

The Sparhawk ranch burned down last night. My stepmother—didn't survive. I am not sorry about that. Maybe she knew purification thru fire. I am not sorry about my

What a pathetic thing hope is . . . the hope of a woman for love . . . it is the hope of a miracle

They are stirring about me again . . . those dear, dead dreams . . . their ghosts merely . . . one cannot feed on dreams alone . . . and live

father's picture, either, tho it is all there was left of him. I am afraid that, soon, his eyes would have ceased their dreaming.

Mr. Foord *did* know what to do. He is sending me to his sister, just outside of New York. He thinks I had better go. Life is too short, he says, for me to spend it here, living down my stepmother's shame. It is no concern of mine. And he, he says, will be quite soon with Carmelita. I love him—so I hope he will. His old heart is almost breaking for her. One little, little person out of all the world — what they can do, what they can do!

September—

I am here at last, in New York, with Aunt Harriet Tremont. She is not much like Mr. Foord. She doesn't dream—she *acts*. She does good, all the time. But she doesn't do it as I would. But then, she is older, wiser—she must know best. She has a Temperance Hall, and she converts sinners. But if they *show* very sinful—drunk or anything like that—she doesn't let them in. I think her conscience aches for them—maybe her soul—but not her heart. My *heart* aches me most—for pain and the hurt of pain.

Today I met the Peeles, Aunt Harriet's relations. They dont seem one bit like her, so I cant imagine why they take such an interest in her. Mrs. Peele asked me, quite disagreeably, whether I knew the extent of the Tremont fortune. I said that I didn't know, hadn't thought anything about it. "How ingenuous, my dear!" she said, and laughed horridly.

Beverly Peele seemed rather awful to me. Mostly his eyes. They sort of—of—*eat*.

Hal Peele, his sister, is quite different. Jolly and American and nice—just nice. She hugged me and hoped we'd be friends.

"I shall save you—yet," he whispered, close against my mouth

"THE PANTHER WOMAN"

Adapted from Gertrude Atherton's novel, "Patience Sparhawk and Her Times." Scenario by Mary Murillo. Produced by Petrova Picture Company. Directed by Ralph Ince. The cast:

Patience Sparhawk	Madame Olga Petrova
Garan Bourke	Rockcliffe Fellowes
Beverly Peele	Vernon Steele
Mrs. Peele, his mother	Matilda Baring
Hal, his sister	Gene Burnell
Mr. Peele	Frederick Truesdale
Governor of New York	Tefft Johnson
Honora Mairs	Violet Reed
"Old Foord"	James Fury
Mrs. Sparhawk	Norma Seifert
Latimer Burr	Captain Harry Lambart

I felt happy. I've never had a girl for a friend. The other one is Honora Mairs, a poor cousin. Honora is girly looking, and *waiting* looking. She looks at Beverly like Beverly looked—at *me*. When I looked at Beverly I thought of *him*. I couldn't help it. I wondered how God could make two men so different. I suppose He must have felt very badly when He came to make Beverly.

September—Later.

More has happened in these two weeks than ever has happened to me bebefore. Aunt Harriet Tremont is dead. Tomorrow I am to be married to Beverly Peele. I dont know whether to weep for myself out of a profound pity or whether to hate myself for the weak thing I am. It happened like this. After the Peeles first came to see us they invited me to their Long Island home for a week-end. Aunt Harriet wanted me to go. She seemed to love them. I did go—and Beverly was horrible. He made love to me. Only it *wasn't* love to me. He tried to kiss me. I hated him. I shuddered from him. Honora, I felt, hated me. Hal was jolly.

When I went home Aunt Harriet was ill. Two days later she was *so* ill that we saw she could not live. Beverly and Hal and their mother came up. Aunt Harriet saw Beverly look at me. He told her he loved me, wanted to marry me. I never saw any one look as Aunt Harriet looked. "I have come to love her, too," she whispered, and the death-rattle was shaking her poor old throat. "Like the child—I—never — had — marry him, my dear, I beg . . ."

Death gripped me with its inevitable hysteria. I felt that I must fling happiness into its cold face. I must bludgeon it with roses. "I will!" I cried to her

(*Continued on page 74*)

The Extra Girl Plays Nurse to the Lee Kiddies

By ETHEL ROSEMON

"SHALL I save the child and spoil the scene, and thus scare my timid career out of another year's growth?"

This was the question that one-stepped thru my mind as I crouched closer to the screen that hid me from the camera's view. Both eyes were fastened in horror on the bassinette in which two-weeks-old Dorothy was gurgling and gurgling, all unconscious that her foundation was tipping.

"Walk out of the room now, nursie," Director Gilstrom had ordered the moment I had given the final tuck to the baby's blanket and, tho I felt at the time I was entrusting my charge to an unstable craft, I was forced to obey.

I had a suspicion that if Dorothy's hair wasn't parted just exactly in the middle that bassinette was going to favor one side more than the other, and that's just exactly what happened.

"Oh," I groaned, "if friend husband will only discover that his wife is asleep and steal out before the baby does an Annette Kellermann that isn't according to script!"

"All right there, Charley Slattery, tiptoe out," Mr. Gilstrom called.

I breathed again. Ollie Leach would soon cease grinding and all would be well along the Potomac. The moment the commotion on the other side of the camera told me the scene was ended, I sprinted across the room and grabbed Dorothy from her peaceful slumber.

"My, but you're an ambitious nurse," Mr. Gilstrom laughed, as he witnessed my rapid return to duty.

"Oh, I thought the baby was going to fall out and spoil the picture—I mean her face," I explained, hurriedly.

"Nonsense! That thing cant tip," cheerily returned the director, proving conclusively that he had never been a mother whose offspring looked as if she might take the downward path, even tho she later changed her mind. Thus with a man.

I have always been obsessed with a wild desire to play mother to those Lee kiddies. Perhaps my desires are too wild to admit of fulfillment. Anyway, after some trotting to the Fox office, plus a great deal of wishing and more struggling, the genial director engaged me to enact the difficult rôle of nurse to their mother upon the arrival of the home's son and heir, none other than little Dorothy.

In the picture, Jane and Katherine were not anxious to share their parents' love with the new baby, but in real life, little Dorothy was the center of attraction. The little stars never left her side, unless called to work, during the two days she was at the studio. Katherine,

The Lee children in a quaint little scene from their new picture, "Swat the Spy"

Jane is always for Katherine, and Katherine is always for Jane—that's the motto of the Lee children

with the serious, grown-up expression she often wears, sat by the hour with the little mite in her arms, while Jane cuddled close by and registered admiration.

"Let's buy it, Jane."

"All right, Katherine. I'll ask the mother how much she wants for it."

"Two hundred and fifty dollars," reported Jane, returning from her shopping. "Phew! that's a lot of money."

"Well, I guess it's worth it," supplemented the practical Katherine. "Lots o' clothes go with it, dont they?"

"Nope; the mother said that was without the clothes."

"Well, Jane, I'll buy the baby and you buy the clothes, and then we can share it."

"All right, Katherine."

And the baby was the only one in the studio that could keep cyclonic little Jane quiet for more than five minutes at a time. If she wasn't dancing around the set, she was climbing all over the scenery and taking perilous dives which made every one's heart stop beating, but which brought her to her feet laughing, ready for another adventure. Before the camera the director never tells her how or when to be funny. Jane's comedy is all of her own manufacture. The great task is to keep her from being funny all the time. The young director, Arvid Gilstrom, who came from the West to direct "Swat the Spy," was Jane's particular hobby. At first he found it rather disconcerting to have a golden head fly out of the atmosphere and precipitate itself against his shoulder at five-minute intervals, but by this time he has probably become accustomed to the flying leaps of his little star. Katherine also shared Jane's admiration for Mr. Gilstrom, but she showed it in her own quiet, sedate little way.

"Now I've got to get wet all over," Jane informed me one day, as I sat watching the scene. "Know why?"

"Never could guess."

"You see that fellow, Pat Hartigan. Well, he's our father's butler, and he's a spy. So's our cook, Miss Ashbrooke. Now the butler runs off with the invention that our father made to blow up all those old Huns, and Katherine and I find it out and follow him with some soldiers, and I jump into the water when Pat tries to get away in a rowboat, and——"

"Come, Jane; it's time to get wet," interrupted Mr. Gilstrom.

"Tell her the rest, Katherine," instructed Jane, as she was led away for her ducking.

"Well, you see," Katherine took up the tale, "when Jane and I go to our father's laboratory one day, and he's writing out some figures, he tells us he's writing a letter to God to send us a baby brother, and then pretty soon the stork brings Dorothy, and that's the reason you're here. The next time we disturb him when he's writing he tells us the same thing. We watch him and see where he puts the letter. It isn't a letter at all—just some words telling the government how to make the new powder—and we take it out and put one in its place, telling God we've had enough baby brothers, thank you. I wish it was true, tho, that our own mother would get us two baby brothers, so Jane and I could each have one."

"Well, I guess your mother has her hands full as it is," I suggested.

(*Continued on page* 68)

"I have found Cutex the quickest, easiest and most effective way of taking care of my nails"

Alice Brady

To make your cuticle smooth and firm, use Cutex

A little Cutex Nail White underneath nails makes nail tips snowy white

See what a lasting gloss Cutex Polish gives

The harmfulness of cutting the cuticle

WHEN you cut the cuticle, you ruin the appearance of your whole nail. It was to meet the need for a harmless cuticle remover that the formula for Cutex was prepared. Cutex completely does away with all need for cutting or trimming, and gives a smooth, shapely outline to the nail.

Send for the complete manicure set illustrated below, and give your nails their first perfect manicure. In the Cutex package you will find an orange stick and some absorbent cotton. Wrap some of the cotton around the end of the stick, dip it into the bottle and work around the base of the nail, gently pushing back the cuticle. Then carefully rinse the fingers with clear water, taking care to push back the softened cuticle when drying the hands.

If the skin around the base of your nail dries easily at certain seasons of the year, as that of many women does, apply a little Cutex Cuticle Comfort. This Cream will help to *keep* your cuticle always soft and pliant.

You will be amazed at the improvement just one application makes in your nails.

The Compact Cutex set, price 50c, contains trial sizes of the Cuticle Remover, Cutex Nail White, Cutex Cake Polish and Paste Polish; it has also a flexible file, emery board, orange stick and absorbent cotton—all for 50c. If your store cannot supply it, we will be glad to fill your order direct.

You can secure Cutex in any drug and department store. The Cuticle Remover comes in 35c, 65c and $1.25 bottles. Cutex Nail White is 35c. Cutex Nail Polish in cake, paste, powder, liquid or stick form is 35c. Cutex Cuticle Comfort is also 35c.

An individual Manicure Set for only 21c

Mail the coupon today with 21c and we will send you this complete Midget Manicure Set. Address Northam Warren, Dept. 912, 114 West 17th Street, New York City.

If you live in Canada, send 21c for your set to MacLean, Benn & Nelson, Limited, Dept. 912, 489 St. Paul Street West, Montreal, and get Canadian prices.

Send 21c for this complete Cutex Manicure Set today and see the difference a Cutex manicure makes!

Above is the Cutex Traveling Manicure Set wrapped with its new Christmas design. The set is complete with emery boards, orange sticks and cotton. For Christmas this year these sets are especially appropriate. Their price is low—their usefulness no one will question. Sold in all drug and department stores. Price, $1.50.

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 21c TODAY

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Gossip of the Pacific Coast

By FRITZI REMONT

Juanita Hansen (Universal), after capturing a bathing-suit prize at the coast beaches, is shown at the left; Vivian Martin (Paramount), *center*, is caught outside her bungalow, while below is a glimpse of Bessie Barriscale (Paralta) with Captain J. E. Reinburg, commanding the naval base at Point Loma, San Diego, Cal., of which Miss Barriscale is the wartime godmother.

Speaking of *types*, there's a demand for *kaisers* out in Hollywood, for since we make so many propaganda pictures we've got to have Bill reproduced by the dozen. They say it's the funniest thing to watch extras saunter in who are convinced they possess the "imperial nose" and the overbearing war-lord manner, and the minute they hit the casting director's offices they start to pull up one arm to give the shriveled effect.

By the way, you ought to see the big containers placed in front of studios to catch apricot, peach, nectarine and plum pits. These are used in the manufacture of gas-masks, and 'tis said two hundred will save a soldier's life. Incidentally, they are saving other lives, for the sudden inclination to eat a lot of fruit is making us "healthy, wealthy and wise." You know "An apple a day keeps the doctor away."

(*Continued on page 73*)

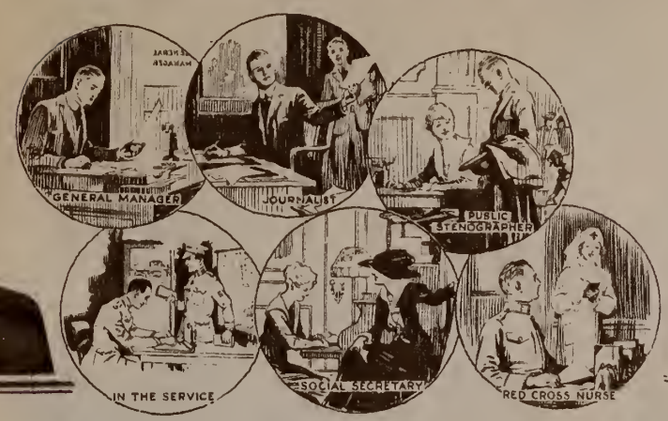
Los Angeles (Special).—Lila Lee was introduced to Los Angeles in the biggest house in the burg, not only in "The Cruise of the Make-Believe," but in person. The former "Cuddles" sang an introduction to herself, which consisted of a rather poorly rhymed autobiography to date. Miss Lee has a faint, sweet voice, like the fragrance of lilacs, is prolific in gestures, and wore a darling frock of pale pink, with much-ruffled skirt, and bodice cut very low, sleeveless, ornamented with flying narrow ribbons, which gave a sort of May-pole effect when she gestured. Her big garden hat hid the "ear-warmers" which make her distinctive, but she removed it for the final curtsey.

Los Angeles is agog over the display of Theda Bara's "Salome" gowns, shown in the New York store windows. Unfortunately, Miss Bara's not there to show them off, for she went to New York with Miss Loro Bara. Since her advent here in February, Theda has made five feature pictures besides "Salome," and her newest is called "The Siren's Song."

George Fisher has left for Camp Kearny, having been exempted several times, but finally called to the colors. At a little series of farewell dinners George received lots of useful things for camp and service abroad. The sweater knit by Mrs. Frank Keenan is one of his choicest possessions. One of the movie girls gave him a set of socks, all neatly tied at toe, heel and top with tri-colored ribbons. Constance Talmadge donated endless cigarets, candy came in as if we weren't fretting thru a sugar shortage, and air-cushions and sundry other comforts, as well as a comfort-kit from the Stage Women's War Relief, made the house look Christmasy. Fortunately, George had just finished a picture and there wasn't any mix-up about retakes.

Sessue Hayakawa called his company, mechanicians, etc., together and made an impassioned speech for subscriptions to the new Liberty Loan. Everybody promised to subscribe, too, no matter how many previous bonds he might have taken. Have you noticed how plump Mrs. Sassy is getting lately? Quite Oriental.

The Birth of Ambition



How shall I shape my career so as to be most successful—in my vocation and in my social life?

With the birth of ambition—which comes to everyone—arises also this inevitable query: "WHAT SHALL I DO THAT IS BEST FOR MYSELF?"

In whichever direction your mind trends, you will make the right move for yourself by acquiring K. I. SHORTHAND, the most practical, simplified stenography in the world. You can learn this method as easy as a new game and you will never forget it.

How K. I. SHORTHAND Will Serve You!

Of course, you are looking ahead! You have your problems. You want to solve them in the nicest, easiest, most practical way.

Let K. I. Shorthand do its part in your career. Learn it readily and be ever ready to make use of it.

Those who use shorthand are not alone the stenographers but the secretaries; the business and professional men and women—those who are actually doing things in this world. **And YOU shall be one of them.**

K. I. Shorthand is the sixth sense of the person who means to succeed. You can allow anyone to talk rapidly over your shoulder or over the telephone—and set down every word. You may take or give orders, write down interviews, make notes rapidly anywhere. No ruled paper needed—no worry about shading or positions—the world's most delightful, simplified stenography—K. I. SHORTHAND.

Use K. I. Shorthand at the theatre for jotting bright remarks, at the movies for making notes of your inspirational thoughts (you can write our shorthand in the dark); furthermore, you should use this **delightfully easy** ("thinks for itself") system in recording your ideas of plays, scenarios, books, stories, or the like.

Young men or women in business will find their progress to higher positions wonderfully speeded up because they know K. I. Shorthand. Many a young person has received some splendid opening for advancement because he or she happened to write shorthand—an opening that might never have offered but for this fact. It is not to be denied that the ability to write shorthand brings one into closer contact with the employer, gives you an intimate knowledge of the business and therefore makes you all the more indispensable. Be sure to learn K. I. Shorthand, not only because it is so easily learned, but because it prepares you for earning money so far ahead of any other system.

"Talk as fast as you like. I am taking it down in K. I. Shorthand."

Learn K. I. Shorthand in only 5 evenings

YOU can learn K. I. Shorthand much easier than you learned your A-B-C's. Thousands have learned to write it within five hours—why not you? After acquiring the principles, it is easy to gain speed by pleasant practice. You'll be surprised and delighted with your progress.

With your knowledge of shorthand you should set down any spoken word, or thoughts, four or five times faster than you could do it by the ordinary way of long-hand writing. *Think of this time-saving! Think of the financial value of this accomplishment!*

You can learn K. I. Shorthand at home (or anywhere you happen to be) by devoting occasional quarter hours. No teacher to stand over you; no school hours. The easiest and pleasantest way to learn. This is the system that experts are approving—the one which *is in a class by itself.*

On 30 Days' Approval

If you are between ten and eighty years of age, if your education enables you to read this announcement—you are capable of becoming an expert stenographer, using K. I. Shorthand.

The old systems of stenography, those which require months of school study, are as needless FOR YOU as is a mule-cart in making a journey. The old systems were good enough in their day, but for everyday, practical use, all purposes are served by K. I. Shorthand by which persons write *80-140 words per minute*—faster than ordinary dictation.

No bother about shadings, positions upon or over lines—or other such details which cause mental friction and impede progress in both learning and practice.

WE TEACH YOU BY MAIL. Many lawyers, bankers, reporters, secretaries, public officials, doctors, Army and Navy men, public and private stenographers, business men and women—and legions of others, write in K. I. Shorthand.

Learn K. I. Shorthand to add to your earning power and to promote your general efficiency. Let our method save your time—let it do your remembering for you.

You can read your K. I. Shorthand notes days, months or years after they are written. Also, other persons who have learned our method, can read your notes and transcribe them. Consider this advantage! This can be done only rarely with other systems.

The cost of learning K. I. Shorthand is so little that it will make you smile. Indeed, you may learn for nothing if you recommend your friends to learn, according to the liberal offer that we will send you.

THESE LETTERS

are but a few of legions. We will send you many with the Free Lessons.

Grace Miller White, who wrote "Tessa o' the Storm Country," and other famous screen plays, says:

"**A truly wonderful thing is K. I. Shorthand.** It surely is simplified stenography that anyone can learn in a few hours; and then it is a pleasure to speed up in writing one's own thoughts or taking down what others are saying. I am amazed at your beautifully easy method of acquiring such a valuable accomplishment."

For Technical Dictation

"**Four months ago** I knew absolutely nothing of the first rudiments of shorthand. Today I am holding a position as stenographer in the office of Inspector of Buildings of Baltimore where the terms apply almost wholly to building construction. I think this sufficient recommendation of your system."

E. M. FULTON.

100 Words a Minute

"For some time now I have been writing at a speed of one **hundred words per minute** and I have no difficulty in reading my notes days or weeks afterward."

ELISE DAVIDSON.

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"**I learned the K. I. Shorthand principles in five hours** and after not quite two weeks' practice I can write almost as fast as anyone would dictate. It is easier to read than any other system I have seen."

W. RUDOLPH ALLEN.

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"**I learned your system of shorthand to save time in making notes** while passing about the plant. After only alight study I can take down ordinary conversations. K. I. Shorthand is practical, time saving and simple."

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"**Your system is excellent, being simple, and yet comprehensive.** I find K. I. Shorthand fascinating in my work as a press correspondent."

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Double Exposures

Conducted by F. J. S.

THE EASY LIFE OF AN EDITOR

Scene — The sanctum of a film magazine editor. Desk piled with pictures and manuscripts. Stacks of packages containing jewelry, etc., from admiring stars.

The editor opens first letter. It contains the graphic life story of Beda Thara, who admits that she wasn't really born in the shadow of the pyramids. Well told, too, with brand new pictures. The editor staggers uncertainly.

Subtitle: "Seeing motion pictures never affected me like this before."

Opens another letter. It contains a highly amusing publicity interview with Francis X. Treemond, which doesn't explain why that gentleman hasn't enlisted. Neither does it need a single change to be ready to use. It's exclusive; so are the pictures. The editor fumbles uncertainly at his collar.

Close-up here of a bead of perspiration slipping down editor's classic brow.

He picks up a third package, which, upon investigation, is found to contain a complete set of new portraits from the Lox offices, sent without a single one of the conventional six requests. The editor opens the window to get fresh air.

He next examines a note from the press-agent of the Seeograph Company, who actually offers a good idea for a spread upon one of the Seeograph stars. Close-up here of the editor's hand trembling.

Subtitle: "Nothing like this has happened since the surface of the industry was scratched."

The editor goes on opening mail. Live stuff begins to crowd his desk. There isn't a single letter from a fan asking if Crane Blackwell's eyes are pink and, if so, why. The editor's eyes look glassy. He rocks vaguely.

At this moment something rings. Is it the telephone? . . . No. . . . What is it, Rollo? . . . What causes that harsh clanging? . . . What . . . It's the alarm clock.

Close-up of clock face, registering 8 A. M.

When Artcraft filmed the subway rush in a recent George M. Cohan feature, we thought the last word in catching the whirl of New York life had been sounded. Now along comes Metro's "Five Thousand an Hour," with scenes in the giddy Trinity Church yard.

THE TENSEST PHOTOPLAY MOMENT OF THE MONTH

May Allison in trousers in "Kate of Kentucky."

Louis Sherwin, the critic who used to hurl bricks at the movies from *The New York Globe*, is now special press-agent of Goldwyn. Shades of William Winter! The first thing we know George Jean Nathan will be writing advs for Ivan Abramson.

Billie Rhodes, says her press-agent, has just purchased a Swiss chalet on a hill. Now that's settled, Foch can go right ahead with the war.

When we glance over the trade papers and find this simile: "—will seize upon your sympathies like a bridal wreath of orange-blossoms."

We realize that not all the bachelors have been drafted yet. Some of 'em are writing movie adv copy.

MODESTY NOTE

Herewith we reprint a current photoplay advertisement: "Positively and unequivocally the great big smashing knockout of the film year. Seven reels of thunder and lightning melodrama that starts with a rush, gathers speed like an avalanche and ends with

The Kaiser's Finish'

We took the measure of popular taste—we have been feeling the public pulse—we know what they want and we've put it all in."

From which we gather that "The Kaiser's Finish" is considered rather spiffy by its makers.

Goldwyn needs a referee—or something.

Here's Mabel Normand billed in "The Perfect 36" and Madge Kennedy in "A Perfect Lady."

Some day a picture will be produced that isn't destined to mark an epoch in motion picture history, but, darnitall, such a picture *will* mark an epoch in motion picture history. So what's the use?

Maurice Tourneur reports that he had trouble finding an ideal Eve for his production of "Woman."

Boy! Page Mack Sennett!

William Fox has an interesting angle on ancient Jerusalem. Read his description of the items used for the sake of historical accuracy in his production of "Salome": 200 loads of sand, 25 tons of plaster, 25 tons of cobblestones, two score camels, 2,500 horses, donkeys, elephants, goats, sheep, lambs, bull-cocks, and oxen, dogs, cats, cockatoos, doves, pigeons and peacocks.

Now that Caruso and Paderewski have invaded the screen, it's only fair that some movie stars enter opera, doing their rôles in silent pantomime. It would be a neat and pleasant idea, as far as we can see.

We cant help viewing with growing alarm the new vogue of reviving old photoplays with new casts. Time was when, once seeing a film, you were comparatively sure you wouldn't have to see it again.

You can safely use Pond's Vanishing Cream just before going out. It vanishes immediately

Pond's Cold Cream has exactly the consistency demanded by the best masseurs

Wind and Cold coarsen the texture of your skin

WIND and cold contract the tiny cells of the skin so that they cannot secrete a proper amount of the fluids that keep the skin soft and pliant, and the naturally lovely texture of your skin is *ruined!*

As a famous authority says, "The deficient secretions must be replaced by outward application."

Learn now, before winter comes, how to keep your skin soft and smooth—free from chapping — throughout the cold weather.

Every skin needs two creams to help it resist the effect of wind and cold

To keep your skin supplied with just the softening property it needs to help it withstand the roughening effect of cold weather, rub a little Pond's Vanishing Cream with the tips of your fingers over your face. Your skin takes it up as parched sand absorbs water. At once it vanishes—never to reappear in an embarrassing shine.

Then look closely at your face in a hand mirror and see what a difference *your first application* makes. You will find your complexion smoother, fresher, lovelier than ever in coloring.

During the day, especially before you go out of doors, protect your face from the cold by applying Pond's Vanishing Cream.

At night when your pores have plenty of time to absorb its healing, soothing properties, the use of a *cleansing* cream —a cream with an oily base—is of the utmost importance. Pond's Cold Cream is especially liked for its smooth, easy-to-work-in consistency. Its formula is such that this cream supplies just what the tiny cells of the skin require. Faithfully use these two creams and you will find that instead of suffering with a dry, harsh skin, with chapping and irritation, your skin will retain its softness and freshness throughout the most severe weather. Neither cream will cause the growth of hair or down.

Free sample tubes—send for them today

Tear out this coupon and mail it today for a free sample tube of Pond's Vanishing Cream and Pond's Cold Cream. Or send 10c and we will send you tubes of each cream large enough to last two weeks. Send for them today. *Address Pond's Extract Co., 131-M Hudson Street, New York City.*

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY,
131-M Hudson Street, New York City

Please send me, free, the items checked:
[ ] *A free sample Pond's Vanishing Cream*
[ ] *Pond's Cold Cream*
Instead of the free samples, I desire the items checked below, for which I enclose the required amount:
[ ] *A 5c sample Pond's Vanishing Cream*
[ ] *5c sample Cold Cream*

Name.....

Street.....

City..... *State*.....

Fifty Cents for
Freeman's
FACE POWDER
is NOT an advance, because we now give double quantity

MOST everything has advanced in price. Material and labor cost more. Government taxes have increased. And now Uncle Sam wants to conserve in paper, board and labor.

We have met these conditions in the only way possible—packed *double* the quantity of powder in a *square* cornered box of practically the *same* size. This saves our government and us one box, and the packing and handling of that box.

For forty years Freeman's Face Powder has been sold at a uniform price. We do not want to increase it. Buying quality in *quantity* protects us both and helps win the war.

50 cents Includes Government Tax

Remember—Freeman's Face Powder is distinctively a quality powder that delights the most fastidious.

The Freeman guarantee—money back after trial if not satisfied—still holds good.

All tints at all toilet counters or miniature box for 4 cents stamps.

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Marguerite Clark and her hubby, Captain H. Palmerson Williams, snapped for THE CLASSIC on their honeymoon.

The Thin Blue Line---(*Continued from page* 45)

He brought Marie Doro, Elsie Ferguson, Pauline Frederick, Marguerite Clark, James K. Hackett (who made the first American five-reeler, produced by Famous Players), Ethel Barrymore, Mary Pickford and many others. Some day the earnest workers in Motion Pictures may get down on their knees and thank an omniscient Providence that Daniel Frohman lived at the time he did and that his advancing years did not stagnate his understanding to denial of a brand-new art.

The work that he began, to tie together the representatives and methods of two arts, is being carried on today by a number of screen players who are returning temporarily to stage work. There is no question but that the present stage appearances of Sidney Drew, Nazimova (whose "Revelation" was substantially one of the finest screen dramas of recent seasons), Lionel Barrymore, Thomas A. Wise, Emily Stevens, John Barrymore, H. B. Warner, Ethel Barrymore, Alice Brady, Lenore Ulric and the rest, will have pronounced effect in leveling differences of opinion over the respective merits of "movies" and "talkies." Indeed, let us hope that the resultant dignity will relegate those two awful terms to the gutter whence they came.

No less will be done by the constant adaptation of stage plays to screen purposes, together with the growing attempt to produce the stage version after the screen use, the latter illustrated by Booth Tarkington's "Seventeen." But in this connection the value is almost offset by the failure to keep in the screen adaptations the spirit and quality of the originals. Too many good stage plays have become flat and uninteresting when scenarioized piecemeal or twisted out of recognition to fit the insipid countenance of some ingénue all of whose brains were in the head of her director. And there is still more harm done by the efforts to make bricks without straw—screen successes out of stage failures.

But all this is apart from the question of "The Thin Blue Line." Among the unquestioned converts to screen work from the "regular" stage may be numbered Sarah Bernhardt, Mary Pickford, Fannie Ward, Mabel Taliaferro, Douglas Fairbanks, Marguerite Clark, Emily Stevens, John Barrymore, William S. Hart (who once was leading-man to Modjeska), Ethel Barrymore, Frank Keenan, Sidney Drew, Kitty Gordon, Marie Tempest, Marie Doro, George M. Cohan, Marjorie Rambeau, George Beban, Dustin and William Farnum, Pauline Frederick, Theodore Roberts, Taylor Holmes, Maude Fealy (so many have forgotten that she once was leading-lady for William Gillette and for E. S. Willard!), Wilfred Lucas (who played on Broadway opposite Rose Stahl in "The Chorus Lady"), and H. B. Warner. And of course there is Lila Lee, who used to be "Cuddles" in Gus Edwards' Song Revue.

Among those who are now undergoing the probation period and may yet declare themselves opposed to Motion Pictures are Fred Stone, Houdini, Marie Dressler, Will Rogers, Julia Arthur and Enrico Caruso—and if we are going into Sam Goldfish's aviary with the songbirds, we should have included Geraldine Farrar in the last paragraph. I include Houdini in this list because as I write he is doing some tense acting for his new serial on a lawn just below my house, and I fear he may unlock my manuscript-case as I pass and find I have not mentioned him.

Those who have probably withdrawn from the screen for a period of thought, after more or less successful attempt, are

Weber and Fields, Raymond Hitchcock, Maxine Elliott, Eddie Foy, Mary Garden and William Collier. In several of these cases I am persuaded that they suffered materially from inadequate vehicles. There are some who point here and there to an age limit, but I decline to believe that drama in Motion Pictures is confined to youth, with matrimony an end instead of a beginning, any more than I believe that it is true in the regular theater.

I had hoped to recall some of the photoplays in which Robert Edeson, James K. Hackett, Thomas A. Wise, E. H. Sothern, Margaret Illington, Wilton Lackaye, Jane Cowl, De Wolf Hopper, Elsie Janis and some of the others who seem definitely to have retired from picture playing, made their screen débuts, but space is limited, and there is room only to speculate on how many years, months, days, hours or minutes, as the case may be, will pass before the hold-outs give in.

In the first place, there is one hold-out I dont think will ever give in. That is George Arliss. It is not that he will not come to recognize the possibilities of the screen, for he is too sincere an artist to deny ultimate truth; it is just that, in order to be consistent, if he is to return after his brief and unsatisfactory experience, he will have to swallow bitter words. I fear he is too proud for that.

David Warfield probably will make his screen début in about two years. seven months, three weeks, four days and six hours. He will be accompanied or shortly followed by David Belasco, his manager, who will be converted about then. I wont tell you how I arrive at that conclusion, either. It's a hunch.

Otis Skinner is due on the gold fibre probably within ten months. Laurette Taylor is likely to be detained for a time until her husband has squeezed all the stage value out of his play, "Peg o' My Heart." When that little drama comes to the screen, Miss Taylor will come with it. John Drew probably will make one picture and then retire. He is wobbling with uncertainty even now. One may see it in his eye.

Leo Ditrichstein is likely to succumb at the end of almost any season. His first picture will be written by him from a French, Italian or German original, and directed by himself. He is certain to make his début at the head of his own company, making plays on the "star series" plan. Frances Starr unquestionably will be star of one of the first of the Belasco offerings — when they come. Henry Miller will be seen some day or other toward the end of 1919, probably in a screen version of "D'Arcy of the Guards," despite the fact that the play already has been done by the old All-Star Feature Corporation. You know they're doing "Arizona" and "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" over again.

Margaret Anglin has been dickering with the picture magnates for some time. She was interested in the Sanger

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picture concern that disappeared from view a year or so ago, before active work began. She may make something for the screen before the end of 1919. Ruth Chatterton will appear probably before Henry Miller, her manager. This prophecy because she is young and more impulsive. Francis Wilson should make his début early in 1920 with a version of "The Bachelor's Baby." Maude Adams, I fear, will hold out longer than any one else save George Arliss. At hazard, I set the time of her appearance at 1925, and I hope it will be all of that time, when developed subtleties of the screen may be at her command to register delicacy. Grace George doubtless will give in within a season or two. Her husband is William A. Brady, and her stepdaughter is Alice Brady. That's two against one.

Frank Craven will be a mine to the producer who enlists him as a screen possibility.

It is impracticable here to attempt to analyze the possibilities and the time element concerning Guy Bates Post, Julia Marlowe, Hattie Williams, Rose Stahl, Leon Erroll, Charlotte Walker, Cyril Scott, Mary Shaw, Louis Mann, Sam Bernard, Mary Ryan, Mitzi, Al Jolson, Cyril Maude, William H. Crane, Wallace Eddinger, Blanche Ring, Donald Robertson, Annie Russell, the Coburns, Julia Sanderson and Ben Greet—and, in truth, I am by no means certain that all of these have not been in pictures at least once. However, if I were asked to select those to whom an immediate invitation should be extended, I would name Louis Mann, Cyril Scott, Wallace Eddinger and Julia Sanderson.

Robert McKim's Lament

Robert McKim, the premier villain of the Thomas H. Ince studios, has a grievance. To quote the "villainous" Robert, "Here am I, a villain by profession! In the old days I was appreciated; I knew each morning that before night I would have been thrown out of windows, kicked out-of-doors, punched on the jaw, and left for dead. There was some zest in life then—and I was happy. Now what have I to look forward to? Sometimes I go for days without even being kicked! It's disheartening! Why, the last picture I saw myself in the audience actually cheered! They mistook me for the hero! It's all wrong! Give me the good old times, when villainy was always properly rewarded and appreciated."

The Ince scenario department is to blame. For some months they have refused, or neglected to give McKim a real bad part. Wishy-washy villains are not to his liking. Over McKim's dressing-table, in big, black letters, are the following words:

"I do the dirty work—the nice, clean, dirty work;
Behind tree and shrubbery, that's where I like to lurk;
Ten, twenty, thirty work—bad all thru—
I create the hero by the dirty work I do."

"That is, or was, my motto," said McKim, sadly. "But now I'm a nice clean villain, who wouldn't even harm a Hun, thanks to the overlords of the scenario department. It's all wrong!"

Having unburdened himself, the "villainous" Robert bit savagely on the end of a black cigar and flicked its ashes derisively on a scenario that lay before him.

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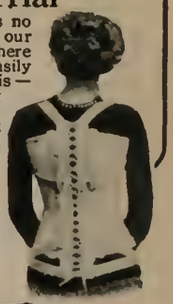

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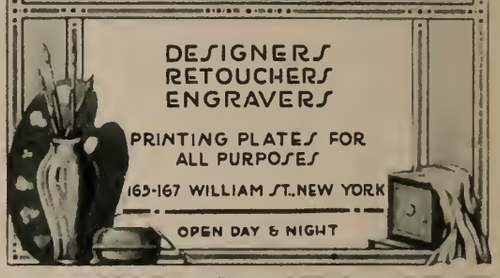

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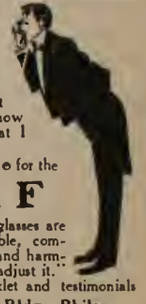

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Mr. Biggs Puts It Over

By H. H. VAN LOAN

Benjamin Harrison Biggs arrives in New York flat broke. When his little friend, "Shorty" Carl, confides his humble engagement as a motion picture actor, a stupendous scheme is born in Mr. Biggs' brain.

Accompanied by "Shorty" he calls upon Samuel Mills, president of the all-powerful Pearmount Corporation, and announces that "Shorty" is the head of the Flimsy Fillum Corporation. Mr. Biggs' conversation is so persuasive that the rival film magnate can hardly restrain himself from making an offer to buy out his imaginary competitor.

The following morning Mr. Biggs makes a desperate play for cash capital by calling upon the president of the Graham Trust Company as the supposed confidential agent of Mills.

His appearance is so persuasive that the bank president parts with $250,000 in a certified check. At luncheon Mr. Biggs flourishes the check before the eyes of his rival, with the result that Mills presents him with another $250,000 check for stock in the Flimsy Company. Biggs again calls upon the banker and opens an account.

Biggs finds time to engage Mary O'Neil, a sweet and unassuming girl who applies for a position as private secretary. About this time a representative of James Dorgan and Sons calls to see Mr. Biggs.

He makes arrangements with Biggs to star Dolena Dare, a Bergere chorus girl. Biggs puts Dolena over as Yara Maga, daughter of an Arab sheik. Dorgan and Sons are merely acting for a client, Raymond Rice, the biggest newspaper owner in the country. Yara Maga gets wide publicity before she starts work for the Flimsy Corporation. Yara has a chorus girl friend, "Billie" Downs, a demure, utterly unspoiled young woman from the Middle West. Billie becomes a member of Yara's company.

The advent of the new star arouses the bitter enmity of Maizie Bitzel, former feature star of the Flimsy. Meanwhile, "Billie" Downs tries to persuade Yara to drop the millionaire, Rice.

"Why, it's common knowledge that she only married him for his money," protested Yara, referring to Rice's wife. "If she did, then I'm thinkin' she deserves all she's got for her selfishness."

"I understand she's preparing to divorce him," continued Billie. "If so, I dont think it would do you very much good to have your name mentioned as co-respondent."

"It certainly wouldn't do me much harm," argued Yara. "Besides, y'know an actress dont become famous until she's been scandalized in the newspapers!"

"In other words, you believe in scandalous success," reflected Billie.

"I believe in anythin' that keeps one's name before the public," emphasized Yara. "You know, Billie, nobody amounts to much until people start talkin' about 'em."

But Billie shook her head; she was beginning to believe Yara was beyond salvation. It troubled her, too, for she realized that Yara was serious. If she wasn't so serious when she said these things it would have relieved Billie considerably. Billie decided that wild youth was responsible for Yara's behavior and that time and grim experience would have to be relied on to work out a reformation in the girl.

A few moments later a big limousine drew up in front of Yara's dressing-room and the star of the Flimsy hurried gaily forth and, stepping into the car, threw herself back into the big, comfortable cushions.

As the chauffeur closed the door, Billie, who stood gazing on the luxurious little scene,

(*Continued on page 71*)

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The Extra Girl Plays Nurse to the Lee Kiddies

(*Continued from page* 58)

"Oh, they wouldn't bother her any. I'd take care of them all the time."

And now Jane returned to us from her visit to the lake. With every shiver, water dripped from her clinging dress and her bobbed hair.

"Urrrr! but it's cold," the little rascal chattered, inwardly glorying in "being wet all over."

"Ready to run on the scene now, girls," Mr. Gilstrom directed, after he had carefully explained the action to them.

There was great excitement when the kiddies entered, followed by the butler in custody of soldiers. The war committee had met in state to receive the formula from Mr. Sheldon, and then, just at the moment of the ceremony, it was learnt that it had disappeared in company with the butler, the cook and the children. When the butler was searched it was found he didn't have the formula at all, only the letter to God, cancelling the order for the baby. That, of course, wouldn't have been well for the spy, because the Kaiser never would have seen the joke, not being that kind of a Kaiser.

All this was before I appeared upon the scene. My nurse's costume of blue and yellow had occupied one chair after another for an entire day, but had not succeeded in making its impression upon one single foot of Fox film.

"Thru for the day—eight tomorrow morning!" Ben Berk, Mr. Gilstrom's assistant, called.

"Made up at eight, or here at eight?" I questioned, judiciously, not to say boldly.

"Made up at eight," he replied.

Now I dont know what made me believe him, but for some unknown reason I landed at the Victor studio at 7:30. At exactly 8:02 I was deftly tying the strings of my apron, when——

"Upstairs, mother; on the set, nursie," Mr. Gilstrom's cheerful voice resounded thru the hall.

Right then and there I christened him the lightning director. It really has never been known to happen before in the movies—that is, to my knowledge, and I am beginning to feel like the Methuselah of the picture business. Miss Wriggles is still inclined to be doubtful about it, but then why should I invent such a wild tale? Now, I ask you.

And when I arrived on the set my duties began. Mrs. Sheldon, the mother, who was putting the finishing touches on the trousseau of the expected baby, was about to be served with breakfast. I was to push the wagonette into view, take the dishes from the tray of the butler and place them before Mrs. Sheldon. I knew when that camera started to grind something was going to happen, and, sure enough, it did. The wheels of the wagonette entered into a heated controversy with the lamp-cord, and the coffee-pot and the salt-cellar did a jazz dance on their way to their destination. Of course, this is apt to happen in the best regulated families, but not in the best regulated films, so the coffee-pot and the salt-cellar had to put on a fresh make-up and try it over again. Then I discreetly stood behind a table and folded baby garments when Father Sheldon brought the kiddies into the room and explained to the mother that a jostling of his elbow by the little girls had brought about just the combination he sought to make his deadly powder.

"You see, Jane and Katherine, your mother is sewing on the little garments that the new baby is going to wear. You must take them up and examine them in surprise," Mr. Gilstrom instructed.

"Our father doesn't know that the new baby's coming, does he?" questioned Katherine. "So it wont do any good to ask him what they're for?"

And then the curtain descended for a few minutes to denote the passage of time. The baby entered the scene. The doctor announced to Mr. Sheldon that it was a boy. Immediately the fond father saw visions of it grown to man's estate, entering where angels fear to tread and canning the Kaiser right to his face. I interrupted one of these visions with the jarring announcement that he could now see his wife. True to the paternal instinct, he hurried forward, with eyes for no one but the little mite that was nestling in its mother's arms. But in the entire two weeks of Dorothy's existence she had never before nestled where lights so brightly shone. When Mr. Sheldon pulled back the cover to gaze upon his young counterpart she wrinkled up her little face and registered sorrow with the gusto and enthusiasm that would have done credit to a more experienced actress.

But——

When Mr. Gilstrom moved the camera to get a close-up of the same scene, she insisted upon shutting her little eyes and dozing peacefully away. Not for the world would she shed a tear. Such, O mortals, is temperament.

Next the kiddies, accustomed to romp all over the house, burst noisily into the sick-room. The father, the doctor and I would have ejected them without warrant, but the mother begged to show them their brother, otherwise little Dorothy. Not appreciating the delicacy of the new arrival's feelings, the kiddies made personal comments about the non-screening qualities of her mouth, eyes and ears, illustrating their remarks by jabbing the members under discussion.

"Did the stork bring the baby?" they queried.

"No, the doctor brought it," the father answered.

But after measuring the doctor's bag and then measuring the baby, Jane evinced disbelief of this story.

"Jane's a German," some one teased, while we rested between scenes.

"I am not!" Jane flared back.

"Well, you were born in Hamburg."

"Well, anyway, my mother took me out the next minute and made me an American."

Before one has worked with the kiddies very long he knows instinctively that the surest way to bring down upon himself the full power of Jane's wrath is to express a doubt of her babyhood allegiance to Uncle Sam. Katherine's pet aversion is the name of Katinka. I tried it one day.

"Please," she said, drawing herself up like a tragedy queen, "call me Katy, Kitty or anything you like, but never, never Katinka."

Meantime things were threatening to become exciting for Dorothy, the latest recruit to the movies. The kiddies had found the bomb the butler had hidden in the drawer of their father's desk in the hope of blowing him and his invention beyond recognition, and hastened to amuse the baby brother with the ticking of the clock. They registered their intention of leaving it beside him to soothe his slumbers. It was nearing four o'clock, the hour set for the merry little thing to send forth its message of peace. Suddenly the kiddies changed their minds and decided to search the kitchen for a hammer to investigate the cause of the ticking. It was this little explosion from the lower part of the house that later caused me to trip rapidly upon the scene to see if my two charges were safe.

Then I ran to the bassinette to see if Dorothy had survived the shock. I pulled back the covers and, there, instead of being greeted by baby's wrinkled little face, a roll of absorbent cotton winked calmly up at me from its blue wrapping. I admit it was a bit of a shock, but with the exception of a slight quivering of the third-from-the-end eyelash, I gave no sign of my surprise to the interested multitude. This feat alone should bring me favorably to the notice of William Fox.

"I thought it would give the baby a rest, and I knew it wouldn't be seen in the picture," Mr. Gilstrom explained.

But it almost was, and besides, it might have upset the equilibrium of a less experienced actress.

Mr. Gilstrom seemed to forget that I was only a movie nurse. Every time he wanted the baby carried to another part of the studio he called, "Oh, nurse!" and I just as frantically paged the mother.

"What's the matter, Miss Rosemon? Afraid of her?" Jane teased. "She wont hurt you. Now I'd carry her all over, only—the mother wont let me. But just look now. Katherine's holding her, and this is the twenty-second time today she's had her."

"But you're only a baby yourself, Janie," I comforted.

"Well, I'm strong just the same."

"Oh, Janie!" I called, as I felt the approach of one of my sudden flashes, "do you like butter-scotch? I think there may be some down in my dressing-room."

"Miss Rosemon," she cried, jumping from the bed to my lap and catching me in a strangle hold, "do you know every night when I go to sleep I dream—I dream of *butter-scotch?*"

Her first thought when I placed the candy in her hand was to run upstairs to share it with Katherine, and Katherine would gladly have given Jane half the baby if there had only been some way of arranging it, for Jane is always for Katherine, and Katherine is always for Jane, and Miss Wriggles and I and the rest of us are always for the tiny stars, Jane and Katherine.

Aren't we, Jane?

Yes, Katherine.

FILM EXPORT FIGURES FOR YEAR MADE PUBLIC

The export branch of the Motion Picture business shows excellent financial strength during the many ups and downs of the war. One hundred million feet of film has been exported during the twelve months. The National City Bank pointed out that the United States is now the world's largest manufacturer of films for the camera and the projecting machine.

The bank points out that it was only in 1912 that the exportation of this class of merchandise was considered of sufficient importance to justify a mention in the statistics of our international commerce. In that fiscal year the total exports of films amounted to 80,000,000 feet. By 1914 the total was 188,000,000 feet, and in 1915 it was 151,000,000 feet. It was figured that the value of the 1918 Moving Picture exports was close to $7.000,000, against $8,978,000 in 1916 and $5,000,000 in 1915.

Of the films exported in 1918 over one-half were exposed, ready for use. The average export price of the exposed film was 6 cents per foot, and of unexposed film 2½ cents per foot. The valuation per foot of the imported film was less than that of the films exported, the stated value of 50,000,000 feet of unexposed films imported being about 1½ cents per foot, and nearly 3 cents per foot for the exposed, of which, however, the quantity was extremely small.

Most of the films exported go to Great Britain and Canada, the total to Great Britain in 1918 amounting to 24,000,000 feet and to Canada 16,000,000 feet. While no exact figures are available on the quantity of films now produced in the United States, an estimate based upon the known quantity exported suggests that the entire domestic production considerably exceeds 1,000,000,000 feet, with a value of approximately $40,000,000 per annum when exposed and ready for use in the projecting machine.

The character of the views presented on the exposed ready-to-use film exported was, the bank said, quite similar to that of the films in use in the United States, probably three-fourths being photoplays and the remainder chiefly travelogues, "news service," and comedies. The value of the Motion Picture films exported from the United States since the official record of exports was begun in 1913 aggregates about $36,000,000, while that of the imports since 1910 amounts to nearly $10,000,000, including unexposed and exposed positives and negatives.

Of the 128,000,000 feet of exposed films exported in 1917, it was said 30,000,000 went to England, 16,000,000 to Italy, 15,000,000 to Russia, 11,000,000 to France, 14,000,000 to Canada, 10,000,000 to Australia, 6,000,000 to Argentina, 2,375,000 to Japan and 1,320,000 to China. The American-made films are also in great demand in Cuba, Porto Rico, Philippines and Hawaii.

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The January Magazine

A New Year's Resolution Worth Cultivating

REX BEACH

A home interview with this internationally famous author by Hazel Simpson Naylor.

LOUISE FAZENDA

Wherein the daughter of a religious family entered the motion picture field of comédiennes on roller skates.

BESSIE BARRISCALE AND THE VILLAIN

A peep into the ideal married life of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Hickman.

HAVE THE MOVIES FULFILLED THEIR WAR OBLIGATIONS?

Here's the answer! A complete summary of what the picture people have done to win the war. Kenneth McGaffey has written an interesting story, told in a snappy, breezy style.

HOW DUNCAN'S DARING DEVELOPED

A virile story of one of the biggest serial actors in the film world.

INVADING THE NOISY DRAMA

A chat between scenes with Alice Brady, Tony Kelly, and the Sidney Drews on Broadway, where their stage successes are booming.

FRANCES MARION GOES "OVER THERE"

Mary Pickford's scenario writer answers the call of the government and goes to France.

FRANK MAYO

All there is to know about the World Film star up to January 1st, 1919.

BILL FARNUM

Bill proves there's something more than *fight* in him.

HELEN KELLER

The first article of this remarkable woman who has overcome the great obstacle of being born deaf, dumb and blind—yet now enters pictures.

PEGGY HYLAND

A personality story of this little actress whose real name is Gladys Hutchinson.

ERNEST TRUEX

A close-up story of the smallest comedian.

EVELYN NESBIT

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THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE
175 DUFFIELD ST., BROOKLYN, N.Y.

Life and the Photodrama

(*Continued from page* 17)

"The answer," said Griffith, "is the drama of human character without too much worry about situations, climaxes and plots. The answer is the drama of realities—of situations that do happen, not those that dont happen.

"'Vanity Fair' is one of the supreme masterpieces of literature, yet you couldn't tell me the plot of the story. But Becky Sharpe stands out so, clearly that she is a part of your life, a part of the world. Becky Sharpe plays more part in your life and my life than the Statue of Liberty and the city of London. Becky is everywhere. We meet her every day. We learn to govern our lives and control our judgments because we have known her. So with 'Hamlet,' with 'Oliver Twist.' It is an axiom of the theater that all the great masterpieces of literature are difficult to dramatize because you cant find a plot."

"And then . . ." I suggested.

"Camera!" said Mr. Griffith, abruptly, for the sun had stopped flirting with Istar and had come out again.

PATRIOTIC SCENARIOS WANTED

The Advisory Board of Motion Picture Directors, Division of Films, Committee on Public Information, is very anxious to obtain stories suitable for production in Motion Pictures.

All stories submitted must be written around themes that will be helpful to the United States and her allies in various war work.

Suitable subjects would be such as would have the effect of speeding up labor in shipyards, munition plants and other forms of government work, stories that would be of material assistance in Liberty Loans, War Savings Stamps and other drives, and stories that could be utilized to advantage in the foreign work of the Division of Films.

It is recognized by the United States Government that the Motion Picture is one of the most effective means of reaching the people of any country.

Not only will these pictures be shown in the United States, but also in every Allied country and every neutral country.

This board is particularly desirous of obtaining good stories that fit present-day conditions in Russia, Italy, Mexico and Central and South America.

Bare plots in brief synopsis form are all that is required. All plots submitted will receive careful and immediate consideration by experts, and those accepted will be given the finest production possible by the foremost producers in these United States.

Submit all stories to James Vincent, Secretary, Advisory Board, Division of Films, Times Building, New York City.

May in December

(*Continued from page* 23)

fire-engine. The thrill comes not from the fire, but from seeing the engine go by.

Besides this she considers the New York subway the most thrilling, death-defying of all institutions. She has never become accustomed to riding in it, and when she does she feels as if she were taking her life in her own hands.

She says any one would take her for a farmerette, for odd similes of the plantation are always filtering thru her sentences. For instance, "I dont give a row of beans," and she considers us "knee-high to a grasshopper."

She is in love—with her sister's baby, and transplanted the whole family to Hollywood, California, so she would not be deprived of the baby's presence; also to help her sister in its care, for sister isn't well.

There are a couple of golden freckles across the bridge of her nose, which alone prove she is a real live girl; she is otherwise so flawlessly beautiful.

Her one fad is to wear immaculate and perfectly fitting shoes and gloves.

Her gowns are the *chefs d'ouvres* of such master costumers as Harry Collins, Lucille and Russek; for she considers it her duty to give her screen friends glimpses of the latest New York fashions. Nevertheless, I have seen her look just as charming in a simple gingham apron.

May Allison adores chocolate ice-cream, takes her tea with cream instead of lemon, loves to dance, but her greatest love is her work.

She has a miraculous sense of humor and is her own harshest critic.

Thus you know just a little of the real May Allison, a girl of dauntless ambition, of superb confidence; a girl who never forgets the humblest person she may meet; an actress who never rests satisfied with her laurels, but pushes on, each day seeking to do something bigger and better; a young girl who realizes full well that self-satisfaction is death to achievement; a beauty who is unspoiled.

All in all, May Allison is the kind of girl you would want your sister to be, the quality of woman you would worship as your wife, the friend who is a friend indeed.

THE INEVITABLE FINISH

By Harry J. Smally

Gwendolen loves Clarence, but the villain still pursues her!
He swears unless she marries him he surely will abuse her,
And what he does to Clarence in those four goshawful reels
Is sad to view, I'm telling you; he has him by the heels!
He makes life miserable for Gwen, her lover and her parents.
Fear not! She'll thrive and stay alive and in reel five she'll wed her handsome Clarence!

Gwen is tied, the cabin burns, but Clarence comes to loose her;
They get away, but close behind the villain still pursues her!
His gang make way with Clarence and she's in the villain's clutch;
He proves her dad has got in bad by forging notes and such.
So she agrees to marry him to keep poor pa from prison.
He'll never mend, I apprehend, but in the end he surely will get his'n!

Mr. Biggs Puts It Over— (*Continued from page 67*)

noticed the initials "R. R.," in delicate gold, on the side of the car.

CHAPTER XV

Now, a beautiful girl seldom goes thru life without leaving a trail of broken hearts behind her, a long list of admirers and a fairly good crowd of lovers. The world seldom censures her for this, for she is always welcome, and this dreary old earth would not seem half as sweet without her. She's a necessity and helps us to take our minds off the dull routine of things. A beautiful girl can do almost anything and be forgiven, and when she has passed on her way to new fields, new duties and new conquests, she leaves many sighs behind her. But we are glad that she journeyed our way.

Each change of environment brings new loves, new lovers and new admirers into her life. They are new epochs in her career, and she welcomes them with great joy, for without them she could not live. To her, the world is a place for loving, and the greatest tragedy in her life comes when men cease to love her; then she dies.

Yara had reached this age for loving, but, previous to her coming to the Flimsy, she had never loved. It was true, as she had told Billie, she did not love "Mondy" Rice. As far as looks went, Rice was not objectionable. In fact, those who knew him were inclined to think him handsome.

Like most men of his type, he had an heroic wife, because she overlooked all his vices and endured him. His dissipation had aged him, but it had also put premature lines in the face of his pretty wife. But she bore her burdens well, bravely and silently, never complaining. She knew of his affair with Yara. Some of her friends had been kind and thoughtful enough to acquaint her with the truth. While she was having tea one afternoon at the Ritz, she saw him with the actress. They were seated near the fountain, in the Palm Court, and he had been cruel enough to bring Yara over to her table, where he introduced her as an acquaintance. The evenings he spent away from home and the week-ends out of town convinced Beulah Rice that she was being neglected for the screen actress. At first, she thought she understood. These things had happened before, and she recalled that, despite these various intrigues, her husband had always returned to the place he had started from—to seek repentance at her shrine. And she had always forgiven him, for she realized he was weak. But this time he seemed different, and it worried her.

Up until now, Rice had had no rival with Yara. The moment an attractive girl makes her début at a moving picture studio she immediately creates a panic among the male contingent.

"Looks as tho Doyle is beggin' for trouble," said Bill Forman to Toby Stumar one afternoon, as they were standing in a parlor set.

"Why?" asked Toby, who was busy focusing.

"Every time I look around I see him talkin' to 'The Harem Queen,'" remarked Forman. "He's over there gabbin' with her now," he added, as he pointed across the lot.

"I dont see anythin' sensational in that," said Toby, calmly, as he glanced at the couple who were standing in the shadow of the wardrobe building.

"No-o, not as long as Aldrich aint hep."

"What's Aldrich got er do about it?" asked the camera-man.

"Oh, nothin'," said Forman, rather cynically, "only he's notified about everybody on the lot to keep away."

"I dont believe it," announced Toby, as he continued adjusting his camera.

"Well, ask Hank Weaver what he said to him yesterday," suggested the director. "From what Hank says, Aldrich seems to think he's got a monopoly on this dame."

"What do you think?" asked Toby.

"I think he's got just as much chance of gettin' her as you have of becomin' a Griffith."

"Well, he needn't give up hope, then."

"Perhaps not, but he might as well confine his thoughts elsewhere."

"I dont get cher."

"Evidently you aint noticed that $15,000 buggy that eases into the yard every day about closin' time."

"I'm one of the very few, Bill, that dont see everything that's goin' on around here," admitted Toby, as he wiped the perspiration from his forehead.

"Well, that's somethin' you ought er notice, Toby, 'cause it's the finest wagon in New York and belongs to no less a personage than Raymond—informally known as 'Mondy'—Rice."

"I'll say she gets the big stuff, then," remarked Toby, surprised. "There's some class to her selection."

"And, if what I hear's true, Aldrich aint got er chance."

"That's tough, for he works hard at everything," mused the camera-man. "If he ever does fall for 'The Harem Queen' he'll put on a big production before he'd quit."

"It aint really his fault, I guess, for they tell me she's always vampin' him," added Forman.

"She's playin' him, that's what she's doin'," vowed Toby. "You know as well as I do, Bill, that a lot er these female stars think they've got er vamp the director to get a lot er close-ups and hog the whole picture."

"It aint playin' fair, Toby. She's just leadin' Aldrich on and makin' a fool out er him. Girls like Yara dont pick ginks like him, and you know it."

"If you want to know what I think about this whole thin', I'll tell you," continued Toby. "I think Maizie Bitzel was handed a raw deal. There's a dame who can act. She's proved it and's got a long list of successes to back it up. Her pictures sell, she's a drawin' card, the exhibitors like her, and the fans are crazy about her. She spells money for any firm."

"She's goin' to blow after her contract's up here," Forman added.

"If she does, Biggs is gittin' rid of somethin' he cant afford to lose," vowed Toby. "This dame, Yara, is all messed up—she's vacant above the ears, I'm tellin' yer! Why, d'you know she had the nerve to walk into a close-up the other day with a No. 6 dark-brown grease-paint and insisted that I shoot her! I wish there'd been a torpedo in my camera—she wouldn't have had to ask me twice."

"What was the result?" inquired Forman, greatly amused.

"Oh, nothin' much. She made an African nigger look like a white house, that's all," said Toby.

"Why didn't cher complain?"

"Complain? What good would that do? She's here for some other reason than her ability. Between Biggs, that Rice guy and Aldrich there's a fine chance for a complaint guy. Biggs is afraid er Rice, Rice is in love with her, and Aldrich is mad about her. She, on the other hand, knows all this and dont care a d—n about anybody!

(*To be continued*)

The O. Henry Girl

(*Continued from page 35*)

She believes the raising of a family is the transcendental thing in life. She loves the bygone days and ways of our grandmothers. She is veritably suggestive of cold marble made sympathetic flesh. She is the actress who is first of all the woman. Or more forcibly, the actress *because* of the woman. She is modern, with the fragrance of old lavender. She is Today, who has distilled the sweetness of the vanished Yesterday.

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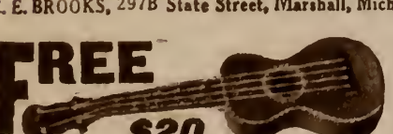

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Out of the House That Jack Built (*Continued from page 42*)

second, the men were compelled to carry torches for a lurid night scene.

Waving his torch wildly over his head, Ray Hatton forgot all about tar-drips, and first thing he knew fire ran up the nap of the outing flannel shirt, caught the long whiskers and, while the camera ground on, the character man was clutching frantically at the hirsute covering, and cursing Le Page's glue. The director shouted from a distance, the camera-man seemed to have forgotten everything but the taking of a mob-scene, and hundreds of feet of film were ruined because a Russian peasant was tearing burning hair from his face when he should have been storming a citadel.

By the time Mr. Melford got close enough, Ray's face was badly burned, and the director spent the rest of the day in playing nurse. No scars were left, thanks to his first-aid treatment.

The next step in career building called for rube parts, much safer than torch-light processions, of course. After that, Mack Sennett and the Biograph engaged Mr. Hatton at various times, and he felt quite happy and financially contented in motion pictures. But the old call was too strong, and one day he cut loose again and went to Sacramento, playing stock. Later he did a two years' turn on the Pantages' Circuit, doing Japanese characterizations. At this time, stories of Japanese war plots were very popular, and the sketch was a success right along.

Later, at Universal City, Raymond Hatton was directed by Lloyd Ingraham, and enjoyed meeting his old pal who had traveled in theatrical companies with him years previous. A sudden jump landed Mr. Hatton at Lasky, where he seems to have built his "house" in magic leaps. Howard Hickman was working with Mr. Hatton at this time, but later he was directed in "The Girl of the Golden West" by Mr. De Mille. An engagement with Kathlyn Williams in "The Warrens of Virginia" came next and ever since the public has been watching for his character parts, which are almost as many as the hairs on Raymond Hatton's head.

In "Joan the Woman," Raymond Hatton astonished every one by his portrayal of the feeble French king. In a company of famous players, headed by Farrar, this characterization stood out as a gem, giving insight to the weakness of a spoiled monarch.

But it was "The Whispering Chorus," with its gruesome finale, that really brought Hatton to the attention of the Motion Picture public. When I asked Mr. Hatton how he liked playing a part which must have been very wearing, he said, smiling:

"I never like to make my characters totally depraved. Perhaps you noticed that even when Trimble sank to the lowest ebb, he wore a flower. When kicked into the gutter as a hop-fiend and drunk, he became half-awake to the fact that a crushed rose lay in the mire—and he saved and loved it. There was just a little bit of godliness left even in this man who was martyred thru the suggestions of 'The Whispering Chorus.'

"The end—with the crushed rose-leaves falling from Trimble's hand—was one of the finest bits inserted in the play, I thought. Mr. De Mille and I talked it all over, and he suggested that this crushing of the flower was the logical way to work it out, since I'd insisted on wearing flowers in every change of environment. Besides, he thought it would soften the horrors of an inevitable death.

"The picture was a difficult one to make because of the many times the film had to be exposed to get in the various characters—some scenes required the film to be run many times. I would sit for the proper count and would have to turn my head in listening attitude for just so many counts—then I moved away and a black velvet drape was thrown over the chair I had occupied and the film run to get in some other player as shadow—and the slightest mistake in the count ruined the scene. With so many entering the picture, you can imagine that it was difficult to time each move just right. I sat some hundreds of times before we got them all in properly. I worked at it over two months and lost ten pounds in the making and unmaking of John Trimble!"

"Do you think you'll always be satisfied with character parts, Mr. Hatton?"

"I know I wont. I have a great idea bubbling up right now. I am very eager to enter legitimate comedy—clean, diverting, like an elongation of the Drew comedies. I want five-reelers with delightful stories, tales that cheer the many who need encouragement just now, for almost any trial is bearable if one has some sense of humor. Haven't you noticed how great tragedians almost invariably are humorists at heart? All those with whom I traveled were droll, liked to stop stalking and become funny mimics, or resort to sardonic quips and sarcastic sallies. Take Charlie Chaplin for instance—he would be one of the great tragedians if the public would let him. Haven't you noticed the sadness in his face? I consider him the greatest man on the screen, but he isn't allowed to do the rôles best suited to his talents. You will notice that clowns are so often very deep thinkers and tragedy appears in their faces when the whitewash is removed. I want to play parts which change swiftly from pathos to humor."

"And may a kind fate speed that happy day," I said enthusiastically, preparing to descend half a hundred steps from the tree-tops to the prosaic, every-day earth-life. It's so much easier to be idealistic when one lives almost in the clouds, has climbed those heights by way of one's own achievements, and is just about to be discovered as a new star. But that's an astronomical secret which wasn't supposed to reach fandom just yet.

Harold Lloyd, the Pathé comedian, and some farmerettes who played with him in a recent picture. Snapped on the Frank Chance cattle ranch near Glendora, Cal. Chance is the old leader of the Chicago Cubs.

The Conversion of a Presbyterian

(*Continued from page* 21)

Over on the set Wanda Hawley, his leading-lady, was trying to look comfortable wrapped up in a big coat with a heavy fur collar. Director Crisp alone looked cool. I thought I knew the reason when I heard him say,

"Wait a moment, till I get my powder puff."

He then put his hand down the neck of his sport shirt in quite the accepted manner, but what he drew up wasn't a powder puff at all; it was a diminutive whisk broom. After the laugh which followed had cleared up the atmosphere he turned to Mr. Washburn and said:

"Bryant, I'm not going to use you for several scenes, so why not go outside and be interviewed in cool, peace and comfort?"

So we went outside and sat in the shade and talked philosophy—the philosophy with which this story opens. It was here that Adam Hall Shirk and Henry Vogdes joined us. They belong to the publicity department, so when they looked out of their office window and saw us sitting there looking cool and comfortable, they decided to come on out and help. They knew lots of things that Bryant Washburn would be much, much too modest to tell on himself; so they stood in back of us and showered me with fascinating facts. The only trouble was that they both talked at once, and some one came out and took our pictures, and I was trying to write shorthand, which I dont know much about (and, anyway, I never did hear what they were saying). Only, I managed to make out that Bryant Washburn was born in Chicago, Ill., got his first stage experience as an extra man with George Fawcett, has been in pictures for nine years, likes situation comedy best of all, and is tickled to death about his next Paramount picture, "Venus in the East."

"Because it is just full of human touches."

Gossip of the Pacific Coast

(*Continued from page* 60)

Raymond West has undergone a very serious nervous breakdown and was compelled to take a rest-cure.

Kitty Gordon's *back*—with fourteen trunks and three *cars*—which somewhat reminds one of the old story about the girlie who visited the house in the woods and found three of everything in it. Perhaps Kitty needs three autos for the same reason, one for the big bare, one for the medium-sized bare and one for the little bare backs she wears. And her biggest limousine surely is a *bear*—everybody says so!

Dorothy Gish's much-talked-about ring is a circlet of diamonds set in platinum chain, a collapsible ring, and one which she doesn't mind flinging on the floor when her rôle calls for a broken engagement of marriage and a defiant hurling of the badge of love to the farthermost corners of the room. Imagine throwing gorgeous diamonds on a studio floor!

It's whispered that Constance Talmadge is being borrowed for an episode in the new play D. W. Griffith is putting out, a sort of sequel to her fine work in "Intolerance." Miss Talmadge will be working in two plays at the same time, and doesn't look for any great amount of beauty sleep while the rush is on. Many critics have said that Constance never did anything so good as her mountain maid characterization under Mr. Griffith since she became a star.

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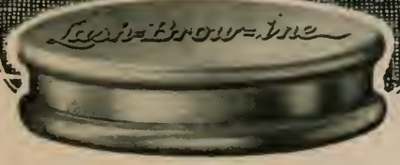

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The Panther Woman

(*Continued from page 56*)

receding senses, frantically. "Do you hear me? Do you hear me? I *will!*"

She is the only woman who ever was kind to me. She is the only woman who ever held me in her arms.

Since then they haven't given me *time*. They've torn me from my grief and appended me to marriage. Tomorrow I marry him.

For the first time since we walked the silver road to Monterey, *he* seems very far away.

November———

I haven't kept my little record for some time. I have been too sick to. I have never been sick before, neither in body nor in soul. I am so now, in both. Taint, which before I have merely looked on, has touched me. Taint—the taint of a love which is not a love—there is no horror worse. I know, too, that I have profaned an altar. God is love. There is but one God. Therefore . . .

Oh, where are you, where are you? Why did you let me do it? The strength of man . . . that is a woman's need. The strength of man.

Tonight the Peeles are giving a reception—in honor of me, they say. Tonight I am to be introduced at large as Beverly Peele's wife. But I am not his wife—I am not, I am *not!* I am divorced from him, asunder from him, in every muscle, every fibre. Marriage—oh, God, I didn't know—*before*. Not even death could have hurled me into—*this*—if I had—known.

After the reception something drew me out onto the driveway that winds like a serpentine and loses itself, finally, among the trees. I felt that I must lose myself—must hide away from the look in Beverly's eyes. It is a repelling look, infinitely; it is profaning. He denies my soul. He smirches my body.

Once out on that winding road, its pebbles like silver mica under a low-hung moon, I knew that I was walking toward adventure. I was. *He* came from out the shadows. Came toward me, stopped. 'You!" I said, then, hoarsely, *"you!"*

"What are you doing here?" he asked, and if my senses had not been so befuddled I might have noted how his own voice shook in his throat.

Somehow I couldn't tell him. I wanted that moment with him, untainted by even so much as the name of Beverly Peele. I wanted him to think of me only as the girl who had walked with him the road to Monterey in the company of the doñas and caballeros.

"Have you found love?" he asked me, after a while. Something told him—something subtler and surer than I—that the world had touched me. I had not needed to speak.

"If you had come back . . ." I said, and paused.

He took hold of my arm and stopped me. "I have always dreamed," he said,

(*Continued on page 77*)

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"Well, I'd sacrifice a month's pay for a good picture of Marguerite Clark," sighed Private Charles Newton.

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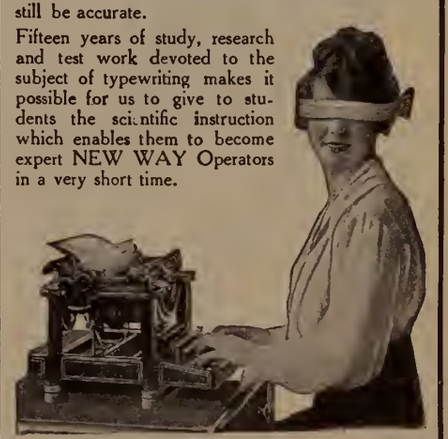

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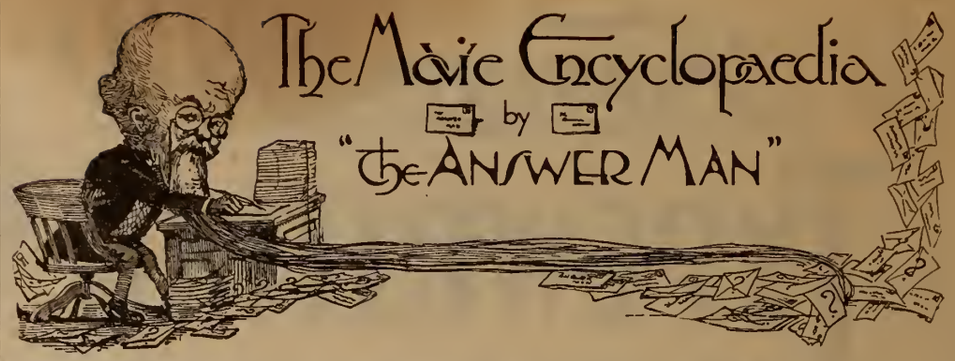

This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, with addresses, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to The Answer Man, using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn.

Top of the morning to you all!

J. V. S.—Cleo Madison is back in pictures—cant keep her out. We are always glad to see her. She is playing in "The Flame of the West." Address her at Los Angeles, Cal. "Portia" was produced by Cines with Mlle. Josette Audroit and M. Bataille. Harry Millarde is directing for Fox. Let me hear from you again.

Sylvia.—Yes, I am A. M., but after P. M. my brains are sometimes M. T. Your letter was crisp as the autumn leaves. That handsome chap was Roderick La Rocque. Madge Kennedy is with Goldwyn. No, not Jerusalem, but Rome is the eternal city.

Jack Pickford Fan.—It is my duty to answer questions, and if you leave the path of duty, shall we not be liable to run into the path of danger? Stick to the straight and narrow path. I will try to answer every question asked. Nothing spoils a man's memory so quickly as a habit of promising things to a woman. And now that I'm 77, I often forget. Harry Beaumont is directing for Goldwyn.

Ellis S. O.—Speaking of Herbert Rawlinson, wait until you see him opposite Billie Burke in "Goodness Gracious, Annabelle." Handsomer than ever. "Shark Monroe" is the name of the Hart picture you speak of. Your letter was as sweet as the honey dew.

T. N., Western Australia.—Julia Arthur has the lead in "The Woman the Germans Shot," based on the murder of Edith Cavell, Red Cross nurse, by the Germans. In the cast are Creighton Hale, Paul Panzer, J. W. Johnston, Joyce Fair and others. The story was written by Anthony Paul Kelly. Lottie Pickford expects to return to the stage.

Douglas J.—You are *bon diable.* Your ambitions are much like a pin, pointed in one direction and headed in another, but not as small. But dont be like a pin—rather stick to one thing than get stuck in many. Yes, several of my correspondents are on the seas, and they tell me they are well fed; but just because the sea is choppy is no sign the sailors get mutton. Ship ahoy, lads! Isabel Rea playing in "America Must Win," as President Wilson's mother. Let me hear from you again.

Sylvia A. M.—Why do electric lights smoke? Never knew that they did, and I suspect you of some ulterior motive. That was some description you gave of me, but you're all wrong. In the first place, I have all my white ivories. You ask, "Why do white sheep furnish more wool than black ones?" and answer, "Because there are more of them." Say, looky here, are you answering questions, or am I? Remember, you are the questioner and not the questionnaire.

G. W. K.—You can reach Carlyle Blackwell at the World Co., 130 West 46th St., N. Y. C., and Monroe Salisbury at Universal City, Cal.

Peggy, 20.—I would not undertake to say which of the players you mention is the most intellectual and moral. Speaking of character, the gambler has a winning personality; the pickpocket, taking ways; the waiter, fetching manners; the baseball umpire, a man of decision, while the Answer Man has a questionable character. Thanks, I do. Beverly Bayne still supporting Francis Bushman. Supporting, did I say? No, they're married and both working.

Sintercourser. — Sure, I remember Eddie Dillon of Biograph days. He is now directing George Walsh in Fox pictures. Myrtle Gonzalez is with Western Biograph. You're welcome indeed.

Jovialis the Jovial.—Hello, there! I remember you in the Magazine. Oh, but it's easier to get married than to stay so. Walter Miller is only twenty-six—a mere lad.

C. P. Hitton.—Your suggestion to raise me 25c a week is a good one. Editor, please take notice! $9.25 a week—yes, and worth it! Sure, I'll jine your club. Your letter was a humdinger. No, I never take a disappointment as a discouragement, but as a stimulant. Nazimova, Harold Lockwood, Viola Dana and Hale Hamilton are all East, taking pictures.

Auburn Hair.—And you, too, accuse me of being a woman. You flatter me! Ah, come now! Isn't woman like the reed, which bends to every breeze, but which breaks not in the tempest? Sweet creatures! Wish I had one to bring in my slippers and smoking-jacket when I leave my cage, but how can I on $9 a week? Sorry, but I never investigated whether actresses who bob their hair also shave their necks, like men do. Yes, my legs fit around behind the chair.

Windy.—What kind breeze blew you in? You had better write to Anita Stewart. James Kirkwood is directing Evelyn Nesbit.

J. T. Z.—Writers in newspapers and magazines usually mention Francis X. Bushman when they speak of movie matinée idols, refer to Mary Pickford as the darling of the screen, to Chaplin as a prince of funny men and to Fairbanks as a laughing acrobat. I know of no other players who are so often mentioned and whose names are almost household words, unless we add the name of Hart as a typical Westerner.

Rose Riley.—No, I'm in no hurry, but I've lost an hour early this morning and I've been looking all day for it. Several companies produced that play—which do you mean? William Courtleigh, Jr.?

Betty's Admirer.—You should be guided by your admirations, rather than by your disgust. Yes, indeed, I do all my own mending. As ye sew, so also shall ye rip? You refer to Irene Rich. Write in again.

Miss Serious.—Three rings for you. Tell that to the marines. Constance Talmadge and Casson Ferguson in "The Shuttle" (Select). The Dolly sisters live in Brooklyn. So do we.

Sunshine Sue's Sister.—I cant tell you why some are more affectionate than others. Affection is the true difference between the agreeable and the beautiful. Oh, I'm *very* agreeable. Also very affectionate. Edna Hunter and Leslie Austere and Stuart Sage in "Two Little Imps." At this writing Mary Pickford hasn't signed up as yet.

JUNE CAPRICE FAN.—Kitty Gordon was born in England, 1878. My little vegetable garden in my back yard turned out great, thank you. All the crops appeared to be good this year. The only crop that bids fair to be a complete failure this year is the crop of sedition Germany tried to plant in this country. Send along the maple, please.

PEACHES.—That reminds me—when I was a young man, away back on February 16, 1862, General U. S. Grant replied to General Buckner: "No terms other than unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately upon your works." Ft. Donelson was accordingly surrendered to General Grant with more than fifteen thousand prisoners. Al Russell is the husband of Vola Vale. You read of her baby girl and thought she must have a husband. Quite true! You think Seena Owen and George Walsh must have been mated by angels. No, my dear; he was only a minister. No doubt. Yes, about Jack London.

INQUISITIVE ANN.—You say I'm witty—thanks. But I fear my wit is like the sole of a Chinese lady's foot, because brevity is the soul of it. In other words, it's mighty scarce. How old is Ann? The word *materialism* is made from matter and material, and means, more or less, the belief that matter is the all-important thing and mind is of less or no importance. What is mind? No matter. What is matter, never mind. Emmy Wehlen is Sylvia in "Sylvia on a Spree." Can you picture Emmy?

HARRIETT.—Women forgive injuries but never forget slights. Same applies to old men. I would like to hear from you again, but in a different tune. George Larkin played in "The Border Raiders" with Betty Compson. In "Hands Up" now.

LILLIAN P. B., TOLEDO.—You want to know the size of Charlie Chaplin's shoes, the length of Mary Miles Minter's real curls, the height of Douglas Fairbanks, the age of Wallace Reid, the kind of cold cream used by Marguerite Clarke, how many times Francis Bushman has been married, how many children Mary Pickford has, the size of Pauline Frederick's corsets and the size of her bust. Rebecca, fetch in the children, the board of health is coming! Wait until you see Mabel Normand in "A Perfect 36." Some splash! and some figger!

PETITE.—I'm telling you there's no barber shop in the Martha Washington Hotel, New York. Women dont shave—yet. Violet Palmer in "Rough and Ready." That was Lawrence Grant. There often seems to be an alliance between genius and poverty. I seem to have a fair supply of the latter, but the former is few and far between.

CAPTAIN MOLLY.—No, there is no way of preventing such acts, but there are only a few theater managers who advertise a picture in that way and then dont show it. You say all the Griffith players act in a nervous, jerky way, always bobbing their heads. Yes, there is that Griffith touch.

TALMADGE FAN.—I cant say whether Norma or Constance has the sweeter kiss. The dictionary says to salute with the lips, but I say a kiss is like a sermon or essay properly divided, because it requires an introduction, two heads and an application. Whew! Gol darn it, says I.

SWEET MARIE OF KY.—So you have been trying to write to me for the last two years. What's been keeping you? No, I never indulge in Clover Clubs, Bronxes or Manhattans. Buttermilk for mine. How could I forget you?

H. ZE D.—The favorite word with all women is the last one. And dont they always get it? They insist upon it. Conway Tearle. A picture of Eddie Polo soon. Be that as it may, but when literature is the sole business of life it becomes drudgery.

RO-ME-O.—A calumet is an Indian pipe. In olden times a treaty of peace with the red men would be ratified by smoking the calumet. Oh, yes, he is well read. But dont books associate us with the thinking and give us the material of thought? E. K. Lincoln and Dolores Cassinelli are playing in "Stars of Glory."

The Panther Woman

(*Continued from page 74*)

"of one day meeting *the* woman. When I left you—that day in Monterey . . ." then he paused, too.

"If you had come back . . ." I repeated. I couldn't say more.

He bent over me. I felt that he was going to kiss me, and I knew that he must not. I could dream of this—now—but if he kist me, who am Beverly's, I could dream no longer.

"Dont!" I said, and this time my voice was sharp and strident, ungirl-like, almost unwomanly. "Dont—I——" then I turned and fled into the green and silver shadows.

The next time I saw him I was standing by Beverly Peele's side. "Mr. Bourke, my wife," he said.

Garan Bourke looked at me. He said no word, but I stood, tried and convicted.

To live, to love and then to die . . . the ashes of a dream . . . are not . . . enough . . .

November—Later.

Since that night of the reception—of the public announcement—I have felt as one feels who lives upon a diet of stale and rotting fruit. I feel sick. I feel defrauded. I feel trapped. I am not living. I've not the strength to die. I sicken under Beverly's hot, miserable eyes, watching me, watching me . . . I sicken under the whole fabric I have wound about my body as a leper winds a cloth. Sometimes I cannot believe that I am I—that this has happened to *me!* It doesn't seem *fair.* I dreamed so high. I dreamed so clean. I builded castles whose white summits reached the feet of God. Then why, whence, by what tortuous byway have I come to *this?*

Beverly is insanely jealous of me. It is a repellent jealousy. He is jealous of my eyes that they see the faces of other men. He is jealous of my hands when they meet other hands. He is jealous of my voice lest it caress while it speaks. He is a sultan. He would shroud me in thick veils, then tear them from me, frantic at their clinging. He would obscure me. If it were not for the base gratification of himself I feel that he would annihilate me. I think he would be happy in my death. He would feel that he were safe. He is in torment, but it is a torment shorn of the dignity of pain. It is a suffering utterly undeified. It has not even the jungle quality of blood and fight—he watches and sickens—and sickens and *watches* . . .

December——

Garan Bourke . . . Garan Bourke . . . I write your name . . . and after I write it kiss what I have written . . . and know that I am getting all I have had of love . . . all I have had of life . . . but I persist . . . I write it again . . . kiss it again . . . and feel that I am rocked in strong green seas . . . and know the height of mountains swooning

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What else can you folks at home do? Of course that's the cry of the universe just now. Everyone is anxious to think of something new and novel to send to the khaki laddie at the front. And here it is! Just the thing to help an energetic, red-blooded American pass away his few spare moments. Make John Stanton's wish come true—and Charles Newton's.

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in the clouds . . . and feel the tang of pine . . . and breathe . . . and hope . . .

December———

What a pathetic thing hope is . . . the hope of a woman for love! It is the hope of a miracle . . . it is a mirage that will not die . . . but it is sad . . . sadder than ever it is glad . . .

January———

I have left Beverly Peele. Left him. *Left* him. I feel as tho I had washed in some miraculous fountain of perennial youth—as tho I were young again after being very old. We had a frightful scene. I was walking about the grounds and was overtaken by Hal's affianced. He was rather unpleasant. I escaped, and escaped—straight into Beverly. He went mad. He accused me. I felt that I had played the game, the whole game, according to the rules. I felt that even the dear dead could not decry me. After all . . . it was love for death. A bitter toll.

And now I am alone again . . . yet not so much alone as I have been. They are stirring about me again, those dear, dead dreams . . . their ghosts merely . . . but their perfumed cerements exhale as they move a rarely sweet perfume . . . dreams . . . one cannot feed on dreams alone . . . and live . . .

January———

I am starving—starving. I am famished. I am athirst. My heart is parched—and my soul is arid and sere as a leaf that blows in a gray November.

Everywhere I turn there is light, color, warmth, laughter. Everywhere I turn. But love cannot come to me unless it comes with *his* face, to touch me with his hands, to kiss me with his lips . . . love cannot come to me . . .

March———

Now I am really alone—Death and I. We are alone in a tiny cell . . . waiting . . . and waiting . . . he has me in his chill embrace . . . Death. His gray lips brush mine, his hands bear heavily upon my heart. It is a long tale. I feel that I should write it and then, after I am gone, he can read it—Garan Bourke can read it, and know that he was in my life the only thing, the single thing that made it worth the living. What was it I once said? To live, to love and then to die . . . and to me comes . . . the dying . . .

Ashes of roses . . . why couldn't the roses . . . be red?

But I must be chronological. I suppose—when one is wandering, somewhat lost, in the Valley of the Shadow, one lays stress upon the things which might not seem to matter otherwise . . .

Soon after I left Beverly Peele his father came to me. "Beverly is ill," he told me. "The boy is half frantic over the loss of you. You seem to have—obsessed him. Our physician declares that nothing short of peace of mind will affect a cure. I feel that I must, in his mother's name as well as my own, *plead* with you . . ."

He talked a great deal more—Beverly Peele's father. He has made talk an asset in his profession, which is that of accumulating millions. He sketched Beverly as quite pathetically changed. I felt that it was a form of duty. After all—a life to save. I did not figure on the value of the life. I thought, "Garan Bourke would go—if he were called." Just because it was so unpleasant I felt was the strongest argument in its favor. I went.

Beverly was indubitably ill. He was wretchedly ill. But he was Beverly none the less. His eyes followed me just the same—burningly, persistently. He made himself still worse by his hysterical reiterations that I had never loved him—never loved him—never loved him. He laid the blame for this lack on my part on the head of any helpless person he could call to mind. When he could attack me from no other angle he harried me with requests, with orders, with commands. I had stipulated that I would come back only in the capacity of a trained nurse, to be paid as such, to be treated as such.

I felt that every one in the house, excepting Hal, hated me and blamed me for the illness of Beverly. Particularly Honora Mairs. Her baby eyes were quite as bad as Beverly's. I felt, too, that she had come to hate him, who once had loved him. I felt that her passions were not like her eyes, infantile. I distrusted her.

One month after I had come back Beverly was found dead in his bed in the morning. Dead!

Of all mysteries, death is the last and greatest, because it is the most silent. It is there, and it is not there. It is tangible, and it is not tangible. Lips are there, but they are sealed. A riddle is there, but no solution. And it casts about it a mantle of isolated grandeur. Beverly, living, had been a source of anxiety, curdled affection or red hatred to everybody. Beverly dead was—to his parents at least—a white, sculptured martyr.

I was accused of the murder—an overdose of morphine. Honora Mairs, whose room communicated with mine, which in its turn communicated with Beverly's, swore that she saw me give the overdose. They put their heads together and every word I had ever said in that house was twisted and contorted till it showed a black, murderous face. I had once told them how I had nearly murdered my stepmother. Mrs. Peele remembered that, and dragged it forth, triumphantly. I could not blame her—he was her son, her own. I might have done no less. Hal, again, stood by me. If I were not to die I should like to live that I might repay her friendship in like coin. That is not to be.

For some reason or other I am not suffering. Sometimes I lose the sense of *why*—I feel, merely, the sense of strong

arms beneath me, bearing me up. Then I know. I know it is because Garan Bourke came to me and offered to be my defense. Thru the bars he took my hand. My eyes sought his. I know they held a prayer. I was numb, chilled, cold with the presagement of the impending. I wanted a word . . . a word . . .

"I believe in you," he said, "professionally and personally. I believe . . ."

He defended me—oh, he defended me. He defended me as a murderess and as a woman. He spoke as tho his soul had taken possession of his tongue. He spoke as a man speaks when he is fighting for that which he holds dearer than life—more immortal than death.

Honora Mairs was the only other potent factor in the courtroom. I was not potent because I was cold. Men do not care for cold. But I was cold—very, very cold. I was rigid. Honora Mairs was young—she drooped—she appealed—she was all wide eyes, all wistfulness, all tenderness and sorrow. The jurors are men. They are men.

He lost. Garan Bourke lost.

That is all I could think of—that he lost. It was *he* who lost, not I, since thru him I live—and without him I die. I am guilty, they say. Guilty.

The chair! The chair . . . end of all my dreaming . . . end of all my loving—last of all my living . . . but I rave . . . I have dreamed—but dreams are nothing when one comes to the end—I have never loved as I could love—I have never lived. To die—to die—starving—death before life—how can that be?

Garan Bourke came to me afterward. He took me in his arms. His face was terrible in its stark pity. He kist me, but there was no passion in his kiss. Death had chilled it before it had known life. "I shall save you—yet——" he whispered, close against my mouth. "I know you will," I said, and kist him, too—and there was tragedy, not love, in that embrace. Love—with Death beside holding up a hand.

Then I waited—just waited. I seemed to stand with my back to my dreaming—why had I dreamed so fair? I seemed to stand with my back to love—why could I love so deep? I seemed to stand with my back to life—and life could be so vital . . . and nearing me was Death . . . and I am hoping . . . he is . . . kind . . .

It is very lonely. We are very lonely, Death and I.

I am not ready for him yet.

I am too immature. Life has not yet had her will of me. He comes, an importunate bridegroom. I am not ready—not ready.

He is cold.

Oh, God, where are You? Where are You? It is so dark, so dark!

In the night I hear a weeping. Some poor wretch. Life exits awkwardly from these poor wreckages . . . Death takes a crude possession. How shall I die? How shall Death come to me? I have a sick fancy . . . I should like to

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The Motion Picture Magazine and **The Motion Picture Classic** will make an internationally famous screen player of the winner of this contest.

The contest is open to any young woman in the world, except those who have played or are playing prominent rôles in the films or on the stage. Contestants shall submit one or more portraits and, from the pictures entered, the judges will select the person whose beauty and personality seems best suited to the screen. Every contestant has an equal chance. There is absolutely no charge or fee of any kind.

The Motion Picture Magazine and **The Motion Picture Classic** will give two years' guaranteed publicity to the winner. This will include cover portraits in colors, special interviews, pictures, special articles, etc., publicity which could not be purchased at any price. **The Motion Picture Magazine** and **The Motion Picture Classic** will secure an initial position for the winner and other opportunities, if necessary. At the end of two years **The Motion Picture Magazine** and **The Motion Picture Classic** guarantee that the winner will be known thruout the civilized world.

JURY OF INTERNATIONAL NOTE

Next month **The Motion Picture Magazine** and **The Motion Picture Classic** will officially announce the jury of its Fame and Fortune Contest. This jury will include the foremost producers, painters and art authorities in this country.

Every fifteen days after December 1, the jury will pass upon the contestants' photographs, selecting the six best portraits submitted during that period. These honor roll pictures will be published in the subsequent numbers of **The Motion Picture Magazine** and **The Motion Picture Classic**. The duration of the contest will be announced later. Upon the closing of the contest the winner will be selected. It is possible that three or four leaders may be named and invited to come to New York for test pictures, after which the winner will be decided upon.

TERMS OF THE CONTEST

1. Open to any young woman in the world, except those who have already played prominent screen or stage rôles.
2. Contestants must submit a portrait, upon the back of which must be pasted a coupon from either **The Motion Picture Magazine** or **The Motion Picture Classic**, or a similar coupon of your own making.
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4. No portraits are to be submitted before December 1.

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Eyes (color).....Hair (color).....
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Complexion.....

go to him covered with white roses, dropping them as I go . . . and I should like him to tread upon them and stain his chill feet scarlet. He might grow . . . to . . . love me . . .

Garan Bourke has saved me!

May———

It is long since over now. As one wakes, stricken, from a nightmare hideous beyond coherent speech, so have I awakened. I have awakened and been comforted.

Garan Bourke saved me!

He suspected Honora Mairs all along—of, at least, complicity, or some foul knowledge. "One must always," he said, "take heed of a woman who loves—and is denied."

When all else failed he prevailed upon her father confessor to exhort her to confession. He was there. Honora is a Catholic before she is a woman. She confessed. She had seen—with her own eyes—Beverly Peele pour himself an overdose of morphia. She had seen it—and she had kept silence. By her stupid red love of him you may gauge her stupid red hate of me.

Garan broke the records of the railroad—got to me—brought my pardon—saved me—as they placed the cap about my head——

"The world forgetting, by the world forgot"—that is the paradise to which we are sailing—Garan Bourke and I—to live, to love, to gather us roses while we may—and then, together, to die when the glass runs out.

The Celluloid Critic

(*Continued from page* 47)

of the make-up of her little street singer of "Hearts of the World." But this time she is an American tomboy in a small Middle Western town who adopts a motherless baby and, aside from other adventures among the non-understanding villagers, prevents the hotelkeeper's guileless daughter from eloping with a villainous city slicker.

Miss Gish is all over the film. There is no other phrase to describe it. Still, she is funny at times and undoubtedly audiences will like the novelty of her. But a little of this characterization goes a long way. We hope for at least a subdued variation in the next Gish picture. The beautiful Katherine MacDonald is the innkeeper's daughter and badly miscast.

Louis K. Anspacher's "A Woman of Impulse" (Paramount), with Lina Cavalieri, proved to be decidedly weak. The star plays a prima donna wedded to an exceedingly jealous Spaniard. In defending herself from the advances of a young Southerner, she draws a dagger, stabs the man and faints. When she recovers the Southerner is dead. It subsequently develops that a mulatto girl, who loved the man, stabbed him while the prima donna was unconscious. (An old duplication of the "Kildare of Storm" story, this.) There is a palpably weak climax, in which the mulatto confesses without any apparent reason, except to end the drama happily. Old-fashioned direction and clumsy handling of the story make the creakiness of the plot very glaring.

Madge Evans, the juvenile world star, is to appear on the speaking stage in a Klaw and Erlanger production.

George Archambaud, former World Film director, is now a lieutenant in the United States field artillery.

How I Improved My Memory In One Evening

The Amazing Experience of Victor Jones

"Of *course* I place you! Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle.

"If I remember correctly—and I *do* remember correctly — Mr. Durroughs, the lumberman, introduced me to you at the luncheon of the Seattle Rotary Club three years ago in May. This is a pleasure indeed. I haven't laid eyes on you since that day. How is the grain business? And how did that amalgamation work out?"

The assurance of this speaker—in the crowded corridor of the Hotel McAlpin —compelled me to turn and look at him, though I must say it is not my usual habit to "listen in" even in a hotel lobby.

"He is David M. Roth, the most famous memory expert in the United States," said my friend Kennedy, answering my question before I could get it out. "He will show you a lot more wonderful things than that, before the evening is over."

And he did.

As we went into the banquet room the toastmaster was introducing a long line of the guests to Mr. Roth. I got in line and when it came my turn Mr. Roth asked, "What are your initials, Mr. Jones, and your business connection and telephone number?" Why he asked this, I learned later, when he picked out from the crowd the 60 men he had met two hours before and called each by name without a mistake. What is more he named each man's business and telephone number, for good measure.

I won't tell you all the other amazing things this man did except to tell how he called back, without a minute's hesitation, long lists of numbers, bank clearings, prices, lot numbers, parcel post rates and anything else the guests gave him in rapid order.

* * * *

When I met Mr. Roth again — which you may be sure I did the first chance I got—he rather bowled me over by saying, in his quiet, modest way:

"There is nothing miraculous about my remembering anything I want to remember, whether it be names, faces, figures, facts or something I have read in a magazine.

"*You can do this just as easily as I do.* Anyone with an average mind can learn quickly to do exactly the same things which seem so miraculous when I do them.

"My own memory," continued Mr. Roth, "was originally very faulty. Yes it was — a really *poor* memory. On meeting a man I would lose his name in thirty seconds, while now there are probably 10,000 men and women in the United States, many of whom I have met but once, whose names I can call instantly on meeting them."

"That is all right for you, Mr. Roth," I interrupted, "you have given years to it. But how about me?"

"Mr. Jones," he replied, "I can teach you the secret of a good memory in one evening. This is not a guess, because I have done it with thousands of pupils. In the first of seven simple lessons which I have prepared for home study, I show you the basic principle of my whole system and you will find it—not hard work as you might fear—but just like playing a fascinating game. I will prove it to you."

He didn't have to prove it. His Course did: I got it the very next day from his publishers, the Independent Corporation.

When I tackled the first lesson, I suppose I was the most surprised man in forty-eight states to find that I had learned—in about one hour—how to remember a list of one hundred words so that I could call them off forward and back without a single mistake.

That first lesson *stuck*. And so did the other six.

Read this letter from C. Louis Allen, who at 32 years became president of a million dollar corporation, the Pyrene Manufacturing Company of New York, makers of the famous fire extinguisher:

> "Now that the Roth Memory Course is finished, I want to tell you how much I have *enjoyed* the study of this most fascinating subject. Usually these courses involve a great deal of drudgery, but this has been nothing but pure *pleasure* all the way through. I have derived much benefit from taking the course of instructions and feel that I shall continue to strengthen my memory. That is the best part of it. I shall be glad of an opportunity to recommend your work to my friends."

Mr. Allen didn't put it a bit too strong.

The Roth Course is priceless! I can absolutely *count* on my memory now. I can call the name of most any man I have met before —and I am getting better all the time. I can remember any figures I wish to remember. Telephone numbers come to my mind instantly, once I have filed them by Mr. Roth's easy method. Street addresses are just as easy.

The old fear of forgetting (you know what that is) has vanished. I used to be "scared stiff" on my feet—because I wasn't *sure*. I couldn't remember what I wanted to say.

Now I am sure of myself, and confident, and "easy as an old shoe" when I get on my feet at the club, or at a banquet, or in a business meeting, or in any social gathering.

Perhaps the most enjoyable part of it all is that I have become a good conversationalist— and I used to be as silent as a sphinx when I got into a crowd of people who knew things.

Now I can call up like a flash of lightning, most any fact I want right at the instant I need it most. I used to think a "hair trigger" memory belonged only to the prodigy and genius. Now I see that every man of us has that kind of a memory if he only knows how to make it work right.

I tell you it is a wonderful thing, after groping around in the dark for so many years, to be able to switch the big searchlight on your mind and *see* instantly everything you want to remember.

This Roth Course will do wonders in your office.

Since we took it up you never hear anyone in *our* office say "I guess" or "I think it was about so much" or "I forget that right now" or "I can't remember" or "I must look up his name." Now they are right there with the answer— like a shot.

Have you ever heard of "Multigraph" Smith? Real name H. Q. Smith, Division Manager of the Multigraph Sales Company, Ltd., in Montreal. Here is just a bit from a letter of his that I saw last week:

> "Here is the whole thing in a nutshell: Mr. Roth has a most remarkable Memory Course. It is simple, and easy as falling off a log. Yet with one hour a day of practice, anyone—I don't care who he is—can improve his Memory 100% in a week and 1,000% in six months."

My advice to you is don't wait another minute. Send to Independent Corporation for Mr. Roth's amazing course and see what a wonderful memory you have got. Your dividends in *increased earning power* will be enormous. VICTOR JONES.

While Mr. Jones has chosen the story form for this account of his experience and that of others with the Roth Memory Course, he has used only facts that are known personally to the President of the Independent Corporation, who hereby verifies the accuracy of Mr. Jones' story in all its particulars.

SEND NO MONEY

So confident is the Independent Corporation, the publishers of the Roth Memory Course, that once you have an opportunity to see in your own home how easy it is to double, yes, triple your memory power in a few short hours, that they are willing to send the course on free examination.

Don't send any money. Merely mail the coupon or write a letter and the complete course will be sent, all charges prepaid, at once. If you are not entirely satisfied send it back any time within five days after you receive it and you will owe nothing.

On the other hand, if you are as pleased as are the thousands of other men and women who have used the course, send only $5 in full payment. You take no risk and you have everything to gain, so mail the coupon now before this remarkable offer is withdrawn.

FREE EXAMINATION COUPON

Independent Corporation

Division of Business Education, Dept. 5710, 119 W. 40th St., New York
Publishers of The Independent (and Harper's Weekly)

Please send me the Roth Memory Course of seven lessons. I will either remail the Course to you within five days after its receipt or send you $5.

Name .....

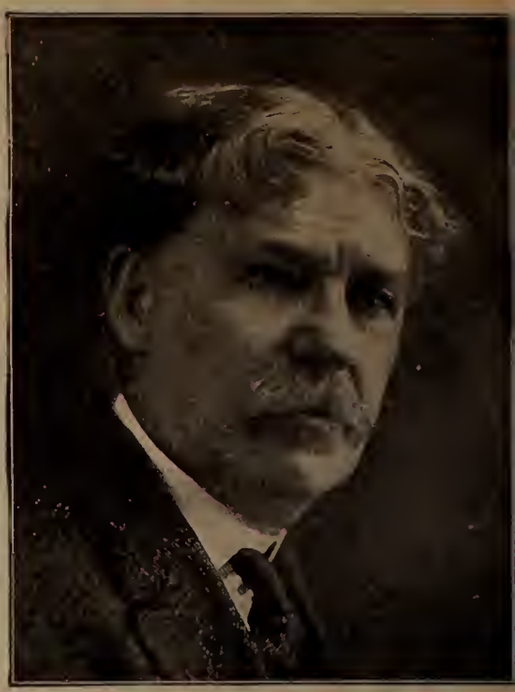
Address .....

.....

.....

FRANK CHANNING HADDOCK

$300,000 a Year Paid by Business Men For His Money-Making Advice



ONE hundred thousand people are paying this enormous sum for the help and advice of Prof. Frank Channing Haddock, a scientist whose name ranks with such famous mental-culturists and psychologists as Bergson, James and Royce. As a result of his help, these people are increasing their earnings by leaps and bounds.

Here are a few instances:

One man writes that a single day's study of Prof. Haddock's advice netted him $300. Another man says that, after reading Prof. Haddock's helps, his first week's profit was $897. A third man was helped to close a $2,000 deal which had been hanging fire for months. Still another man increased his sales from $200 a week to $7,500 a week. Another remarkable case is that of the young man who increased his earnings from $25 a week to $1,000 a week as a result of Prof. Haddock's advice.

And what sort of help does Frank Channing Haddock prescribe? He simply teaches men how to increase their will power. He maintains that the one outstanding weakness in every failure and in every partially successful man is a weak will power. He claims that, through disuse, our will power has become dormant to such an extent that when we want to use it we are unable to. It is just like a hinge that has grown rusty from lack of use—it won't swing when you want it to, even though that is its natural function.

Undoubtedly there are tens of thousands of men, who have every faculty necessary to success, yet who do not succeed. They plod along year after year earning but a bare existence. There are other men **with no greater knowledge** of business affairs, with no greater advantages of education, with no greater desire to win success, who become wealthy.

Prof. Haddock states that the difference between the successful man and the average man can be measured by the difference in their will power. Two men may have a million dollar idea. One man has the will power to put his idea across and the other hasn't. The brain capacity of each man is the same. One man has the force of mind to capitalize to the fullest extent what he knows, while the other is timid, afraid, lacking in self-confidence.

Is it any wonder that thousands of people every year ask for Prof. Haddock's advice on how to increase and capitalize their will power?

The secret of success is no secret at all—it is a **knack**. Once you learn the knack of turning all your efforts into money, your fortune is assured. And that knack is interpreted by thousands of people as Will Power.

Money is being made in practically every business on the face of the earth. Somebody is making it. You see it all around you. There is money in your business. If not, why do you stay in it? Isn't it because you are afraid—you haven't the will power to "take a chance" by changing jobs?

It is most probable, however, that there is money in the business in which you are engaged. But you are carrying out the will-power of others. You are making someone else wealthy, someone with more will power than you possess! Every year you learn more about your work, and you earn a few dollars more per week, but what does it amount to? What will you be earning five years from now, if you don't do something startling with your brain?

Hundreds of thousands have found that their will power is their one weak spot—is the one thing that had been holding them back. It may very likely be the one thing that is holding you back. Isn't it worth finding out, particularly at this trying time when only the men with strong dominating wills are able to forge ahead?

Prof. Haddock, after twenty years of research and study, has prepared a series of rules, lessons and exercises which are scientifically designed to develop the brain faculty called will power. These rules, lessons and exercises do for your will what physical exercises do for your muscles. They are mental gymnastics, yet they are amazingly simple and easy to perform. The very first day you begin to feel like a new being. There is a new light in your eye. There is a new determination in your soul. You feel that success is just within your reach and you are going to get it. You begin to look upon life from an entirely different angle. Obstacles that looked like mountains begin to look like tiny molehills.

These rules, lessons and exercises in increasing your will power, prepared by Prof. Frank Channing Haddock have been placed in book form by the Pelton Publishing Company. I am authorized to say that you need send no money in advance—that you may examine the book for five days free. In other words, if after five days reading, you do not feel that this book is worth $3, the sum asked, return it and you will owe nothing. When you receive your book for examination I suggest that you first read the articles on: the law of great thinking; how to develop analytical power; how to perfectly concentrate on any subject; how to guard against errors in thought; how to drive from the mind unwelcome thoughts; how to develop fearlessness; how to use the mind in sickness; how to acquire a dominating personality.

Some few doubters will scoff at the idea of will power being the fountainhead of wealth, position and everything we are striving for. But the great mass of intelligent men and women will at least investigate for themselves by sending for the book at the publisher's risk. I am sure that any book that has done for thousands—what "Power of Will" has done—is well worth investigating. It is interesting to note that among the 250,000 owners of "Power of Will" are such prominent men as Supreme Court Justice Parker; Wu Ting Fang, Ex-U. S. Chinese Ambassador; Lieut.-Gov. McKelvie, of Nebraska; Assistant Postmaster-General Britt; General Manager Christeson, of Wells-Fargo Express Co.; E. St. Elmo Lewis; Governor Arthur Capper, of Kansas, and thousands of others. In fact, today "Power of Will" is just as important, and as necessary to a man's or woman's equipment for success, as a dictionary. To try to succeed without Power of Will is like trying to do business without a telephone.

As your first step in will training, I suggest immediate action in this matter before you. It is not even necessary to write a letter. Use the form below, if you prefer, addressing it to the Pelton Publishing Company, 43-S Wilcox Block, Meriden, Conn., and the book will come by return mail. This one act may mean the turning point of your life, as it has meant to so many others.

You hold in your hand, this very minute, the beginning of a new era in your life. Over a million dollars has been paid by readers of "Power of Will" who sent for it on free examination. Can you, in justice to yourself, hesitate about sending in the coupon? Can you doubt, blindly, when you can see, without a penny deposit, this wonder-book that has won fortunes for so many readers and for which a million dollars has already been paid?

The cost of paper, printing and binding have almost doubled during the past three years, in spite of which "Power of Will" has not been increased in price. The publisher feels that so great a work should be kept as low-priced as possible, but in view of the enormous increase in the cost of every manufacturing item, the present edition will be the last sold at the present price. The next edition will cost more. We urge you to send in the coupon now.

PELTON PUBLISHING CO.
43-S Wilcox Block **Meriden, Conn.**

PELTON PUBLISHING CO.
43-S Wilcox Block, Meriden, Conn.

I will examine a copy of "Power of Will" at your risk. I agree to remit $3 or remail the book in 5 days.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....*State* .....

WALLACE MAC DONALD

Send the Coupon
-we'll send you
a Lachnite

Send no money. Just send us your name and address and we will send you, prepaid, on approval, a genuine Lachnite Gem mounted in a solid gold ring. These sparkling gems have the eternal fire of diamonds and are guaranteed forever. Select a ring from this advertisement. Wear it ten full days free. ***Then, if you can tell it from a diamond, send it back.*** If you decide to keep it you may pay for it in small monthly payments.

No. 7B 1410
This solid gold, ladies' solitaire is the essence of good taste. The Lachnite gem weighs about 1 carat.
Deposit with postman **$4.75**
Monthly payment... **2.50**
Total..... **18.75**

No. 7B 1409
The exact counterpart of a $300 diamond and platinum ring is this ladies' solid gold solitaire with 14k white gold crown. Lachnite about 1 ct.
Deposit with postman **$5.00**
Monthly payment... **2.50**
Total..... **19.75**

No. 7B 1404
Exquisite, hand engraved, solid gold, Royal Belcher mounting set with a brilliant Lachnite gem weighing about ¾ ct.
Deposit with postman **$5.00**
Monthly payment... **2.50**
Total..... **20.00**

No. 7B 1539
This solid gold, heavy, hand made, six prong, gentlemen's ring displays beautifully a flashing Lachnite gem weighing about 1 ct.
Deposit with postman **$5.50**
Monthly payment.. **2 75**
Total..... **22.00**

No. 7B 1504
The eight heavy prongs of this superb solid gold ring hold a brilliant Lachnite gem weighing about ¾ ct.
Deposit with postman **$4.75**
Monthly payment.. **2.50**
Total..... **18.75**

No. 7B 1517
Heavy weight, hand engraved, solid gold, aristocrat model ring, set with sparkling Lachnite weighing about 1ct.
Deposit with postman **$5.75**
Monthly payment.. **2.75**
Total..... **22.50**

Ten Days' Free Trial

Don't send a penny. Wear this beautiful 15-jewel, hand engraved, ladies' wrist watch ten days free. If you keep it, pay a small sum each month. Up to date, gold dial. Guaranteed high class movement. Watch and bracelet heavy gold filled, guaranteed more than twenty years. Shipped in handsome velvet case.

When the watch comes just deposit $5.00 with the postman. If, after ten days, you decide not to keep it, deposit will be refunded immediately. If you keep it, pay only $3.50 per month until $12.75 has been paid. Don't lose this chance. Send the coupon today.

Pay As You Wish

When the ring comes, just make the first small deposit with the postman. This is merely a deposit. If you send the ring back within ten days your deposit will be refunded immediately. If you keep it, the price list shows the small sum you pay each month.

Harold Lachman Co.
12 No. Michigan Avenue
Dept. 1559 **Chicago, Ill.**

Send postpaid, for ten days' free trial
Ring No.
Ladies' Wrist Watch
When it comes I will deposit $ ..... with the postman. After ten days' trial, I will either return the article and take my deposit back or I will keep it and pay you $ ..... a month until full price has been paid. I enclose my finger size.

Name .....

Address .....

Send the Coupon

Just send your name and number of the ring. Be sure to send your finger size. Cut a strip of paper that will just meet around the middle knuckle of your ring finger. Send coupon now for a Lachnite on 10 days' free trial.

HAROLD LACHMAN CO., Dept. 1559, **12 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.**

HEYWOOD STRASSER & VOIGT LITHO CO N Y

MOTION PICTVRE

CLASSIC

JUNE

20 ¢

MABEL JULIENE SCO

Send the Coupon
-we'll send you
a Lachnite

Send no money Just send us your name and address and we will send you, prepaid, on approval, a genuine Lachnite Gem mounted in a solid gold ring. These sparkling gems have the eternal fire of diamonds and are guaranteed forever. Select a ring from this advertisement. Wear it ten full days free. ***Then, if you can tell it from a diamond, send it back.*** If you decide to keep it you may pay for it in small monthly payments.

[redacted] No. 7B 3610

This solid gold, ladies' solitaire is the essence of good taste. The Lachnite gem weighs about 1 carat.

Deposit with postman	$4.75
Monthly payment	2.50
Total	18.75

[redacted] No. 7B 3739

This solid gold, heavy, hand made, six prong, gentlemen's ring displays beautifully a flashing Lachnite gem weighing about 1 ct.

Deposit with postman	$5.50
Monthly payment	2.75
Total	22.00

[redacted] No. 7B 3609

The exact counterpart of a $300 diamond and platinum ring is this ladies' solid gold solitaire with 14k white gold crown. Lachnite about 1 ct.

Deposit with postman	$5.00
Monthly payment	2.50
Total	19.75

[redacted] No. 7B 3704

The eight heavy prongs of this superb solid gold ring hold a brilliant Lachnite gem weighing about ¾ ct.

Deposit with postman	$4.75
Monthly payment	2.50
Total	18.75

[redacted] No. 7B 3604

Exquisite, hand engraved, solid gold, Royal Belcher mounting set with a brilliant Lachoite gem weighing about ¾ ct.

Deposit with postman	$5.00
Monthly payment	2.50
Total	20.00

[redacted] No. 7B 3717

Heavy weight, hand engraved, solid gold, aristocrat model ring, set with sparkling Lachnite weighing about 1 ct.

Deposit with postman	$5.75
Moothly payment	2.75
Total	22.50

No. 7B 3086

Ten Days' Free Trial

Don't send a penny. Wear this beautiful 15-jewel, hand engraved, ladies' wrist watch ten days free. If you keep it, pay a small sum each month. Up to date, gold dial. Guaranteed high class movement. Watch and bracelet heavy gold filled, guaranteed more than twenty years. Shipped in handsome velvet case.

When the watch comes just deposit $6.00 with the postman. If, after ten days, you decide not to keep it, deposit will be refunded immediately. If you keep it, pay only $3.00 per month until $24.00 has been paid. Don't lose this chance. Send the coupon today.

Pay As You Wish When the ring comes, just make the first small deposit with the postman. This is merely a deposit. If you send the ring back within ten days your deposit will be refunded immediately. If you keep it, the price list shows the small sum you pay each month.

Harold Lachman Co.
12 No. Michigan Avenue
Dept. A-155 **Chicago, Ill.**

Send postpaid, for ten days' free trial
Ring No. . . . . .
Ladies' Wrist Watch . . . . . .
When it comes I will deposit $. . . . . with the postman. After ten days' trial, I will either return the article to you and you are to return promptly every cent of my deposit or I will keep it and pay you $. . . . . a month until full price has been paid. I enclose my finger size

Name . . . . . .

Address . . . . . .

Send the Coupon

Just send your name and number of the ring. Be sure to send your finger size. Cut a strip of paper that will just meet around the middle knuckle of your ring finger. Send coupon now for a Lachnite on 10 days' free trial.

HAROLD LACHMAN CO., Dept. A-155, **12 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.**

How I Improved My Memory In One Evening

The Amazing Experience of Victor Jones

"Of *course* I place you! Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle.

"If I remember correctly—and I *do* remember correctly—Mr. Burroughs, the lumberman, introduced me to you at the luncheon of the Seattle Rotary Club three years ago in May. This is a pleasure indeed! I haven't laid eyes on you since that day. How is the grain business? And how did that amalgamation work out?"

The assurance of this speaker—in the crowded corridor of the Hotel McAlpin—compelled me to turn and look at him, though I must say it is not my usual habit to "listen in" even in a hotel lobby.

"He is David M. Roth, the most famous memory expert in the United States," said my friend Kennedy, answering my question before I could get it out. "He will show you a lot more wonderful things than that, before the evening is over."

And he did.

Of Course I Place You! Mr Addison Sims of Seattle

As we went into the banquet room the toastmaster was introducing a long line of the guests to Mr. Roth. I got in line and when it came my turn, Mr. Roth asked, "What are your initials, Mr. Jones, and your business connection and telephone number?" Why he asked this, I learned later, when he picked out from the crowd the 60 men he had met two hours before and called each by name without a mistake. What is more, he named each man's business and telephone number, for good measure.

I won't tell you all the other amazing things this man did except to tell how he called back, without a minute's hesitation, long lists of numbers, bank clearings, prices, lot numbers, parcel post rates and anything else the guests gave him in rapid order.

****

When I met Mr. Roth—which you may be sure I did the first chance I got—he rather bowled me over by saying, in his quiet, modest way:

"There is nothing miraculous about my remembering anything I want to remember, whether it be names, faces, figures, facts, or something I have read in a magazine.

"You can do this just as easily as I do. Anyone with an average mind can learn quickly to do exactly the same things which seem so miraculous when I do them.

"My own memory," continued Mr. Roth, "was originally very faulty. Yes it was—a really *poor* memory. On meeting a man I would lose his name in thirty seconds, while now there are probably 10,000 men and women in the United States, many of whom I have met but once, whose names I can call instantly on meeting them."

"That is all right for you, Mr. Roth," I interrupted, "you have given years to it. But how about me?"

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When I tackled the first lesson, I suppose I was the most surprised man in forty-eight states to find that I had learned in about one hour—how to remember a list of one hundred words so that I could call them off forward and back without a single mistake.

The first lesson *stuck*. And so did the other six.

Read this letter from Terence J. McManus, of the firm of Olcott, Bonynge, McManus & Ernst, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, 170 Broadway, and one of the most famous trial lawyers in New York:

> "May I take occasion to state that I regard your service in giving this system to the world as a public benefaction. The wonderful simplicity of the method and the ease with which its principles may be acquired, especially appeal to me. I may add that I already had occasion to test the effectiveness of the first two lessons in the preparation for trial of an important action in which I am about to engage."

Mr. McManus didn't put it a bit too strong. The Roth Course is priceless! I can absolutely *count* on my memory now. I can call the names of most any man I have met before—and I am getting better all the time. I can remember any figures I wish to remember. Telephone numbers come to mind instantly, once I have filed them by Mr. Roth's easy method. Street addresses are just as easy.

The old fear of forgetting (you know what that is) has vanished. I used to be "scared stiff" on my feet—because I wasn't *sure*. I couldn't remember what I wanted to say.

Now I am sure of myself, and confident, and "easy as an old shoe" when I get on my feet at the club, or at a banquet, or in a business meeting, or in any social gathering.

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On the other hand, if you are as pleased as are the thousands of other men and women who have used the course send only $5 in full payment. You take no risk and you have everything to gain, so mail the coupon now before this remarkable offer is withdrawn.

FREE EXAMINATION COUPON

Independent Corporation

Publishers of The Independent Weekly.

Dept. R-576, 119 West 40th St. New York

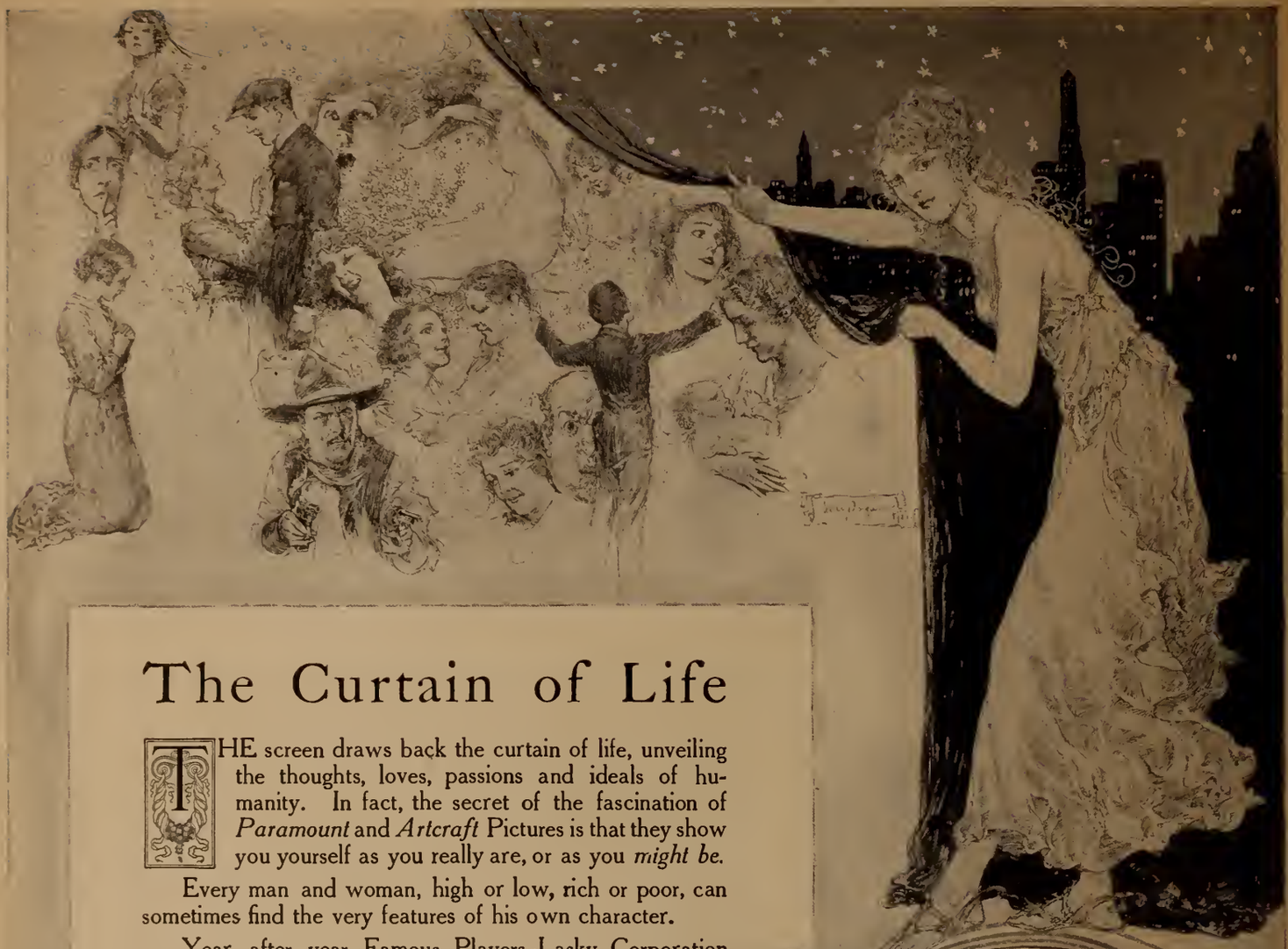
Please send me the Roth Memory Course of seven lessons. I will either remail the course to you within five days after its receipt or send you $5 in full payment of the course.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

..... M. P. Classic—6-19



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Paramount and Artcraft Stars' Latest Productions

Listed alphabetically, released up to April 30th. Save the list! And see the pictures!

Paramount

John Barrymore in "The Test of Honor"
*Enid Bennett in "The Law of Men"
Billie Burke in "Good Gracious Annabelle
Lina Cavalieri in "The Two Brides"
Marguerite Clark in "Let's Elope"
Ethel Clayton in "Pettigrew's Girl"
*Dorothy Dalton in "The Home-breaker"
Pauline Frederick in "Paid in Full"
Dorothy Gish in "Peppy Polly"
Lila Lee in "Rustling a Bride"
Vivian Martin in "Little Comrade"
Shirley Mason in "The Rescuing Angel"
*Charles Ray in "Greased Lightning"
Wallace Reid in "The Roaring Road"
Bryant Washburn in "Something to Do"

[*Paramount Artcraft Specials*

"Private Peat" with Private Harold Peat
"Little Women" *(from Louisa M. Alcott's famous book)* A Wm. A. Brady Production
"Sporting Life" A Maurice Tourneur Production
"The Silver King" *starring* William Faversham
"The False Faces" A Thos. H. Ince Production

Artcraft

Enrico Caruso in "My Cousin"
George M. Cohan in "Hit the Trail Holliday"
Cecil B. de Mille's Production "For Better, For Worse"
Douglas Fairbanks in "Arizona"
Elsie Ferguson in "Eyes of the Soul"
D. W. Griffith's Production "The Girl Who Stayed at Home"
*William S. Hart in "The Poppy Girl's Husband"
Mary Pickford in "Captain Kidd, Jr."
Fred Stone in "Johnny Get Your Gun"

Paramount Comedies

Paramount-Arbuckle Comedy "Love"
Paramount-Mack Sennett Comedies "The Foolish Age" "The Little Widow"
Paramount-Flagg Comedy "The Last Bottle"
Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew in "The Amateur Liar"

*Supervision of Thomas H. Ince

Paramount-Bray Pictograph—One each week
Paramount-Burton Holmes Travel Pictures—One each week

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THE

July Classic

For mid-summer THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC is assembling an ideal number—light, bright and vivacious, with several timely and absorbing articles to balance the July atmosphere.

Elliott Dexter—The able Paramount leading man is about to become a star. The July CLASSIC will present an up-to-the-minute chat with him.

June Elvidge—A breezy little interview, with special pictures, has been captured for the mid-summer number.

Louise Lovely—The lady with the chocolate eclair name makes interesting copy. You'll be absorbed in her personality story.

Gloria Swanson—Is anybody more interesting to film fans right now than Gloria? Here is the first heart-to-heart talk with one of the most promising of screen actresses.

and

A fascinating article about the **Martin Johnsons**, who are taking motion pictures to show to the cannibals of the South Seas. Besides a dozen or so other features, there will be an important announcement about **The Fame and Fortune Contest.**

along with

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THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC
175 Duffield Street **Brooklyn, N. Y.**

Vol. VIII JUNE, 1919 No. 4

CONTENTS OF MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

THE GIRL ON THE COVER

(Painted by Leo Sielke, Jr., from a Portrait by Lumière)

Mabel Juliene Scott was born in Minneapolis, of Norwegian and French parentage, to which may be traced her hardy Norse vigor and Parisian vivacity. She graduated from stock into vaudeville, where she attained considerable success. Then came motion pictures and her unusual hit as Necia in Rex Beach's "The Barrier." Miss Scott is at her best in portraying the outdoor type of primitive girlhood.

	PAGE
Gallery of Popular Players. Rotogravure studies of Bert Lytell, Irene Castle, Clara Kimball Young, Louise Huff and Wanda Hawley	11-15
What the Photoplay Might Do. Interesting suggestions from the able producer of the legitimate theater, Stuart Walker.....*Charles Jameson*	16
The Patrician of the Photoplay. Elsie Ferguson is a blending of fragile beauty and cerebric vigor....*Frederick James Smith*	18
Don Pedro de Cordoba. Of Spanish and French parentage is the fascinating leading man.....*Faith Service*	20
The Screen as a Repertoire Theater. Business methods of the films and stage interestingly contrasted.....*Kenneth Macgowan*	22
A Mansfield of the Follies. It's the glorious Martha....*C. Blythe Sherwood*	23
Standing Room Only. But Wyndham, being a huge Englishman, requires plenty of it.....*Barbara Beach*	24
A Star Who Really Did Her Bit. Edith Storey, who has been driving a war ambulance for many months.....*Harrison Haskins*	26
Redhead. Alice Brady's newest photoplay of a Titian-haired cabaret belle told in fiction form.....*Faith Service*	27
Shot at Dawn. A brief glimpse of Hazel.....*Aileen St. John-Brenon*	31
Who Put the True in Truex? Ernest and his home life.....*Esther Elvidge*	32
Those Shelby Girls. The daily life of Mary Miles Minter and her sister, Margaret Shelby.....*Fritzi Remont*	34
Summer in the New York Theaters. Interesting Moments on the Broadway Stage in the Month of June	36
The Gown Quest. The dress problem of a star, as told by Bessie Barriscale.....*Marie B. Schrader*	38
The Witness for the Defense. Short story related from Elsie Ferguson's newest photoplay of mystic India.....*Dorothy Donnell*	39
A Hale Fellow Well Met. Sur-r-re, in this case it's Creighton, who was born in Cork, Ireland.....*Sue Roberts*	43
The 1919 Bathing Girl Arrives. Introducing the Mack Sennett seaside favorites in their newest maritime poses	44
The Celluloid Critic. The latest photoplays in review..*Frederick James Smith*	46
The Luxurious Louise. The real Miss Glaum as she is beside her own fireside.....*Mary Keane Taylor*	48
Beauties From Every Land Enter Contest. The eighth honor roll of the Fame and Fortune Contest	50
The Man Who Turned White. Story based on H. B. Warner's first return-to-the-screen photoplay.....*Olive Carew*	52
The Extra Girl Almost Becomes a Cabaret Entertainer. The first Creighton Hale-June Caprice comedy in the making.....*Ethel Rosemon*	56
The Influence of June Upon a Mere Onion	57
Double Exposures. Humorous Comments Upon the Screen Plays and Players.....*Conducted by F. J. S.*	60
The Movie Encylopedia.....*The Answer Man*	83

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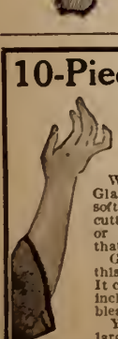

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Stage Plays That Are Worth While

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when these spoken plays appear in their vicinity.)

Astor.—Fay Bainter in "East Is West." The story of a quaint little Chinese maid who falls in love with a young American and, just when racial barriers seem insurmountable, turns out to be the daughter of a white missionary. Has all the ingredients of popular drama. Miss Bainter is picturesquely pleasing.

Belasco.—"Tiger! Tiger!" Edward Knoblock's powerful study of the primitive in man. The story of a British Member of Parliament and a cook—and a passionate love that brooks no obstacles. Frances Starr is admirable as the servant, while Lionel Atwill gives a tremendous performance of the Parliamentarian. Staged with all the admirable detail typical of a Belasco production. One of the really big things of the dramatic season.

Bijou.—"A Sleepless Night." Another farce written with the idea that nothing funny ever happens outside a bedroom. The usual in and out of bed piquancy, being the tale of a guileless young woman who decides to be unconventional and pink-pajamaed at any cost. Ernest Glendinning and William Morris admirable. Peggy Hopkins is the lady in question.

Broadhurst.—"39 East." A charming comedy founded on a boarding school romance in which many interesting characters make love-making difficult for a pair of young lovers.

Cohan's.—"A Prince There Was." George M. Cohan in an interesting rôle of a very entertaining comedy. He plays at a literary game in which hearts are trumps—and wins.

Comedy.—"Toby's Bow." A delightful comedy in which Norman Trevor proves that he is a very fascinating actor.

Criterion.—"Three Wise Fools." Austin Strong's human little drama of three crusty old bachelors who are bequeathed a young woman and who are subsequently rejuvenated. Melodrama with a heart throb. Helen Menken gives a striking performance of the nerve-racked heroine while Claude Gillingwater is a delightfully testy old Teddy Findley.

Empire.—"Dear Brutus." Written with all of Barrie's whimsical insight into the human heart. What would you do with a second chance? Barrie takes his characters to an enchanted wood of the might-have-been, where they reveal what would have happened had they taken another road. Here is a scene of the rarest sentiment. William Gillette gives a compelling and haunting performance, while Helen Hayes plays the daughter who might have been with superb humanness, and the remainder of the cast is admirable, particularly the statuesque Violet Kemble Cooper. Tasteful staging, especially the magic wood.

Henry Miller.—"Mis' Nelly of N' Orleans." Mrs. Fiske in a new comedy of moonshine, madness and make-believe, in which she again proves herself to be one of the greatest of comédiennes. Excellent cast, notably Irene Haisman, who seems to have picture possibilities.

Hippodrome. — The newest production, "Everything," lives up to its title. It is a maze of varied attractions, ranging from dainty Belle Storey to scores of remarkable roller skaters and a stage full of tumbling Arabs.

Knickerbocker.—"Listen, Lester." Lively, dancy show with considerable humor, thanks to clever Johnny Dooley. Excellent aid is given by Gertrude Vanderbilt, Clifton Webb, Ada Lewis, Ada Mae Weeks and Eddie Garvie.

Longacre.—"Three Faces East." Another Secret Service-German spy drama, this one by Anthony Paul Kelly, one of our most successful photoplaywrights. The principal charm of this play is in trying to guess who are the German spies and who are the Allies, just as we were puzzled in "Cheating Cheaters" to know who were burglars and who were not.

Lyceum.—"Daddies." Appealing little drama of three bachelors who adopt Belgian war babies. Amusing complications occur when the children develop along unexpected lines. Jeanne Eagels is quaintly pleasing in the leading rôle.

Lyric.—"The Unknown Purple." Interesting and well sustained thriller. The story of a convict who discovers a way to make himself invisible, transforming into a purple ray, and who starts out to get revenge. The invisible man steals necklaces, opens safes and passes thru doors. Richard Bennett gives a vigorous performance of the human ray.

Morosco.—"Cappy Ricks." A capital comedy with Tom A. Wise in a capital rôle which he plays capitally with a capital C. The company might be better and handsome William Courtenay more sincere, but, for a' that, the play is good.

Playhouse.—"Forever After." Alice Brady in a play of youthful love which endures despite many obstacles. Excellently acted thruout. It charms its audience into living once again the violent joys and heart-aches of youth.

Republic.—"The Fortune Teller." An interesting play that comes in like a lion and goes out like a lamb. Marjorie Rambeau does some really wonderful acting, the best seen in New York in years. Rest of cast not in her class and play is weak in last act.

Shubert.—"Good-Morning, Judge." Light musical show adapted—remotely—from Sir Arthur Wing Pinero's "The Magistrate." Built around the farcical efforts of a magistrate to escape a raid on a lively café, thus being arraigned in his own court. The de luxe doll, Mollie King, is featured, and her brother, Charlie King, and George Harrell contribute excellent first aid.

Vanderbilt.—"A Little Journey." The comical experiences of a dozen or more interesting travelers on a Pullman which is finally wrecked. Excellent cast.

ON THE ROAD.

"The Net." An unusually good drama, well played. Montagu Love is now appearing in this melodrama.

"The Riddle: Woman," with Bertha Kalich. Problem drama from the Danish. Ladies with "pasts," a he-vampire and much emotionalism. Kalich gives a picturesque if artificial performance, while Chrystal Herne and A. E. Anson make the most of their rôles.

"The Marquis de Priola." Leo Ditrichstein in the best play he has done since "The Great Lover," and in a somewhat similar part. His acting is splendid. While it is too bad to make the conquering of women the theme for a play, and a hero out of such a perfidious reprobate as the marquis, the play is so fine that we forgive its naughtiness for its art.

"Roads of Destiny." Channing Pollock has devised an old drama from the O. Henry story. No matter what path one takes, the ultimate result is the same, is the philosophy of the drama. Florence Reed is admirable in three widely contrasted rôles.

"The Betrothal," Maurice Maeterlinck's sequel to "The Blue Bird." Superb production of a drama rife with poetic symbolism and imaginative insight. Remarkably beautiful series of stage pictures. Excellent cast, with Reginald Sheffield as Tyltyl.

"The Saving Grace." Delightful English comedy by Haddon Chambers, brilliantly played by Cyril Maude as a cashiered British army officer trying to get back in the big war.

"Old Lady 31." Rachael Cruthers' successful and human comedy of an old couple who find themselves face to face with the almshouse. Effie Ellsler in Emma Dunn's rôle; remainder of cast is the original New York company.

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Things to Look Forward to

The July Motion Picture Magazine

The next issue of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE will be brimful of beautiful pictures, worth-while articles, fascinating stories and news notes covering the entire theatrical field.

Among the specially written articles are:

PEARL WHITE

This is a genuine gem of a story showing for the first time Pearl White as she really is.

FOR THE BRIDE

A complete pictorial lay-out of present-day fashions which will show those happy, little, anticipatory brides all over the country just how to select a trousseau that will be up-to-the-minute in New York fashions.

THRU THE LOOKING-GLASS

Haven't you often wondered just what foreign nations thought of us, our arts and enterprises? In this remarkable article, the FRENCH viewpoint regarding American films is entertainingly told.

MARC MACDERMOTT

Every picture fan will be delighted with this new interview with a favorite who has remained popular from the early film days.

SOLVING THE DOMESTIC PROBLEM

Alice Joyce will tell just how to accomplish this difficult feat, in the July MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

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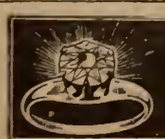

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DEATH OF SIDNEY DREW.

Sidney Drew died at his home, 876 Park Avenue, New York City, on April 9. Death was due to a combination of ailments. The Drews had been playing in their stage production, "Keep Her Smiling," on tour, being forced to close in Detroit when Mr. Drew was brought home for treatment.

Mr. Drew's fatal illness, in a large measure, at least, was due to the death of his son, Sidney Rankin Drew, who gave his life as a member of the famous Lafayette Flying Squadron in France. Mr. Drew bore up bravely under the shock, but the pain was there. In a CLASSIC interview last December he said: "It does hurt to realize that the last of the Drews is dead, that the name of Drew will die with my generation. But it is good to know that Rankin died better than any Drew has ever lived or died."

The screen owes a great deal to Mr. Drew, whose influence, coming at a psychological moment, uplifted film comedy to a remarkable degree. Mr. Drew believed that the screen needed the best—and he stuck to his standards. Moreover, he brought the best traditions of the stage to the films. A foster brother of John Drew, a foster uncle of Ethel, John and Lionel Barrymore, and the last of a long line of players, he brought an honored and distinguished name to the photoplay. It is probable that no other single influence has done more to elevate the art of screen playing. The photoplay loses not only a splendid comedian in Mr. Drew, but a leader and a pioneer in all that is finest histrionically.

Behind the Screen

Robert Gordon, fresh from U. S. A. service, has been re-engaged by Commodore J. Stuart Blackton for a forthcoming production, in which Sylvia Breamer will also appear.

Evelyn Greeley is now a full-fledged World Film star. Previously she has co-starred. Carlyle Blackwell is said to have left World Film.

Maurice Tourneur is now at work in Culver City, Cal., on "Romany Rye," with Jack Holt, Lew Cody, Pauline Starke, Seena Owen, Tully Marshall and Wallace Beery in the cast.

Katherine MacDonald now heads her own producing company with a studio in Los Angeles. "The Thunderbolt" is the first production, with Thomas Meighan, Forrest Stanley, Spottiswood Aiken and Adda Gleason in the support of Miss MacDonald. Colin Campbell is the director.

Work is progressing rapidly on the S. L. Rothapfel unit programs. Harry Mestayer and Grace Darling play the leads in his first feature play.

Jesse L. Lasky has purchased William Gillette's "Too Much Johnson," Louis Joseph Vance's "The Black Bag," and James Fagan's "Hawthorne of the U. S. A.," played on the stage by Douglas Fairbanks. Wallace Reid will film "The Black Bag."

Dorothy Phillips has renewed her Universal contract, her present arrangement terminating in February, 1921.

Frederick L. Collins, president of McClure Productions, Inc., and publisher of *McClure's Magazine*, is in Europe.

Richard A. Rowland, president of Metro, has been visiting at the Coast Metro studios.

Eugene Mullen, recently scenario editor of Vitagraph, is now in charge of the Universal Coast script department.

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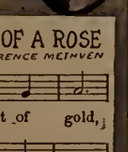

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BERT LYTELL

Lytell is a Herbert Brenon discovery and he made his first hit as the dashing, reckless hero of Mr. Brenon's "The Lone Wolf." Now he's a Metro star. Bert had a long stage career before he went into the films, his last appearance being in "Mary's Ankle."

IRENE CASTLE

Ira L. Hill

Irene Castle has returned to the screen with Paramount after doing her bit in the world war. Mrs. Castle has resolved never to dance again, since she could never find a partner equal to her Vernon. But film fans are satisfied that the vivid young woman who established her skill in a number of Pathé productions is back on the silversheet again.

CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG

Witzel

Miss Young has been a screen luminary since she first flashed into meteoric success under J. Stuart Blackton's developing hand at old Vitagraph. Miss Young has been on the stage since she was a kiddie, her parents being well-known players. Miss Young is now a foremost Select star.

Campbell

LOUISE HUFF

Miss Huff was born in Columbus, Ga., but her folks soon moved to New York. With her sister, Justina, she longed for a stage career. "Ben Hur" was one of her first engagements and, after considerable experience in stock, she joined the Lubin forces. Later she was a Paramounter and now she is a World star.

Witzel

WANDA HAWLEY

Wanda is now a figure to be reckoned with on the screen. Her hits in "Old Wives for New" and "We Cant Have Everything," proved that fact. Once she was known in the films as Wanda Petit. But folks began to make puns about the name and Wanda changed her cognomen.

What the Photoplay Might Do

By CHARLES JAMESON

PROBABLY no one is better fitted to talk of imagination on the stage or screen than Stuart Walker. For a long time a lieutenant of that master of stagecraft, David Belasco, Mr. Walker has since attracted world-wide attention with his Portmanteau Theater.

Mr. Walker's Portmanteau Theater has been an institution of singularly lofty ideals. To it America is largely indebted for its knowledge of Lord Dunsany, whose colorful little dramas of gods and men combine beauty, satire, imagery and tremendous dramatic suspense. All of Mr. Walker's productions have been marked by the real spirit of the new stage art, which is at once simple, imaginative and spirited. Aside from all this, he has developed a repertoire company of striking excellence.

"Perhaps it is presumptuous of me to even discuss the photoplay," says Mr. Walker, "because I know so little of the way in which it is built. It is very easy to point to something and say it is wrong. But men who have spent years and millions in a business may have a very good reason for doing that very thing in exactly that way.

"It is not that I have seen few photoplays. I can once recall quite detesting

Upper left, Stuart Walker and a model of his Portmanteau Theater, showing how stage settings are designed. The final set is built from the miniature

Left, A scene from Mr. Walker's production of "The Book of Job," with George Gaul as Job of the Biblical land of Uz

them. That was before I went into one of your de luxe movie houses and heard a symphony orchestra play Massenet, after which came a singularly beautiful scenic film with quotations from Rupert Brooke and finally a drama with no little imagination.

"But most of all I have found that screen producers are afraid to do anything new. They have developed a set series of things to portray a set series of emotions and they put every story thru that identical mill. For instance, there is the chase, with its many variations, as a means of attaining suspense.

"It isn't that screen producers lack imagination. They frequently reveal brilliant flashes of it. *But they are afraid to carry their imagination to its logical conclusion.* They wander back into the groove of set situations, believing somehow that audiences demand that and can understand nothing else.

"I recall one vivid instance of this, a picture called 'The Cruise of the Make-Believe.' That little make-shift ship of boards, boxes and barrels in the sordid tenement backyard was a blinding flash of imagination, but the director—or was it the scenario writer?—pulled himself away from it with fearsome rapidity. I heard people around me say they would like to

(*Continued on page 77*)

Top, Another view of Mr. Walker's stage setting for "The Book of Job," with Margaret Mower and Elizabeth Patterson at the right and left as Narrators and Mr. Gaul (*center*) as Job talking with the three men from Uz.

Right, Mr. Walker's presentation of Lord Dunsany's "The Laughter of the Gods," with McKay Morris as the king and Margaret Mower as the queen

The Patrician of the Photoplay

The delicacy and fragility of Miss Ferguson's beauty do not quite prepare one for her cerebric vigor. Miss Ferguson can—and does—think. And these are not the thoughts of a butterfly, but the mental reactions of a sincere student of humanity

© Ira L. Hill

Louis XV never had more uninterested thoughts of the future than we. What of the stars waiting to be interviewed in 1920 or 1921? Have we not just chatted with Elsie Ferguson—for a whole evening—by the gorgeous fireplace of her gorgeous Park Avenue home? Can we ever hope for a greater esthetic thrill?

Interviews may come and interviews may go, but never will we forget our picture of Miss Ferguson gazing into the crackling flames. The patrician poise, the laughter in her quizzical blue eyes, the saucy tilt of her nose as the flames played upon her beauty, the black velvet evening gown with the one touch of color, a crimson rose.

There were dozens and dozens of roses gracing the grand piano. And, tossed over a chaise-longue, was a rich tapestry purchased that morning—a tapestry of fabulous cost woven with infinite care some four hundred years ago in a dark and gloomy monastery by painstaking monks who little wotted of the movie future.

Miss Ferguson, anent the tapestry, whimsically admitted her possible extravagance, at least her love of the luxuries of life. "What would life be without them?" she asked, with a delicate little shrug. But Miss Ferguson is not a *poseure*. Unless possibly in her graciousness to a mere interviewer. At least there is no pose in her directness. She expresses her likes and dislikes without trying to gild them. There is no affectation in her manner. She has not forgotten her own struggles. The delicacy and the fragility of Miss Ferguson's beauty do not quite prepare one for her cerebric vigor. Miss Ferguson can—and does—think. And these are not the thoughts of a butterfly, but the mental reactions of a sincere student of humanity.

"The stage rôle dearest my heart was that of the little struggler against fate in

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

'Outcast,'" she says, "because it carried a message to those young women who are fighting their fight everywhere—in the city's hall bedrooms and the streets. That is why, of all my screen rôles, I care most for the girl in 'The Rise of Jenny Cushing.' There was another struggler who fought her way to happiness. I care most about expressing some sort of message toward the betterment of society."

Miss Ferguson does not talk of her mission with awe. She merely wants to help others just a little. She has too much of a sense of humor to consider her art too seriously.

For instance, in discussing a certain leading man, she remarked: "He's unyielding—when he embraces you he doesn't give an inch. And it's awfully hard to be embraced like that!"

Of her screen experiences Miss Ferguson talks interestingly. "At first I was frightfully confused," she confesses. "I shall never forget my state of mind during the making of 'Barbary Sheep.' Then I came to care deeply for the films. Next came another disturbed period of confusion, with the frequent changes of directors which

Miss Ferguson credits her whole development to the stage rather than the screen. "One does not develop in the studio," she says. "The necessary method of doing disjointed scenes here and there from the photoplay prevents a genuine living of the character. On the stage you play a character straight thru for many nights. It grows, expands, mellows—and you develop with it"

seem a part of photoplay making. Then, too, I took it upon myself to say a good deal about the selection of my vehicles, and I made a number of bad choices. 'Heart of the Wild,' for instance.

"I had wanted to do that because I had played 'Pierre of the Plains' on the stage. But when I came to do 'Heart of the Wild,' based on that play, I found that I had changed. I was young, undeveloped, fired with extreme youth when I played Jen behind the footlights, but when I came to do her on the screen I found that I had developed. I could no longer feel her ingenuous view of life."

Miss Ferguson credits her whole mental development to the stage rather than the screen. "One does not develop in the studio," she says. "The necessary method of doing disjointed scenes here and there from the photoplay prevents a genuine

(*Continued on page 87*)

© Ira L. Hill

Don Pedro de Cordoba

You know what to expect in a motion picture studio, dont you? The lights and the props and the dust and the sound of hammerings, shouts, commands, the grinding of the camera, the shiftings, the inevitably waiting groups of actors, weird or natural, the desultory, staring onlookers, the occasional blasé child. The reek of the grease-paint, the scrambling carpenters, the glimpses of ornate reception-rooms, palm gardens and conservatories. These are the things of a studio.

I went to the Talmadge studio to interview Norma Talmadge's new leading man, Pedro de Cordoba. Perhaps you have seen him with Farrar on the screen and with Elsie Ferguson. Perhaps you saw him with Marjorie Rambeau in "Where Poppies Bloom." *I* saw him in Russian habiliments but with the manifest spirit of old Spain, only I wasn't certain it *was* Spain until he told me so.

There is a reason for everything in this world which is essentially reasonable in its fundamentals. There is a very good and sufficient reason for the Castilian atmosphere of de Cordoba, which reminds me that I wish you might hear him pronounce his own name. It is soft, slurring, infinitely musical and magical. You see, Don Pedro's —I simply cannot dull the magic of his birthright by affixing a horrible *mister* to him, not after hearing that name in the Spanish tongue—Don Pedro's parentage

Photo C. Smith Gardner, N. Y.

De Cordoba's parentage was fascinating. His mother was a true Parisienne, dainty, dark, vivacious. His father was a Spaniard, born in Camaguey in Cuba. Pedro was born in New York, in the shadow of the Metropolitan Opera House. Above is a portrait of de Cordoba and, at the left, is a glimpse of Pedro with Director Chet Withey and Norma Talmadge doing "The New Moon" at Lake Saranac, N. Y.

was fascinating. His mother was a true Parisienne, dainty, dark, vivacious. His father was a Spaniard, born in Camaguey in Cuba. Spain . . . and Paris. The deep, dark, splendid glow of ripe old wine, mellow old wine, storied old wine and the swift exquisitude of the champagne of Paris, evanescent and jeweled . . . and de Cordoba . . . with *both* blent within his veins. It made it seem so stupid and phlegmatic to be born just plain, everyday American—so obvious, so sort of monotonous.

Of course, de Cordoba was *born*

By FAITH SERVICE

Photo C. Smith Gardner, N. Y.

here, too. In the shadow of the Opera House, where his infant lullabies were arias from Faust and Marguerite or overtures from Tristan and Isolde. Where, too, his small desire to be an operatic star grew and grew apace with his great abiding love of music. *"Concert* music now," he added, "classical music, it is, I might say, my passion."

De Cordoba looks his parentage. Probably a great deal more the Spaniard than the Parisian. He is too serious for Paris, too slow in his movements, too inscrutable in his smile and his eyes which are sad. Paris speaks occasionally in his smile, his smile which is humorous, even light. More, he has that subtle, inscrutable charm of older civilizations than ours, older legends, older mythologies. He has that instinctive wisdom which has come from beauty touched with decadence. He has that atmospheric richness born of the Old World, specifically of old Spain.

There is an inescapable atmosphere . . . the bravado of toreadors waving a bunting of scarlet . . . murmurings and secrecies under lichened cathedral walls . . . the old cathedral Ibanez has written of . . . shy doñas draped in mantillas of black lace caught at the breast with a crimson, scattering rose . . . courtyards where vivid hibiscus flowers come to a flagrant maturity only to die away, and green and orange lizards sun under fountains

(*Continued on page 77*)

De Cordoba is a good deal more the Spaniard than the Parisian. He is too serious for Paris, too slow in his movements, too inscrutable in his smile and his eyes, which are sad. There is an inescapable atmosphere of the bravado of toreadors. *Right,* a scene from "The New Moon" with Miss Talmadge and Don Pedro

The Screen as a Repertoire Theater

By KENNETH MACGOWAN

You hear very little today of the old battle of the stage *versus* the screen. Mrs. Fiske asserts that Charles Spencer Chaplin is a great artist, and Walter Prichard Eaton admits that Griffith knows his business. Also scenario writers, moving picture press-agents and too enthusiastic young critics have got over announcing the demise of the legitimate. The stage will recover. And so will the screen.

But there is still a *versus* worth *versusing*—the organization of the stage *versus* the organization of the screen. It is worth thinking about, because the business organization of any art or any industry has its effect on the quality and price of the product. Thinking wont change these things. Economic forces will attend to that. But it never hurts to have an intelligent audience on the side-lines of evolution.

There are two kinds of theater organizations—America's and Europe's. America's is bad. Most of Europe's is—or was—good, some of it perfect. America puts on plays in New York or Chicago for long runs. The cost of putting them on is multiplied by the fact that everything from actors and scenery to company managers and stage hands is hired or made for just that one production and discharged or scrapped if it is a failure. That means high prices for all these things—a sort of accident insurance. If the play is either great enough or commonplace enough to appeal to about 200,000 New Yorkers, it lives and goes out on the road and makes money, lots of it. And all the other producers try to produce one like it. Nobody is making any money out of the play that only 50,000 of us want to see.

Over in Europe, before the war, they had a kind of theater that served both publics, the wholesale and retail. It was the repertory theater—our old stock company with modern improvements. Actors and scenery and managers and stage hands all worked together, the whole season thru, in a single theater. They put on a dozen new plays in that one theater, and kept a dozen old ones alive, at just about half what we pay for a single "success" and three or four failures. Audiences got to know their theaters and managers and actors and were able to depend on them to always give them a certain quality of entertainment. There theaters and artists were as dependable as the old Triangle or Griffith or Chaplin. Three or four nights in the week some big new success was running. Another night was given up to some standard drama for the minority—Ibsen or Shaw. On a couple of other nights Shakespeare or a play of three or four seasons ago was to be seen. Each got its own audience and helped the others. There are advantages in all this—financial and artistic—that we cant touch over here. Even our specialized "type" actor isn't to be compared with the rounded player of the Continent who has had a dozen different parts to play each year.

What about the screen? Well, at various times the screen has come pretty close to a lot of the good points of the repertoire theater. Different as it is in principle—making a single film production and then sending copies all over the land—and badly worked out as many phases of its business organization still are, the screen has, or may have, curious points of resemblance to the best type of theater management.

The movies fall behind often enough—even behind our Broadway methods. Screen-blight, for instance, is written all over the movies' star system. The stage keeps the mere personality in its place much better than it used to. Well-rounded productions are apt to be the big stage successes today, replacing the star plays of a few years back. The movies stick to the star. They stick to it even tho Griffith and Tucker and De Mille have shown that the photoplay's the thing. For the star is about the only sign-post that the public has yet learnt to recognize as a guide to the probable merits of any of the hundreds of fly-by-night films.

(*Continued on page 71*)

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It is unfortunate that the stock company—the basis of the cheapness and expertness of the repertoire theater's acting—should have partially disappeared from the studios.

You hear very little today of the old battle of the stage *versus* the screen. Mrs. Fiske asserts that Charles Spencer Chaplin is a great artist—and peace is in the air

A Mansfield of the Follies

By C. BLYTHE SHERWOOD

Martha Mansfield alternates between the Ziegfeld Frolics and the motion picture studios. She is best known on the screen for her work as leading woman for Max Linder several years ago

THE day before I interviewed Martha Mansfield I went to Alfred Cheney Johnston for some photographs.

"Martha?"—he began, his face lighting up—"Martha? You'll just love Martha. She is so frail. She *is* an exquisite pastel. You cant connect Martha with the theater at all. She is sweet, and fine, and dainty—a fragile flower."

I believed all this until the next morning.

When the Mansfield door opened.

And she stood in front of me.

Not smiling.

But *laughing.*

And wearing a sports costume.

Of the gayest color.

And revealing from under a hat.

Hair.

More dazzling than any bonnet.

And greeting: "I'm so glad you came just when you did. Because if you had not arrived at this minute, I should have gone for my walk."

We went inside. The living-room was cheerful and cozy. Miss Mansfield did not sink into the divan, but crossed her legs on the piano bench.

I didn't really mean to spy. But the odor of flowers attracted my attention to look in their direction, and behind them I saw some interesting books, and in back of the volumes, in state, stood the photograph of Hazel Dawn, and high above the Dawn hung a Leyendecker poster, and, in a direct angle, pointing to the other corner of the room, peeped a hockey stick.

"Skate?" query *au naturel.*

"No," illuminatory smile. "Not now. I like swimming and I

(*Continued on page 76*)

Photos by Alfred Cheney Johnston

Standing Room Only

By BARBARA BEACH

Above, Mr. Standing in "Rose of the World" with Elsie Ferguson; *upper left*, an off-screen glimpse during the filming of "Eyes of the World"; *center*, a snapshot during the making of "The Witness for the Defense"; and, *below*, talking with Warner Richmond at the Fort Lee, N. J., ferry

WYNDHAM STANDING has no excuse for not being a good actor; in fact, he only followed the course of least resistance when he became one.

Nevertheless, it required the combined efforts of two press-agents, one wife, a studio manager and a star for me to obtain an appointment that I might discover the reason for his dramatic existence.

When his star, Elsie Ferguson, providentially took it into her pretty head to steal a day's vacation from finishing "The Witness for the Defense," Mr. Standing's wife dutifully repeated my plea that he give THE CLASSIC some recognition, and the studio manager said he could have the day off. The press-agent told him the office wanted him, the office publicity manager begged him to spend his holiday within the portals of their marble Manhattan office building ready to tell a 'phone-worn reporter the story of his life, then, and not until then . . .

I found myself confronting a sleekly groomed but somewhat embarrassed giant.

He looked for all the world like a hale and hearty Englishman. His voice in greeting was resonant and firm, his hand large, vivid-gripping and welcoming. There was an amused twinkle in his pale blue eyes.

At once the thought came to me of an English squire standing before an open door thru which came the fragrant warmth of blazing logs,

of a beckoning dining-room, whose table groaned with steaming roast beef and Yorkshire pudding.

The impression remained vividly, even as I mentally praised the Famous Players-Lasky Company for having furnished their offices with a huge, softly cushioned davenport. For Wyndham Standing is the comfortable sort of a person who belongs in big chairs. Altho he wears spats, a yellow overcoat and carries a cane, I have a suspicion that he cherishes a fondness for a pipe.

"You came originally from?" I began dutifully.

"England," he said, thereby confirming my belief that at one time or another all actors hail from the British Isles.

I learnt that Papa Herbert Standing was one of the best known actors on the English stage, equally well-known was Uncle Sir Charles Wyndham and the six little brother Standings who, one after the other, sought the stage. Nevertheless, Wyndham, who made the seventh little Standing, tried to breast the tide of things as they are and studied law.

It wasn't any use. Papa Standing and brother Guy and Percy and Jack and the rest were all making good on the histrionic boards. As a tropic traveler is lured back to Southern lands, as the call of the sawdust ring is irresistible to the circus clown, so the call of the stage is to those that have it in their blood. The instinct is as strong as life itself.

So with young Wyndham. His first stage experience was obtained in the English provinces, as all good English actors obtain their training. His first big success was in "The Chimes of Normandie."

Then came America and pictures. There also Papa Standing had gone before him and paved the way. It was, again, only according to the natural law of events that Wyndham should follow.

"My wife and I both became Americans—by adoption," confided Wyndham proudly. "A country that is good enough to live in should have your allegiance—dont you think?"

"I do—at intervals," I confessed.

He laughed, a jolly, deep-dimpled laugh.

I was reminded of the comment of the woman who sat behind me during a showing of "Paid in Full," in which Mr. Standing played the part of Jimsy opposite Pauline Frederick.

"He has *such* a good face," she enthused.

Wyndham Standing looks for all the world like a hale and hearty Englishman. His voice in greeting is resonant and firm, his hand large, vivid-gripping and welcoming. You catch the impression of an English squire standing before an open door thru which comes the glimpse of a beckoning dining-room with tables groaning with steaming roast beef and Yorkshire pudding

I repeated the remark to Mr. Standing. His face reddened boyishly up to the very roots of his finely brushed, light hair.

"That was good of her," he said, "but Jimsy was a lovable character. In other rôles I have played, people have shuddered—I was so brutal as the villain. Once I even heard a woman say, 'Isn't he a wretch? I'd hate to meet *him* on the street!'

"I never want to be considered a type. When one becomes a type, one ceases to advance. In spite of the progress the photoplay has made since its first inception, I believe that it is still only in an embryonic stage. One of the reasons for this is that directors depend too much on types. They should depend more on brains, on the ability of a person to feel his part, to project his thoughts across the silver-sheet, instead of being simply the photographic counterpart of a character.

"I believe that a time is coming when a good many of these types are going to be weeded out. There will remain individuals who can so live their characterizations that they are felt across the screen. Norma Talmadge is an example of what I mean. The player is going to be able to express every little mood, every varied thought, because his intellect is capable of feeling the part. There will be no need of the subtitle. I tell you it is not the wild gestures, the hair-tearing acting, the tricks of the trade, nay the Olga Nethersoling that is going to lift the art of the screen out of its embryonic age. It is the thinking, here"—he lightly tapped his forehead—"and the feeling here," he placed his hand over his heart.

"At the present time there is also an overuse of the close-up. The more close-ups, the less possibilities of a dramatic, smooth-flowing story."

Personally, I am very interested in the art of the photoplay, but I found Mr. Standing so vitally absorbed by it that I had great difficulty in switching the conversation back to personalities.

Like a writer discussing his latest story; a painter, his most recent portrait; a mother, her only child, was Wyndham Standing with his theories on photoplay acting.

It is his hobby, and if he were not such a jolly soul and could he have an aversion for anything, it would be for the type actor. And could one imagine Wyndham Standing and

(Continued on page 79)

A Star Who Really Did Her Bit

By HARRISON HASKINS

Photo Apeda

Last October Edith Storey left a Metro starring contract. Film fans wondered what became of her. She disappeared completely. Months later it developed that Miss Storey was quietly doing her bit—driving a war ambulance

A good many actresses have been photographed at the bedside of wounded soldiers. A whole lot offered much valuable advice on how to win the war. Half a dozen or so talked about volunteering as nurses and ambulance drivers. But Edith Storey actually did her bit.

For months Miss Storey has been driving a war ambulance in the streets of New York—a work no less valuable than handling one behind the Flanders lines. And when the influenza epidemic hit the metropolis she deserted the steering-wheel with scores of other drivers to take the "night nurse shift" in the crowded New York hospitals.

All of which gives you some idea of what a very real person is Edith Storey. The downright sincerity of Miss Storey has always shone from her work on the screen, lifting it into the unusual. She is just as honest and direct a young woman in real life. We know of no other star quite like her.

Last October she left a Metro starring contract. Film fans wondered what became of Miss Storey. She disappeared completely. Months later it developed that Miss Storey was quietly doing her bit. No dazzling announcements blazoned in the newspapers, no pictures of the star in uniform, not a single word appeared.

Indeed, Miss Storey doesn't want publicity for her war work. Why? Because "it's been such bully fun," as she explains it. "It thrills me and pleases me—and that's enough."

Miss Storey has been steadily driving an ambulance for the National League for Women's Service. This doesn't mean chauffeuring a motor-car thru the metropolitan streets in a natty uniform. Far from it. Miss Storey, like the others, reports at nine o'clock in the morning and devotes the day to meeting incoming transports and liners at the docks and transporting the sick and wounded to hospitals thru the maddening congestion of Manhattan street traffic, to transporting men from place to place and to special emergency work.

When the great Perth Amboy explosion occurred, Miss Storey drove her car for thirty-six consecutive hours, thru the night, the blinding smoke and the bursting shrapnel, in bringing the injured to safety. And that was but one of the things. The "flu" epidemic brought

(*Continued on page* 80)

Photo Apeda

REDHEAD

Fictionized from the Select-Alice Brady Photoplay

By FAITH SERVICE

"DAMN'D redhead!"

"Red—but not damned."

"I said . . ."

The girl stepped over to the disheveled youth, who stood swaying and glaring at her in his bath-robe, and laid a forcible hand on his arm. From under the villified red hair her eyes blazed blue and keen.

"You cut this," she commanded; "we've done it, and it's as much of a mess for me as it is for you—more, likely. What do you think I'm getting out of it? What do you think I'm likely to get out of *you?* I may have been a cabaret singer and not high enough in the "Sore" Hundred, but I could earn my own bread and butter. I was a somebody. I wasn't a good-for-nothing parasite, living on the money of a decrepit old man and sneaking the kisses of a bunch of rowdy women. That's all you've been. Now you've overstepped yourself, my son! You've got a bit drunker than usual—even for you—and a bit spoonier than customary even with *me*. You've married me . . ."

"Bunk!" interjected the tousled young man, with rather flat scorn.

"No bunk about it," snapped the Redhead, with fury. "Roly Gard is a notary and as certified as any notary ever was or is ever likely to be. There were witnesses a-plenty. You signed the certif'cate — so did I. It's iron-bound all right, all right, Mr. Wise Alec."

Mr. Wise Alec looked the part of anything save wisdom. He essayed more scorn.

"After some of the 'decrepit old man's' cush yourself, eh, sister?"

The Redhead stood her ground. "Never you mind what *I'm* after," she told him; "you hustle and get after a job. That's *your* cue. We're married. Drunk or sober, the fact remains. When a girl—or a fellow—gets married, things change . . ." An unaccountably wistful light tempered the belligerent blue of the Redhead's eyes, but the tousled youth ignored it. "Things change," went on the Redhead; "things get straighter. Cleaner, sort of. They've got to—with us. We're a family now. I'm going to run straight, Matt, straighter than a string."

The Gilded Youth sneered. "You tell 'em well," he scoffed. "Well, as for me, and thanks to you, I guess I'll run on the Bread Line. When uncle hears of this it will be good-by, little Mattie. A cabaret girl as a Mrs. Matthew Thurloe will be the knock-out blow to l'il Nunkie. His heart's none too good as it is. Farewell, damn'd Redhead; hope the Narrow Path sits well, young 'un."

Ten minutes later the dingy door of the dingy, unsavory room shut to with a bang. Daizie Mellows, christened Maud by her sponsors in baptism, waited until there was no chance of the door reopening, then she flung herself on the bed and sobbed and

A month later Matthew Thurloe drifted into the cabaret again where Daizie jazzed in a string of beads or so and a very heavenly smile and a cloud of intriguing red hair

dug her knuckles into her eyes and tore at her red head, at her young breast, at her flimsy clothing. I wanter die!" she shrieked in fierce undertones; "oh, Gawd, oh, Gawd, please let me die!" Then, suddenly, she reared upward and sat erect. She shook her fist at the dun wall. "But I'm gonna *live*," she rasped fiercely; "I'm gonna live . . . an' live an' live . . ."

A month later Matthew Thurloe drifted into the cabaret again where Daizie jazzed in a string of beads or so and a very heavenly smile and a cloud of intriguing red hair. He drifted in quite alcoholically. He was entirely *too* alcoholic to note the sudden light in Daizie's soft blue eyes. He was rather too befogged to note that she plied him with more alcohol assiduously and consistently. He thought, vaguely, that it was kind of her. He got over his post-matrimonial belligerence. He harked back to the luminous days and lurid nights when he and Daizie had just been "pals." What a magnificent pal she had been! What a four-squarer! Never any fourflushing about Daizie. Never any renigging. She had always been "there." And what a looker she was . . . dear, damned Redhead! With her scarlet mop and her laughing mouth and her kisses one could not forget . . .

Matthew Thurloe called her to him and kist her, and, kissing her, was lost. Oblivion rose up in soft floods of ecstasy and submerged him. Wave after wave of delight seeped his soul in liquid bliss. Then he slept.

When he awoke he was not at all certain that he was awake. He had sort of got out of the habit of awaking in a room delightfully darkened, with a pitcher of tinkling ice at his right and a squatty little jug of roses at his left. There was a peace about the little room he lay in—a peace he could not define. Somehow or other, irrelevantly, no doubt, he was reminded of his mother, long ago dead. She had passed out of his life, leaving only the shade of a thought, cool, calm, tender and very hushed and holy. It was almost like that in here. Almost the way his mother would have had it had she been living to shelter him from sin.

His last memory was of the Redhead . . . of kissing the Redhead, deliriously . . . damned Redhead . . . how he hated her! How violently he hated her! How desperately! Little damned Redhead . . . with her kisses one could not forget . . . and her eyes one could not evade. If he had not hated her so he might have loved her . . . he floated off on the somehow delightful possibility of loving the Redhead . . . then the Redhead stood in the door.

"Are you sober, Matthew?" she asked, succinctly.

Matthew was unprintably profane. The Redhead stood it without flinching.

"Where th' —— am I?" finished Matthew.

"At home," said, equably, the girl.

"Th' —— I am! *Whose* home?"

"Yours," said Daizie. She added, "And mine."

Matthew Thurloe fixed her with his eye. He sneered. He looked peculiarly unpleasant when he sneered. No one save a woman who loved him could have resisted letting fly at him. Dazie stood supine. There was something pathetic in her attitude—a sort of a waiting . . .

Matthew sat up, with dignity.

"Case of abduction, I see," he observed.

"Call it by any name that suits you," said the girl.

"If you want a man this bad," resumed Matthew scathingly, "far be it from me to break your heart. I'll go hunt up a job."

"You'd better," said the Redhead; "I've given mine up."

"You've——"

"Certainly. You're my husband. You've got to support me."

"Well, I'm——"

"Go hunt your job," said the Redhead, with steel in her voice.

Matthew went.

When he had gone Daizie, christened Maud, did the work of the three rooms she had rented and furnished out of the earnings of many dances and many, many tips, then sat down by the window to sew.

After a while the sewing dropped to her lap, her eyes looked out of the window, past the dingy roofs, past and beyond the sky-line to a country where long-dreamed dreams come true . . . to a land where she and Matthew walked together, hand-in-hand, heart-to-heart, where lust and drink and ribaldry were not and love was all . . . Two tears welled up

and dimmed the bright, amazing blueness of her eyes . . . they fell and the idle needle pricked them into nothingness . . . over the tiny tragedy her brave mouth smiled . . .

Matthew was an expert mechanician. There had been courses at college . . . degrees and brilliant promise . . . then cabarets and drinks and girls with voices to beguile had come between young Thurloe and his sane, straight chosen line. He had struggled for awhile—then the struggle had seemed to be not worth while. Life had staled in his mouth. Pleasure had turned a carmined cheek to him and, under the rouge, lo! her cheek was jaded! There had been more cabareting, more drinking, more and more girls. Now and then there had been occasional pull-ups. A nice girl . . . a hope again. Then the nice girl had turned out to be not so very nice after all, and Matt had dived deeper than before into the substratum of things to drown, assuage, crush out his shallow pain. Then Daizie . . . Daizie with her devil's hair and her laughing, provocative mouth and her astonishing straight, clean eyes.

Daizie . . .

Matthew turned to mechanics again. With Daizie to feed him, to wake him in time, to greet him at night, he somehow did not find it such hard sledding. After a while he even liked the work. He got a raise. Then he got another raise. One night he took Daizie out and bought her a black satin frock and a funny little black hat with a blue rose. He laughed before he knew it, because her blue eyes were so brightly blue beneath it. Then he relapsed into sullenness again. Before they had reached home he had called her "damned Redhead" four times.

"Some marriage, this is!" he sputtered, as he bade her good-night, with surly ill-grace, at the door of the tiny room she inhabited.

"Better than the old stuff," said Daizie; "cleaner . . . sweeter . . ."

"My eye!" grunted Matthew, and slammed her door for her graciously.

He sat on the edge of his divan and scowled into space. He hated the way her red hair floated before his mind's eye, a living nimbus. He hated the persistence of her eyes.

In her room Daizie sat on the edge of her bed, too, but she was smiling.

A fortnight later Daizie announced one evening that her mother and father were coming to town. Matthew had never seen just that look in her eyes.

"You've just got to play up for me, Matt," she told him. "You see, mummy and dad are nothing but babies . . . dear, big, ridiculous babies. They've never heard of a cabaret. If they ever got into one they'd think they were in hell. They'd turn up their toes and die if they ever thought their little Maud had ever done the hula in the place she did. They're fresh from the farm—the real, honest-to-God variety. Oh, they're real enough. They're the realest things on earth. Matthew—I know you dont care about *me*—but dont give them beasts for thoughts. Dont hurt them . . . dont. Well, they think I worked in a department store until I was married. They think I'm just the same—as I was back home. They bank on me. Matthew . . ."

Matthew growled from behind his uncompromising paper. But he had not been reading the paper.

Daizie's progenitors were undubitably the real thing. Wisps of the home hay all but protruded from their amazed ears. They stared vastly, oh'd and ah'd and were "tickled to death" with everything and everybody, including especially and demonstratively their "gal" and their new "son-in-law." Father Mellows informed his daughter in the not ill-pleased hearing of Matthew that she had "cotched a hummer," and Ma Mellows reinforced the eulogy with an emphatic "Lands, *yes!*"

Matthew felt a thawing in the frigid zones of his heart. Here was something essential. Here was something good. He invited Ma and Pa Mellows and their delighted daughter to dinner and a show.

"Are you sober, Matthew?" she asked, succinctly.

"Where th' —— am I?" demanded Matthew.

"At home," said, equably, the girl.

"Whose home?"

"Yours," said Daizie, "and mine."

Daizie glowed. Matthew took note of it and found time to hiss into her ear, "This isn't for *you*, darn you!" The confounded girl continued to glow under the hat with the shadowy blue rose. What the devil, squirmed Matthew miserably, were girls with scarlet hair born for . . . girls with scarlet hair who wore blue roses and whispered like a magii in a dream? To torture him? To pull at him with soft deliriums? To take his heart and twist it and contort it and toss it about like a shuttlecock? To . . . oh, damn the girl anyway! Damn the red head of her!

Ma and Pa Mellows departed at the end of a crammed, jammed week. They had the time of their lives! They had, they felt, crudely, really lived. They thought Maudie's man was the epitome of all the heroes of romance, the facsimile of all the plutocratic scions of wealth and prestige, the final authority on all subjects, earthly and celestial. They considered that Maudie had taken rank with the immortals.

Maudie was tearfully sorry to see them go. She would miss them. She had been happy with them. There would be no more comfy parties for the four of them. There would be no more of that worshipful Matthew, who threw back his head and laughed with Pa . . . who . . . who kist her good-night under the beneficent gaze of Ma. There would be no more of this stuff of dreams . . .

"You're not . . . not going to kiss me good-night any more, are you, Matt?" she asked him the night the old folks departed.

Young Thurloe scowled at her. "I'm not on exhibition *now*," he reminded her.

He was not on exhibition the next night, either, when his plutocratic Uncle Parker Thurloe sent for him and offered to reinstate him if he would "cast off" the little "gutter rat" he had picked up with. Uncle Parker was nearly on exhibition, tho, on a marble slab. Young Matthew tore things up. He hurled incriminations frightful to the ear at Uncle Parker. He defended his "damned Redhead" as a madonna, a blessed damozel, a houri, a combination of all the virtues and none of the vices. He swore he would rather starve than lose her; he raved that he would rather be dead than without her. He left the house, still raving. He left Uncle Parker disheveled and, incongruously, grinning hopefully.

He couldn't go home and face her. His newly liberated love, so long congealed within him, was raging like a tornado. He would be lost if he went to her now . . . he would stumble to her on his humbled knees . . . he would kiss her hands, the tips of her fingers . . . he would worship her and pray to her . . . he would, in brief, make a bally ass of himself. One doesn't do that. One plays safer when one plays saner.

He renovated his attire and strolled into the Claridge. He'd have some coffee —that was his limit now—and then go up home. Home! Daizie was home! Something almost unbearable stabbed him at thought of her—then he saw her—sitting at a table nearby with Roly Gard. He saw Roly Gard talking with her. He saw the play of her hands with the stem of her glass. He saw her as, it seemed to him, he had never seen her before—a woman, infinitely desirable—a woman, his, with another man. His Redhead . . . who had toiled for him, saved for him, thought for him, made him. The girl who had transformed a rounder

(*Continued on page 70*)

"This is life, by heaven!" said Matthew. "This is life, my mate!"

"And love," said the girl, "and love . . . and dreams . . . come true . . ."

"REDHEAD"

Fictionized by permission from the scenario of Charles Maigne, based on a story by Henry Payson Dowst. Produced by Select Pictures. Directed by Charles Maigne. Starring Alice Brady. The cast:

Daizie	Alice Brady
Matt Thurloe	Conrad Nagel
Roly Gard	Robert Schable
Parker Thurloe	Charles A. Stevenson
Mr. Mellows	Charles Eldridge
Mrs. Mellows	May Brettone

Shot at Dawn

By AILEEN ST. JOHN-BRENON

It is an unwritten law that brains do not go with blond prettiness. Hazel Dawn is the exception that proves the rule. *Above*, Miss Dawn as she appears in the stage success, "Up in Mabel's Room"

© Ira L. Hill

THERE are two things that strike you the minute you meet Hazel Dawn. One is that she is pretty and dainty. The other that she has so much common sense, along with decided opinions of her own. Somehow you dont quite expect it of an ash blonde. It's the unwritten law of the Medes and—blondes.

Hazel Dawn is the type of blonde who knows what she wants when she wants it, and she believes in sticking to a thing until she gets it. Not that she makes a fuss if she has to wait or if things go wrong. She does not believe in getting temperamental and she is not over-fond of people who do, but she does believe in carrying out a principle, even if force has to be used to get it.

And she has been known on more than one occasion to do it. There is the story, for instance, of how she treated the young Harvard undergraduate whose attentions became annoying when she was playing in a musical comedy up in Boston.

She was coming out of the theater one evening, when a youth, who was very much smitten with her charms over the footlights, stepped up and murmured, "Oh, you sweet thing!"

Miss Dawn did not appear to notice his observation. Whereat the young man, thinking he had been too reserved, advanced somewhat closer.

"You for me," he chuckled.

Miss Dawn hurried towards her car, while the youth, fearing he might thus lose sight of her forever, took her by the arm, and said, "Dont be so stingy with yourself!"

Miss Dawn decided to follow his advice. Biff! Bang! He

(Continued on page 69)

Who Put the True in Truex?

White, N. Y.

WHOEVER did, or whatever did, it's a good job. A thoro one. A complete one. And by the same token, there is nothing so difficult to recount as the essential truth. It defies ornamentation as unworthy. It scorns fine verbiage. It evades floweriness. It jeers at platitudes save of the nudest. And I must tell the truth herein, if I never have before, the truth, the whole truth about Ernest Truex because, integrally and essentially, Ernest Truex *is* essential and integral.

There is nothing of the mummer about Truex. There is nothing reminiscent of strutting, peacock-wise, the boards; nothing of the spectacular; nothing of the Jarley Waxwork exhibition spirit. He is quite simply Man, the Male. More, he is fundamentally, wholly and avowedly a Family-Man. Capitals intentional. He is *first of all* a Family-Man. In his family, in the very bosom of his family, rests his interest, his heart and the fine good spirit of the comedy-akin-to-tears which animates his work. He rings true because he *is* true.

He had rather a quaint picturesque Beginning-of-Things, considering the fact of his birthplace, which was Rich Hill, Missouri. Rich Hill, a typical, rather stultified, seen-in-the-Movies little Western town. Father Truex was a doctor. Came there once to Rich Hill a magnificently characteristic Old-Time Actor, a relict of the Time of Booth, phrase richly dear to the hearts of the Craft. He was called Edwin Melvin. He had, describes Truex, with a humorous tenderness, a mouth that connected the ears with an amazing facility and a staggering display of gold teeth. He had rheumatism and he had memories. "I was with Booth, sir," he would wheeze portentously; "with Edwin Booth. I was the Gravedigger to Booth's Hamlet, sir, the gravedigger, sir. With Edwin Booth."

Fate and increased rheumatics maneuvered Melvin into the hands of Truex père. Truex père did things, did great things, sir, for the rheumatics. Result: near-death-bed gratitude on the part of the histrionic Melvin and a promise gutturally intended to "make a Booth of the lad, sir, a Booth of the lad."

The young, six-year-old Ernest-lad was nothing loath to be made a Booth of, having cherished in secret rather vaguely Boothian aspirations long ere the advent of Edwin Melvin. Edwin Melvin organized a Dramatic School and young Truex enrolled.

Edwin Melvin was a relict of an Old, Old School. He was old himself; sad, no doubt. He was sick and weary, an artist who had become humorous rather than a humorist. But he *was* a sort of an artist, at least an artist-soul basking in the long-glancing rays of genius dead and gone. He knew the methods of

Left, a study of Ernest himself, and, *below*, Mrs. Ernest and the two Truex kiddies, Philip and Jamie. "My boys and I are pals," says Truex. "I'd rather be with them, doing things with them, than with anyone I know. They're pretty much the whole show with me"

By ESTHER ELVIDGE

Booth. And the tricks, if tricks there were. He knew his richness. He had savored his legend. He gave a dark, sombre, heavily fragrant but invaluable store to the wide-eyed, open-eared young Truex. At seven he had young Truex strutting the boards as the Melancholy Dane. Conceive—at seven! Hamlet, seeped in tragedy, at seven. "My kids," said the grown-up Ernest, "sing 'Over There' and do a bit of jazzing and that's the limit. They've probably never heard of 'Hamlet.' If they have they think it's some new brand of breakfast food. I'm just as glad."

Shortly thereafter, the Truex home in Missouri broke up and young Truex toured about the country with his mother and another child, a girl, of his own age. They did Shakespeare in all the small towns. Cant you see them? Pigmy Romeos and Juliets languishing with a passion it would take them years to grow and tears to know. Gay Rosalinds, grim frantic Lears, imposing Petruchios, dark vengeful Iagos and Othellos.

Then some manager saw the youthful Shakespeareans and young Truex played his first real rôle on the real stage as "Little Aulus" in "Quo Vadis?" From then on he just kept steadily at it, studying when and where he could in between times, working, growing more and more in love with his art, more and more determined to make good.

Now, before the low-water mark of thirty, mere adolescence for the fortuitous male, he is playing on Broadway, has played on Broadway and has effected a sinecure in the coy heart of Gotham, both speakily and screenically.

He speaks almost with perfervor of Chaplin. Chaplin, the Artist. Almost with reverence. He would like to be, he says, sort of an "Intellectual Chaplin" . . . not that Charlie is not intellectual — he must be, of necessity, to

(*Continued on page 69*)

Above, Truex in his dressing-room, and, *below*, as he appears in the stage comedy, "Please Get Married," with Edith Taliaferro. Truex has been actively on the stage since he played the rôle of little Aulus in "Quo Vadis?" as a child

White, N. Y.

Those Shelby Girls

EVERYBODY has been saying, "Isn't it nice to see Margaret Shelby working with Mary Miles Minter again?" For a long time the powers that be had decreed that it was poor business policy to allow sisters to act together. Mary tried out so many "contrasts" that her pretty blonde head refused to register further impressions of feminine supports, and she sighed with relief when Margaret once more entered the cinematographic arena.

Those girls thoroly understand each other. That's one reason why everything moves so much more smoothly when Mary and Margaret are cast together. They are splendid foils for each other, for Mary closely resembles her handsome, blonde mother, and Margaret has the dark, dashing Southern charm of her father.

Even in their friendships the girls are totally dissimilar. They never like the same people, and each has her pet feminine chums. Of course, that eliminates jealousy and makes the girls keenly interested in each other's doings. Their gossipy and cosy little chats are not for outsiders to participate in, but if you have ever wandered around a corner of the big stages at Santa Barbara, or back on the lovely pergola where the girls pour tea, giggles and imitations will greet you.

Margaret Shelby had been spending much of her time in Los Angeles, with Grandmother Miles as chaperone, in order to perfect her voice. She had planned to go back to musical comedy—but when Mary begged her sister to return, Margaret came home to Santa Barbara.

The other day, in the projection room, every one was amused at Mary Miles Minter's remarks anent her latest production. While the picture was being run, Mary said, "Would you look at the little nondescript blonde next to that beautiful dark girl? I wonder why they let her act at all!"

But Mary couldn't really help acting. There's a great secret about it. She was destined by fate to become an actress, and here's how.

Before Mary Miles Minter saw the light o' day, Mrs. Shelby was compelled to leave her dearly loved Texas home and move to Shreveport, La. She grieved over the loss of friends, the separation from Mrs. Miles, her mother, and couldn't see anything nice about the new surroundings. She voiced her discontent continually, and really gave way to so much self-pity that when Mary was born showing a birthmark, Mrs. Shelby felt she had been punished for her complainings.

A bright red star showed up on baby Juliet's forehead, for everybody knows that Mary's real name is Juliet Shelby, and Juliet she is called by her family and intimates still. Mrs. Shelby felt convinced that her resentment at being compelled to leave Texas, the "Lone Star State," was responsible for the mark.

About two years ago, Miss Minter subjected her "star"

Mary Miles Minter and her sister, Margaret Shelby, are splendid foils for each other. They never like the same people and each has her pet feminine chums. Of course, that eliminates jealousy. They have recently been playing together, altho Margaret had planned to go back to musical comedy. On this page are two studies of Mary Miles Minter

By FRITZI REMONT

Below, Mary, Mrs. Shelby and Margaret, and, *right*, a study of Margaret. The Shelby girls live on the no-breakfast plan, starting the day's work on boiling water with lemon juice. They partake of a light luncheon, never "piece" between meals, and finish the day with a plain dinner, cutting out sweets and substituting fruits

Photo Bushnell

to electrolysis, with the result that only a faint white outline of a perfect five-pointed star remains, "right in the middle of her forehead," where curls hide it so well that no one has suspected Mary of being a Texas baby.

Some months later, an astrologer called at the American Film Studios and was introduced to the Shelbys. He was shown Mary's birthmark and said, "You've always worried about that mark and blamed yourself for its presence, haven't you? You ought to be glad your daughter has it, it is the insignia bestowed by Fate to foreshadow your young daughter's stardom on stage and screen."

And they do whisper about Los Angeles now that Mary has been seen at the Hotel Alexandria luncheon table very frequently with David W. Griffith and Mrs. Shelby for chaperone. The Shelbys had made plans to tour Europe, but it is said that Mr. Griffith wants Mary to do at least one picture for him before she sails abroad. The passports are already secured, but the date of sailing is indefinitely postponed, for the great man has said "Wait!" and no one dare disobey. So our little Mary is destined to achieve still bigger things by way of her lucky star.

The Shelby girls live on the no-breakfast plan, starting their hard day's work on boiling water with lemon juice. They partake of a light luncheon, never "piece" between meals, and finish the day with a plain dinner, cutting out sweets and substituting fruits. They believe that food ruins more good constitutions than the incessant grind before the camera, and that not even a make-up box can ruin a complexion kept lovely by restricted diet. Their complexions prove their theories are right-o, too.

"I think tea-drinking is a silly affectation for busy people, dont you?" questioned Mary Miles Minter. "We serve tea for the sake of our guests, but Margaret and I seldom indulge —we sometimes make an exception on Sunday afternoons, for then we 'put on dog'—another thing I despise, for anything which is not natural to one should be taboo, I believe."

Miss Minter has other marked dislikes. She despises "mush letters" and throws them unread into the waste-basket. She dislikes men who stare at her, thinks very young males are usually uninteresting, and wishes she could give up the screen for the stage.

On the other hand, Mary dotes on middle-aged, sensible men, likes cigarets when OTHER people smoke them, and "simply adores" honest criticism, especially suggestions made by fans.

As soon as a production is finished, the Shelby girls pack up their frocks and distribute them to less fortunate girl-friends in Los Angeles and the old South. A complete set of ten-year-

(*Continued on page 74*)

Helen Menken, at the left, contributes one of the most interesting characterizations of the season in the human little drama, "Three Wise Fools," at the Criterion Theater. Her playing of the distraught heroine of the Winchell Smith-John L. Golden drama is vivid and compelling

Campbell

Below is one of the striking relaxations for the tired business man at the Winter Garden, where the extravaganza, "Monte Cristo, Jr.," is successfully holding forth

White

The charming Evelyn Gosnell, above, has made a distinct success in the farce-comedy, "Up in Mabel's Room," at the Eltinge Theater. A glance at this boudoir glimpse of Evelyn should convince any skeptics who believe that the drama' isn't advancing

Summer in the New York Theaters

White

"Good Morning, Judge," is doing nicely at the Shubert theater, thanks to Mollie King, George Hassell and Charles King. One of the pretty aids of this trio is Constance Huntington, whose portrait appears just above

A Cohanized opera comique is "The Royal Vagabond," the colorful and tuneful musical offering at the Cohan and Harris Theater. The brain of George gives pep plus romance. Here we have Grace Fisher and Frederick Santley in a charming moment of "The Royal Vagabond"

The Gown Quest

The Problem of a Screen Star

By MARIE B. SCHRADER

"Oh, it's good to be in New York again!" exclaimed the beautiful Bessie Barriscale as we entered the tea-room of the Knickerbocker at just the right moment, when the orchestra was playing that soul plaint from "Samson and Delilah."

"Why, that's Bessie Barriscale," whispered a young woman to a friend as we passed. "I thought she was out on the coast."

"Did you hear that?" asked Miss Barriscale as we were seated. "Isn't it wonderful the way they keep up with us out there? How I love them for that! There's no place like New York, except Paris."

"That's the first time I ever heard that the two cities were at all alike." I observed. "Madame Sarah Bernhardt once told me that Washington, D. C., and Paris are first cousins in looks, but that New York is unlike any other place on earth."

"And Madame Bernhardt is quite right," said Miss Barriscale with her attractive smile and well-bred, sweet voice, with just a trace of a fascinating Southern accent.

"But how can that be?" I inquired, completely puzzled. "First you say they are and then you say they aren't alike."

"Oh, that's easy," merrily replied Miss Barriscale. "It's just as easy as the answer to a puzzle—after some one has told you the answer. New York is like Paris because, if you want beautiful gowns, you have to travel three thousand miles from Los Angeles to New York to get them, just as many of your New York women have been accustomed to travel three thousand miles from New York to Paris for the same purpose. Now, isn't that simple? New York is the Paris of America."

I felt ashamed of my guessing powers after that.

"Actresses of the spoken drama," continued Miss Barriscale (and, by the way, have you noticed with what delicacy of distinction screen stars refer to plays and players of the stage?)

(*Continued on page* 68)

Two—er—varied studies of Bessie Barriscale, the Robertson-Cole star. "New York is the new Paris when it comes to gowns," declares Miss Barriscale

The WITNESS for the DEFENSE

Narrated by Permission from the Scenario Based on A. E. W. Mason's Play

By DOROTHY DONNELL

THROUGH the filmy dusk the notes of the temple bells floated like the petals of a golden lily, drifting languorously on the heavy air. The dim room, with its arched casements closed against the fever that stalks thru an Indian night, was breathless, as tho all the air had been sucked out and nothing but the heat remained, quivering, viscid, something that could be breathed, touched, almost seen.

Stella Ballentyne's slender height drooped like a wilted flower above the keys of the piano—brought by ox-cart from Bombay. The white curve of her throat was etched against the dark wall hangings, the tender modelling of chin, a mouth like that of the Venus of the Louvre, passionately carven, almost as colorless as the insensate marble. For the rest her hair was a soft blur of pale silver-gilt, and the light from between the shutters fell on her beautiful dinner gown, waking fires in its iridescent sheen so that she seemed to be sitting among streaming flames.

The man in the doorway watched her thru narrowed eyes; his handsome young face, with a certain coarseness in its heavily modelled features, seemed to stir and twist, tho it might have been the effect of the shadows that moved constantly in the room, cast by the passers in the street beyond the half-closed shutters. Harry Thresk was no novice of Love; he knew well what it was he felt for this pale, slim English girl whom Captain Ballentyne had brought back to the great house of the governor-general ten months ago; he knew what he wanted—he thought he knew how to get it. He had been discreet, playing his game without amateurishness, but tonight he meant to show his hand—

The slender fingers touched the keys languidly, and the ghost of an old English love song crept into the fetid air, like a strange breath of wild roses blown from some Lancashire lane—"Oh, that we two were maying." In the heavy atmosphere of India, sick with spices, heavy with decay, musty, unclean, it seemed an alien thing, like the woman who played it with hunted eyes and tightening throat. England! Less than a year ago, yet she had been an exile for uncounted years, she

A story of love and tragedy in mysterious India amid the call of the temple bells

had heard the temple bells pealing thru immemorial dusks like this, she had awakened in a myriad blazing dawns to shudder away from Life afresh, and accept it, and go on.

Her head drooped forward, and a tear splashed hopelessly down on the keys. She was not given to crying, not even her *ayah*, the secret, brown woman who dressed her masses of fair hair, and put her sumptuous clothes upon her beautiful passive body, had ever seen her cry, but that song was like a touch on the quick of her soul. "I cant bear it," she whispered, "I cant go on—"

A step sounded on the rug beside her, and a hand, cold even in the paralyzing heat, touched her arm. She sprang up quivering and faced Harry Thresk's covetous smile. He spoke in a low voice that seemed to insinuate many things, intimacy, a secret shared—"Stella—I heard you. You shant bear it, any longer, you shant go on!"

The wife of the governor-general held her head high, forcing her lips to smile gallantly. She drew her arm from his touch without haste yet with a sort of inner withdrawal that should have warned him not to go on. "Mr. Thresk! You—startled me—I was indulging in a good old-fashioned fit of the blues. The heat I suppose; I cant seem—quite to get used to it."

He brushed aside her words impatiently. He had gone too far to draw back now, and besides he thought he had read her rightly, her shrinking horror of the man she had married with his crassness, his parade of ownership, his reputed brutalities. "Dont put me off, Stella! I tell you I heard you, and I've been watching you for months. You're unhappy, frightfully unhappy—no one who loved you could help seeing that, and I love you; I'm—I'm crazy about you, *for* you, you Wonder Woman!"

"Hush!" Stella Ballentyne said faintly. "You mustn't—you dont know what you're saying—"

He pressed her mercilessly with his insistence. "Come with me, tonight—back to England, away from all this heat and stench and misery. Think of the cool green of the lanes, and the cool blue of the sky, and the little thatched cottages cuddling around a stone chapel—" he was wise enough to leave his own passion in the background and play upon her homesickness like an instrument, but she moved from him restlessly, the cold light from the window writhing across her bared bosom and drawn face like the shadows of flames.

"No! No! Someone is coming—" she gave a breathless laugh—they train women well in these things. "I'm afraid I dont agree with you, Mr. Thresk—Bombay is more like Debussy than Wagner; what German could ever have set this crimson exotic, this musk and murder, to sound?"

Curtis Ballentyne, beefy, flabby of flesh under his heavy jowls, aggressively the master, stood on the threshold looking from one to the other without suspicion. He was so self-centered that he was not even jealous; besides, any man who was not a milksop could hold his wife—there were ways—

"What rot are you talking now, Stella?" he grunted. "'Lo Thresk! Got a match? These damned native things wont light." The flare of the lucifer lit up his coarse-grained skin, his wiry black moustache, the web of fine lines radiating from his eyes. He was very pale, with the bluish tinge of skin that in men of a certain temperament denotes either drugs or drink: his wife glanced shrinkingly at him, then away with a flicker of dread in her eyes.

"I was just telling Mrs. Ballentyne that she should be thinking of taking to the hills if this weather keeps up," Harry Thresk said easily, "even the natives were bowling over in the bazar today. Bombay's no place for a woman before the rains."

"Luckily," Ballentyne said suavely, "luckily my affairs will take us out of town for a few weeks;—this government inspecting has its advantages, Thresk. My wife and I start for the jungle tomorrow morning."

A sound, neither a cry nor a sob, but something formless and inexplicable, drew their eyes toward the woman by the dimly outlined casement. She was standing rigid, with a curious tense expectancy as tho shrinking from a blow. Her eyes were dark pools with horror in their depths. "The jungle," she spoke in a flat tone, "the jungle—" the tone vibrated to life, agonized, importunate; "no, no, I wont go! Curtis, you cant make me go!"

Ballentyne strode toward her and gripped one bare shoulder so that his sinewy fingers sunk into the flesh, but his voice was

A sound, neither a cry nor a sob, but something formless and inexplicable, drew their eyes toward the woman by the dimly outlined casement. She was standing rigid with a curious, tense expectancy, as tho shrinking from a blow. Her eyes were dark pools, with terror in their depths. "The jungle," she spoke in a flat tone, "the jungle,"—the tone vibrated to life, agonized, importunate—"no, no, I wont go!"

cold. "That will do, Stella—no heroics! Get to bed, and tell Janah to pack your grips. *We leave at ten.*"

She looked at him dazedly, then the light left her face and eyes, leaving it blank, wiped of expression. Silently she moved across the room, draperies rustling like dead leaves, and the darkness of the corridor swallowed her. Ballentyne flicked the ashes from his cigar and sank heavily into a chair. "Hysterical—the heat affects women queerly." He fumbled in his coat and drew out a packet which he handed to the other man. "Here's that photograph of the outlaw, Gunga Dak, I spoke to you about the other day. It must be delivered to the authorities at Calcutta this week and his friends are doing everything they can to prevent its delivery. It's like having dynamite in your pocket, but they wont suspect you have it. Take it up when you go Wednesday, will you, old man?—you may save my life. There hasn't been a day since I got hold of it I haven't had the sensation of having a knife stuck in my back whenever I've been out of the house! A native is glad of a chance to do murder for the price of a meal, you know."

Harry Thresk thrust the packet into his coat and rose. "Sure, glad to do it! It would be annoying to be murdered, I can see that myself. So long, old man—say good-by to Mrs. Ballentyne for me."

In the hot dusk he stopped on the terrace of the house to glance back. Outlined against the light of an upper window stood a woman's figure looking out into the night with arms raised behind the fine gold nimbus of her hair in an abandon of despair. He stared up at her with tingling nerves. "Not yet, perhaps, but some time," he muttered, "as sure as she is a woman and I am a man."

Harry Thresk did not return from Calcutta for a fortnight, and news travels slow in India. It was not until he came back to Bombay and dropped in at the Consulate Club that he heard what sent the glass of whisky and soda crashing from his fingers.

"Too bad for a pretty woman to get into such a mess!" old Purdy, the tax commissioner was saying, unctuously, "but after all any girl who would marry a rotter like Ballentyne—"

"His character is no excuse for her murdering him, tho"—it was at this point that the crashing glass drew all eyes to Thresk's shocked face.

"What are you talking about?" he demanded loudly. "'Ballentyne you said—and *murder*—"

"Where have you been, son?" McConnell of the artillery slapped him on the shoulder. "Why, the Ballentyne affair is the talk of the place; we haven't spoken about anything else since they brought the governor-general back from the jungle with a knife stuck thru his heart a week ago. His servants accuse Mrs. Ballentyne and she has been arrested. The trial comes off Saturday— Hey! Drink a drop of brandy, man, you look as if you'd seen a ghost!"

But Harry Thresk pushed the glass aside, and moistened his dry lips with his tongue. "She didn't do it," he muttered; "why—look at her! It's *impossible*—"

"Yellow hair isn't a good alibi, tho, my son," McConnell objected; "of course we're all sorry for her—Ballentyne was a swine when he was drunk, which was most of the time, but after all he was her husband and, if all wives who disliked their

"THE WITNESS FOR THE DEFENSE"

Told in story form, by special permission, from the scenario of Ouida Bergere, based on A. E. W. Mason's drama. Produced by Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, starring Elsie Ferguson. Directed by George Fitzmaurice. The cast:

Stella Derrick	Elsie Ferguson
Capt. Curtis Ballentyne	Warner Oland
Henry Thresk	Wyndham Standing
Wigney Derrick	George Fitzmaurice
Dick Hazelwood	Vernon Steele
Harold Hazelwood	J. H. Gilmore
Teresa Derrick	Cora Williams
Mary Derrick	Blanche Standing
Baram Swigh	Leslie King
Richard Pettifer	E. Girardot

husbands went about sticking knives into 'em it would make it darned uncomfortable for most of us."

Thresk shouldered his way thru the group and called for his hat and coat furiously. He wanted to get out where he could think, could plan. He stepped out under the scintillant Indian heavens, trying to picture Stella Ballentyne, with all her soft luxuriousness, her frail, faint beauty, in a prison, and involuntarily his muscles tightened at the thought. He had felt for her as deep a feeling as his selfish sensuous nature was capable of; he felt for her, besides, the desire for possession which would not brook denial.

"Did she do it?" he asked himself fruitlessly as he paced the deserted bazar. "She was afraid of the jungle, afraid of him — but those little hands! Still despair will give a woman strength for anything. Yes! She must have done it. But she shant pay for it!"

The Ballentyne trial was the sensation of India. The court room was crowded and the narrow, crooked streets about it were thronged with curious groups, clamoring to see the beautiful prisoner. Stella Ballentyne sat thru the opening hours in the witness stand and answered tonelessly the questions put to her. In her dead black garments, with her white face and the faint fine gold of her hair under the drooping black veil, she made a striking picture that might have been labeled "Tragedy." Only her eyes, burning with pain under the heavy lashes, were alive: the rest of her was a beautiful corpse-creature, indifferent to stares, to danger, to the stab of intimate questioning.

"Yes," she told them, "we had quarreled. He had been drinking — that was why he went to the jungle on his 'tours of inspection'

(*Continued on page* 64)

"So that was why," Stella said, slowly. "I might have known. Men dont help a woman except for pay"

A Hale Fellow Well Met

By SUE ROBERTS

"I AM afraid," said Creighton Hale, as he greeted us, "that I am going to make mighty poor copy."

Promptly we made use of our ever-ready "Why?"

"Because," he answered, while an amused smile curved the corners of his clean-cut, boyish mouth, "I cant talk about my favorite country estate, nor about my preference for my Rolls-Royce to any Pierce Six, nor can I say that my pet dog is a thousand-dollar pom. So, so far as a press story goes, you have picked the wrong person."

Our spirits rose. We were decidedly tired of talking to stars who owned every extravagance. We regarded the young man beside us with respect.

He looked like a prosperous young business man. His clothes were well-tailored but did not spell theater. He wore no jewelry. He made no attempt to be impressive. He was natural.

"I hate press stories," he went on. "In order to live up to publicity printed about them, stars would have to be millionaires a hundred times over. You cant fool the public! They know that, with the exception of two or three, actors are not millionaires, and it only makes them ridiculous to chant about their ranches, farms and country estates—in the plural. And anyway, does the public go to see us for what we have or what we *are?*"

Truly that round, boyish face masked a man's mind.

"We work hard. Day after day, when I was working in the Pearl White serial, I left my house at Great Neck at 7 A. M. and drove the little old bus to Jersey City, worked steadily all day, coming home any old hour at night, sometimes so utterly fagged I'd fall asleep at the wheel—and catch myself making a bee-line for an obstructive lamp-post."

"You are an American?" we hazarded.

"Su-r-r-re and I might talk like this," said he, rolling his r's maliciously.

"Oh, Irish?"

"Right, born in Cork . . . and——"

Seeing there was no way out of it, he recounted his history.

Creighton Hale's father was an Irish singer and manager, who used to tour Ireland in repertoire. It was only natural that the lad should go on the stage; as a matter of fact, he was carried on before he could walk. Later he played all sorts of little Willies all over England and Ireland.

His histrionic activities were interrupted for a time when his father sent him to school in London. There he took up electrical engineering, but gave it up as a bad job and returned to the stage.

Ten years ago Hale came to America with Gertrude Elliott, (Lady Forbes-Robertson), and her company, remaining here ever since. His account of his first knowledge of pictures was told with a true Irish sense of humor.

"I had known House Peters," he said, "in Indianapolis, where we were both members of the same stock company. When the season ended I came to New York to hunt a job, as we all do. One afternoon, while parading Broadway, I met a friend who said that a company

(*Continued on page* 82)

Creighton Hale was born in Cork, which makes him Irish thru and thru. His father was an Irish singer and manager who used to tour Ireland in repertoire. It was only natural that the lad should go on the stage; as a matter of fact, he was carried on before he could walk

Ira L. Hill's Studio

Just above, Phyllis Haver (*left*) and Harriett Hammond, a Mack Sennett newcomer, are trying a tilting match to the starboard of the Sennett lot

The 1919 Bathing Girl Arrives

Miss Hammond and Marie Prevost are experimenting with a little "shimmie dance." The space is limited, but then you dont have to move —your feet, that is—for the "shimmie"

A sea-going close-up of Miss Hammond is at the right

Note the effect of the farmerette movement upon the Mack Sennett girlies. Instead of the conventional bathing-suits, the Sennett beauties are donning the simple and unaffected overalls. Personally, we are strong for the maritime farmerette, when it is either Phyllis Haver, who is very much at the right, or Marie Prevost, in the fencing pose just above

Photos Copyright by Mack Sennett

The Celluloid Critic

Norma Talmadge, (*left*), was never better than in "The Probation Wife." William Hart, *below*, undergoes a convict haircut in "The Poppy Girl's Husband"

"Boots," (*above*), has the finely unrestrained Dorothy Gish and the finely restrained Richard Barthelmess.

"THE Turn in the Road" is not a human document, but it comes nearer being one than any photoplay we have glimpsed in a year of movie-going. King W. Vidor, hitherto known to fame as Florence Vidor's husband, wrote and directed the story for the new Brentwood Films. And, were we a screen magnate, we would have been sitting on Mr. Vidor's doorstep the morning after seeing "The Turn in the Road"—and a blank contract would have been in our hand.

For, in one single picture, Mr. Vidor steps into the front rank of directors. "The Turn in the Road" touches upon a tremendous theme. What is life? Paul Perry is dazed by fate when death takes his little wife just as a child is born. Her father, a clergyman, tries to comfort him by declaring it is God's will. His own father, a man of wealth, has promised to do everything that money can do. The boy turns from them both and disappears into the night. His lonely wanderings in quest of the true God take him far, but finally he returns and drags himself, half-dazed for want of food, into the hayloft of a barn, when a little boy, his own child, crawls up the ladder. Then, in a scene exquisitely touching, the embittered man learns the truth of life from the tiny boy. "I've been hunting for God," he says, and the child answers, "Why, I could have told you that—God is love and light. He is everywhere." When the man protests, the child goes on, "When you close the blind a room is dark—Sorrow is where you never let love in." Then his dead wife's sister, who has loved him always and cared for his child thru the years, comes—and out of the wretchedness of the past appears the foundation of a new happiness.

Mr. Vidor's doctrine is applied Christian Science, but "The Turn in the Road" isn't a preachment. Twice it sweeps to superbly moving climaxes. There is the love story of Paul and his girl wife amid the gentle atmosphere of a small town. Here is a slice of life itself. Again there is the return of Paul and his discovery of the secret of life. Mr. Vidor has lapsed into melodrama in telling his story, but his lapses are so far offset by the cumulative power of his directness that they are forgivable. "The Turn in the Road" is a mighty big thing.

The photodrama has able handling, from little Ben Alexander's touching Bob and Helen Jerome Eddy's sincere June to the distraught Paul of Lloyd Hughes and the brief but sweet little wife of Pauline Curley.

At last! David Griffith has contributed something to the screen which deserves its meed of praise and which—at moments—flashes to brilliant humanness. It is "The Girl Who Stayed at Home," (Artcraft), which is, at basis, just another war story.

This time Griffith takes two love themes, first the story of a typical, healthy young American and his French sweetheart, and, secondly, of the chap's weak, lounge-lizard

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

brother and his cabaret light o' love. It is in this second theme—in its showing how war regenerates the two—that Griffith touches his heights. But the director must have his war, and we are shown how the two brothers rescue the little French girl, undergoing the usual embrace from the usual dastardly Hun officer.

There are two or three remarkable scenes in "The Girl Who Stayed at Home"—bits of life showing the director's uncanny insight into femininity. It may sound odd to mention a little moment where the cabaret girl—who but Griffith would dare to call her Cutie Beautiful?—cuddles into a huge chair and whispers nothings into a telephone. But the blinding flash of greatness is here. Again, in a moment where the lonely girl half sobs, half dances as her phonograph grinds out a rollicking war ditty. It is here that Clarine Seymour stands out so brilliantly. Griffith has a genuine discovery in Miss Seymour, whose playing is vivid in every detail. And Cutie Beautiful's fascinating "shimmie walk"! The screen has had nothing like it since Dorothy Gish's little disturber came gliding across the silver-sheet with piquant boisterousness.

Clarine Seymour, *right*, stands out brilliantly in Griffith's "The Girl Who Stayed at Home." *Below*, "The Brand" is an interest-holding Rex Beach drama, largely due to Russell Simpson's playing

In one other thing Griffith's "The Girl Who Stayed at Home" stands out. He has dared to present a kindly German soldier, even to showing the man leaving his old mother in the fatherland. Yet shortsighted critics have condemned this broad-mindedness.

It is in these few flashes that Griffith rather restores our faith in his leadership. If only he had literary discernment! "The Girl Who Stayed at Home," credited to a mysterious S. E. V. Taylor, is banal stuff, another variation of the old Biograph chase.

Just across, Helen Jerome Eddy and Ben Alexander in King Vidor's remarkable photodrama, "The Turn of the Road," and *below*, Lloyd Hughes and Pauline Curley in the same play.

Miss Seymour overtops every one in the production, altho Bobbie Harron indicates the regeneration of the weakling with broad strokes, Richard Barthelmess is commendable as the brother and Carol Dempster satisfactory as the Parisian sweetheart.

There are several reasons why "The Brand," the Goldwyn adaptation of the Rex Beach story, held our interest. Here, indeed, is the dance-hall girlie of the Yukon, the gold rush, the mushroom mining town, the scoundrelly gambler and all the rest. But "The Brand" grips because it tells a direct story that isn't warped to fit a star and which is staged with dozens and dozens of differences from the conventional movie idea of the Northwest. This last we credit to the personal supervision of Mr. Beach himself, who surely knows his Yukon country, and to the able Reginald Barker, one of our most dependable directors.

We guarantee that this story of the middle-aged miner who falls blindly in love with a dance-hall girl will hold you absorbed. Russell Simpson plays the old fellow superbly, and

(*Continued on page* 88)

The Luxurious Louise

Louise Glaum is an odd type. Known to the screen as a "vampire," she wholly loves home life and seclusion. Most of all she longs for housekeeping, a fireside, a good book and her pet dog, Runtie. Below is a home study of Miss Glaum and her mother

OUT of the chrysalis seclusion of unpleasant experiences, both business and domestic, comes now a regenerated, more sparkling Louise Glaum.

Unfortunately for Thomas Ince, he was unable to take Louise under his wing personally, for his releasing contract called for but four stars, but as he's mighty fond of the Lady of the Peacocks, he suggested that J. Parker Reed be his proxy. In this way, Miss Glaum has all the advantages of the most up-to-date studio in the world, advantages which cover stages, props, laboratories, interior decorators, and every possible accoutrement of the modern motion picture.

Louise Glaum's new dressing-room suite is in "Star Row." She's right next to Charlie Ray and Enid Bennett, and opposite the big swimming tank which will furnish her with lots of amusement in spare moments. You never saw Louise in a swimming outfit, did you? Miss Glaum says for once in her life she will allow the fans to see her in what she calls her "naughty-naughties" because most folks seem to think she lives in flowing draperies and fish-tail gowns.

The decorators at the Ince studio finished the little suite up beautifully, of course, each star bearing his or her own expense of interior fittings. One steps into a reception room whose windows are draped in pongee with side-drapes of heavy, dull blue. The wall paper is in blues and grays, and the pictures are soft tones of blue, gold or gray.

There's a couch in the blue and gold with very lovely hand-bullioned cushions. wicker chairs, a harmonious rug, a tiny desk which never in the world is going to hold Louise's fan letters, and best of all, a new-fangled gas-heater which keeps the place comfy in the chilliest times. Any one who has lived thru the oil-heater stage of Los Angeles studios will appreciate this innovation.

Adjoining this room one finds a tiny dressing-room, separated from it by monks' cloth curtains stenciled in blue. Could a star possibly be more comfortably housed?

"Are you going to light-housekeep here, Miss Glaum?" I nosed in.

"I really *could* live here, couldn't I? If we ever get flooded out in rainy season, I may stay overnight on my box-couch and cook a simple breakfast on the gas-heater. Anyway, I'm going

By MARY KEANE TAYLOR

to have tea things here and you're invited right now to partake."

But Miss Glaum doesn't have to live in tiny quarters like this, for you see she has a beautiful closed car, a reliable chauffeur and a house in Los Angeles which is run by a maid who adores her, and protected by "Runtie"—her most beloved possession, the little bulldog who was left to die by some unfeeling folk, and whom Louise nursed back to life for three months of his early career. Runtie, being a grateful little brat, lived to be his mistress' shock-absorber and he endeavors in every way to keep her from harm.

"Runtie hates to ride on the front seat with my chauffeur," said Miss Glaum. "He wants to sit inside in state, but he gets so excited if other dogs pass us in machines, that he tumbles all over my clothes, and chiffon draperies wont stay pretty with doggie-toes digging into them—for, you see, I often dress at home and then motor out. Sometimes my frocks are just yards and yards of georgette, net or chiffon put on by my dressmaker at home as it would waste too much of her time to go to the studio with me. I

(*Continued on page 62*)

Photo by Hoover

"I'm very happy now," says Miss Glaum. "I've gained much knowledge, I have philosophized and learnt that loss is often gain. . . . I want to play real women in the future. I want to live the women who suffer nowadays. It's not real to be sinless, none of us have reached that stage"

Beauties from Enter

AND still they come! Beauties from every clime, to seek fame and fortune in the international contest of THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC and

Top:
CAROLYNN BROOKS
Right:
TOOTS SANDELL
Below:
EVELYN JEWEL POUTCH

Photo by Sid Whiting

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. Who could conceive of so many beauties—and so many varied types of prettiness? The originators of THE FAME AND FORTUNE CONTEST little realized the amount of feminine pulchritude in the world. Indeed, the judges are being fairly swamped with thousands of portraits, the large percentage of which are out of the ordinary.

Among the young folks from outside the home borders of our own states to enter THE FAME AND FORTUNE CONTEST

Every Land Contest

is little Kikui Yamamoto, a Japanese lassie of Pearl Harbor, Hawaii. A dashing would-be masculine star is Emilio Ad Alba, of 1279 Dagupan Street, Manila, Philippines. Still another is Roy Alan de Mercado, of 84 Naover Street, Kingston, Jamaica, British West Indies. And a striking Spanish type is Marta Tglesias Castellanos, of Colon 1381, Montevideo, Uruguay. These representative folks from outside the boundaries of the United States proper just missed out getting into the eighth honor roll by a narrow margin. In at least one instance bad photography prevented an accurate decision.

The month's contestants brought to light a young woman with a remarkably interesting career in Mary Sharon, of the Hotel Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal. Altho but eighteen and born in Johannesburg, South Africa, Miss Sharon states that her parents were killed in a cyclone at Miami, Oklahoma, when she was thirteen. She clerked and ran errands until she earned enough to go to Wyoming, where she rode in the several round-ups. She taught in a private school, homesteaded under the orphanage law forty miles from the nearest settlement, got a cattle herd and finally bought a ranch in Colorado. Miss Sharon says she has been in concert work, killed deer in Montana, shot elk in Wyoming and panned for gold in Colorado. We would like to add that she made a place in the eighth honor roll of THE FAME AND FORTUNE CONTEST. Miss Sharon might—if she would try again with new photographs.

The judges of THE FAME AND FORTUNE

(*Continued on page* 84)

Photo by Empire, L. A.

Photo by Carey Art Studio

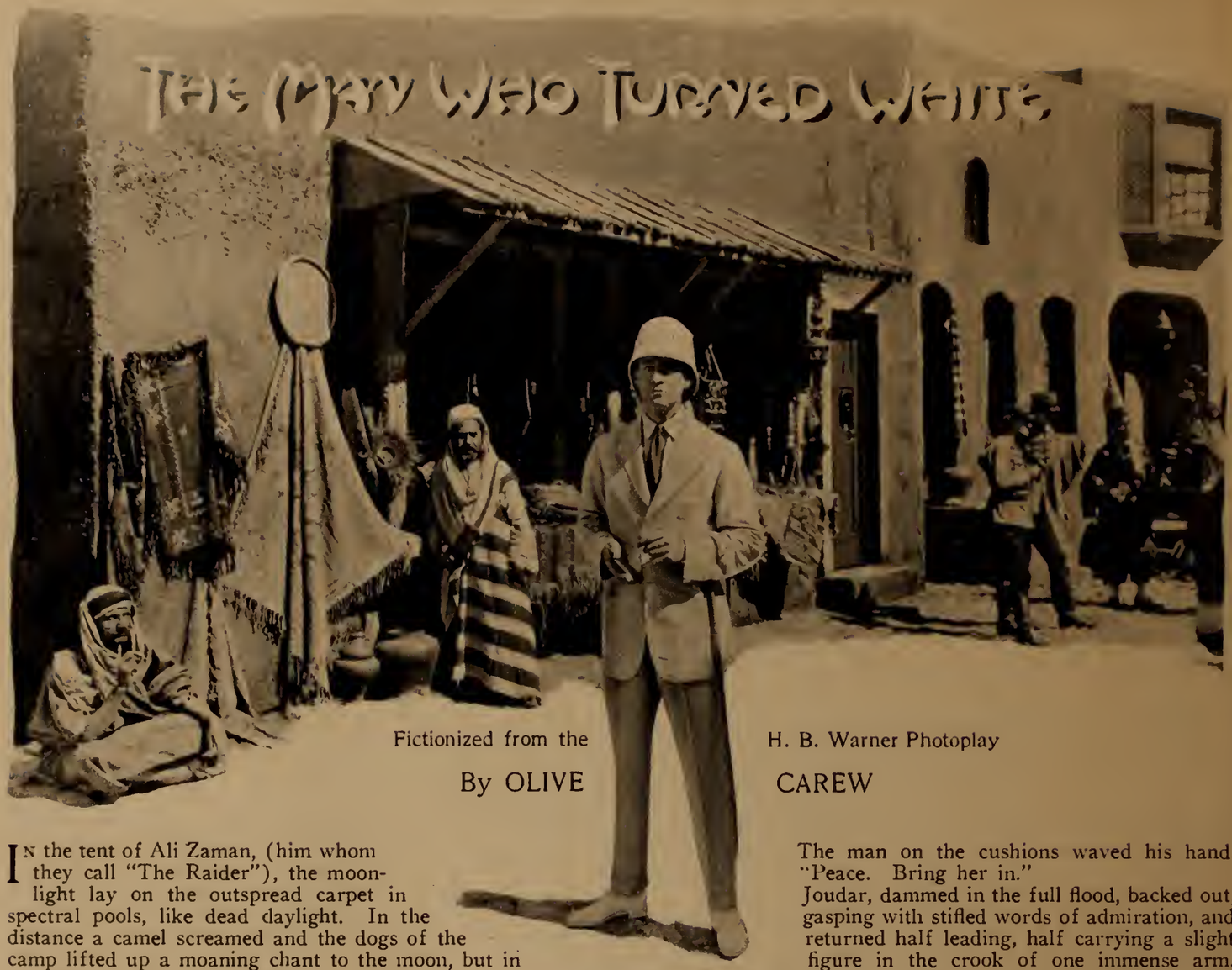
Top: GEORGE W. SMITH

Left: BEATRICE ELLEN LEVEY

Lower left: MARIE JOSEPHINE STADLER

Lower right: MINNIE GAYNOR

The Man Who Turned White



Fictionized from the H. B. Warner Photoplay

By OLIVE CAREW

IN the tent of Ali Zaman, (him whom they call "The Raider"), the moonlight lay on the outspread carpet in spectral pools, like dead daylight. In the distance a camel screamed and the dogs of the camp lifted up a moaning chant to the moon, but in the tent was silence and a sense of waiting.

The motionless figure, squatting on the floor cushions, did not stir when light shadows flitted over the pale, moonlit spaces before his brooding eyes—shadows of Arabs with turbaned heads and fluttering draperies, slim, secret shadows of women carrying water-jars on their veiled heads, the grotesque simulacrum of camels, gaunt and furtive, a little dancing shadow of undraped comeliness, maiden slender, frolicking with its own loveliness.

At last there was a thud of hoof-beats far out across the sands. A stir of arrival swept the camp. Voices shrilled, dogs barked, and the sands softly crunched under hurrying feet. Still the silent figure did not stir. Even when a huge Arab strode thru the opened flap of the tent and salaamed, he only turned the cold glow of his eyes upon him without speaking.

"Spokesman of Allah," intoned the newcomer, "greetings!"

"And to you," his master said curtly, "what hast thou brought from the well of El Mudir?"

"A prize more precious than rubies, more sparkling than diamonds, more glorious than the noonday sun," averred Joudar, the chief of the plainsmen, with a moistening of thick lips, "a woman as white as moonlight, as soft as the simoon, as fragrant as the vales of Araby! A woman with skin like the——"

The man on the cushions waved his hand. "Peace. Bring her in."

Joudar, dammed in the full flood, backed out, gasping with stifled words of admiration, and returned half leading, half carrying a slight figure in the crook of one immense arm.

"Behold!" There was regret on the fierce, dark face of the henchman as he surrendered his plunder and stood back, feasting his eyes on the white forehead under the torn, disheveled hair. Brown maidens were well in their way, and black maidens had their charms, but this one had skin like milk and white velvet and pale flower petals, and her lips were a slim red line instead of full and pouting . . .

"Joudar, leave us," Ali Zaman said heavily, "and see that I be not disturbed. Remember, if so much as one camel whimper, or one dog snarl, they shall be strangled. And if a man come across my shadow tonight it would be better for him that he had never been born!"

"Allah is the only God, and Ali Zaman is his mouthpiece!" Joudar promptly responded, flexing his mighty waist muscles. Salaaming, he disappeared and the tent flap fell behind him, erasing all light. The heavy panting breathing of the captured girl sounded in the silence. She stood drooping where the great encircling arm had left her, clasping and unclasping her small hands upon her slight bosom. And nothing happened.

Moments passed, freighted with heavy waiting. Then, as if the cry was torn from her, the girl screamed hysterically, once, twice. Afterwards she flung a bare white arm across her mouth and set her teeth into the flesh, eyeing Ali

"THE MAN WHO TURNED WHITE"

Fictionized from the photoplay by George Elwood Jenks based on F. McGrew Willis' story. Produced by Jesse D. Hampton for the Robertson-Cole Company, being released thru the Exhibitors' Mutual. Directed by Jesse D. Hampton. Starring H. B. Warner. The cast:

Ali Zaman / Captain Arthur Rand	H. B. Warner
Ethel Lambert	Barbara Castleton
Mrs. Mirabeau	Eugenie Forde
Capt. Cecil Beverly	Wedgewood Newell
Joudar	Manuel O'Jeda
Hans Mirabeau	J. Dwiggins
Fanina	Carmen Phillips

Zaman across the slender barrier with wide, fear-darkened eyes. His slate-blue glance met hers like steel.

"Whence came you, daughter of an alien race?" he asked, in a deep voice. "Have you no friends to keep you from wandering on the great plains?"

Hearing her own tongue from that dark, mysterious countenance, the girl took a step forward, hope flickering into her eyes. "Will you set me free?" she whispered. "Surely you will not keep me here—they will be anxious! They will not know what has happened——"

There was not a hint of softening in the granite wedge of face that looked sombrely forth from the folds of the white turban. "Ali Zaman never frees his prey. Come hither, and let me look at you and see whether you suit me."

She did not stir, but the darkness pulsed to her defiance. With a lazy motion of one hand he struck a flame on the tripod beside him, filling the cone of the tent with a bluish vaporous glow. In it they regarded one another, the man with stilly smiling lips, the girl with brave disdain. She was a little thing that could be crushed by a man's hand, with hair like honey and brown eyes and the smallest hands in all the world.

"Well?" she asked, presently, when he had taken his fill of her youth and sweetness and the incredible whiteness of her skin. "Well?"

He nodded slowly. "You please me. You please me very well. Come to me, flower of the far away. Do not be afraid of me, but do not cross my will."

Even the thin thread of her lips lost its color, but she did not stir. He rose to his great height, arms folded, the white folds of his robe giving him a majesty that even in her terror she felt. "I am Ali Zaman," he spoke slowly. "I do as I will with whom I will. You shall be my beloved for a space; it may be little, it may be long. The world has done cruel things to me—why should I show mercy to any in it? *Mercy*—a coward's word!"

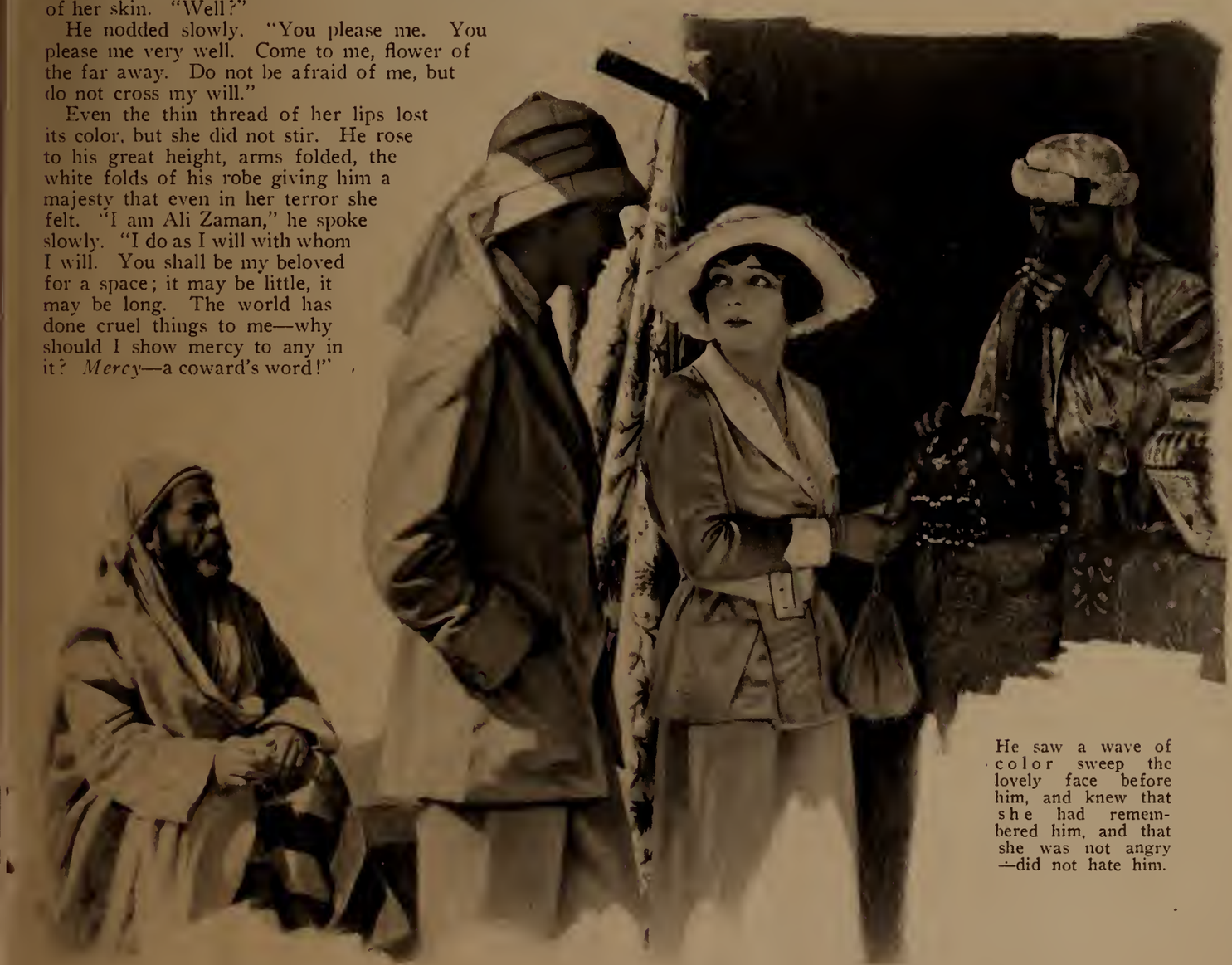
Over the top of a leveled pistol the girl's eyes flashed.

The Arab chieftain touched his belt. A smile bent his lips, tribute to her cleverness. "And if you do," he said calmly, "what then? How far do you think you could run from my avengers? How long could you live on the desert under the pitiless sun?"

But she was not listening to him. Pistol slipping from her relaxing fingers, she stood staring at him with such distillation of horror in her face that his eyes instinctively followed hers to where, in her struggles, she had torn a rent in his cloak. "So!"—the scorn of her voice was like red-hot iron, branding his soul—"so—you are a *white* man——"

Underneath the snow of the draperies his flesh gleamed in the faint light, not brown and desert-colored, but as dazzling white as her own!

For a moment he gazed down into her eyes with a curious look, as tho pleading with her not to judge, not to despise. Then, turning on his heel, he left her alone in the tent, the wind of his passing sending the shadows of the flames on the tripod flaring over his white robe. Ethel Lambert felt her



He saw a wave of color sweep the lovely face before him, and knew that she had remembered him, and that she was not angry—did not hate him.

And when she still would defy him he stepped forward and caught her to him, holding her passion-close, his breath burning on her hair. With a little low laugh of triumph he bent to her lips, but the kiss never scorched them.

"Stand back!"

knees faltering beneath her. Wave on wave of faintness beat on her brain, engulfing it, and she fell in a little crumpled heap among the silken cushions. When the world crept back, there was the night wind on her forehead, and overhead, very strangely far away, the familiar stars. Somewhere there was

motion, like a wave lifting her to and fro; somewhere there was an odd sound, like a heart beating fast and loud in her ears. Then she knew it was a heart, and her cheek was pressed against it, and the wave-like motion was a horse beneath her galloping over the shifting sands.

Opening her eyes, she looked up into a tense, dark face lined like a mask of pain. Ali Zaman spoke flatly, thru set teeth. "I am taking you back to your people." A ripple ran over the brown skin. "I found I was too much of a—a white man to keep you."

The girl, clasped against the thudding of his heart, watching the pale streaming of the stars thru the vast spaces above her, swayed to the tune of the powerful steed's galloping, felt a strange sense of familiarity, as tho she had known always that this moment would come. Perhaps—a tug of awe stirred her heartstrings—perhaps that was why she had come to the great desert; perhaps all her life she had been traveling to meet this wild, primitive moment thru her safe, conventional days.

"We are almost there," A Zaman said briefly. "Hark!"

Somewhere ahead in the night the sound of music came

Behind the billow of sand a shrill sound rose and keened along the sky, mournful, ineffable. She laid a steady hand upon his sleeve. "Is it death?" It is death," he answered solemnly.

to their ears, and the mist was pricked with needle-points of lights. The man descended, and set his burden down, gently supporting her until life crept back to her cramped limbs. "The town lies a step before you," he said, pointing. "I can go no farther with you, for if it were known that Ali Zaman had brought you out of the desert your reputation would be gone!" He laughed without mirth and was turning away, but her hand on his white sleeve restrained him.

"Wait!" she whispered. "I cant let you go without knowing more—saying more——"

He shook his turbaned head. "Words cannot mend what deeds have done. Remember me, if you are merciful, as one who has suffered much from the world and wished to repay what he could in kind. Remember that I did you no harm. Or better still, do not remember me at all! And now, daughter of the green lands, good-night and good-by!"

She looked up, a long way up into the dark, tragic face, twisted with pain. "My name is Ethel Lambert," she said, with difficult lips. "I am traveling with my uncle and aunt. I wish you would come with me and meet them. They are very kind people, and they would understand, and try to help——"

"There is no help!" It was a wild, passionate cry. "There is no help for those in hell!" He controlled himself sternly. "You do not understand—some things. When a man's honor is lost he is dead to the world that knew him, tho his body may be a traitor and refuse to die. I am an outlaw, so I herd with other outlaws until I have forgotten—almost the ways of my kind! Or I had forgotten until tonight——"

He knelt suddenly before she knew what he was about and touched his lips to the hem of her skirt. Then, with a salaam, he turned and, leading his horse by the bridle, strode out into the desert, more than mortal tall in his white robes, beside the white horse under the white moon. Then the hot tears blotted him from her.

Late that night out in the desert a man sat, sinewy hands clasped about his knees, and stared desolately into a future darker than the midnight sky, lonelier than the vastness of the desert stretches, unillumined by a single star of hope. He could not go back to his band of raiders, he could not go forward. For long hours he sat there motionless as he had schooled Ali Zaman to sit. When he rose finally there was a bitter smile upon his lips and his eyes were hard. He struck the Arab steed a blow on his flank and watched him disappear, with dragging bridle-rein, whence he had come; then, turning, he strode into the town, keeping to the byways, until he came to a low iron door set in a blank brown wall. From a cord about his neck he took a key, set it into the lock and bent his great height to enter.

It was late the next afternoon when the door opened again and a tall, lean man, dressed in tourist garments with linen suit and cork helmet, came out and stood for a moment gazing about him without curiosity or emotion, tho a muscle in one bronzed cheek twitched spasmodically.

It was a hot day, the sunshine a turgid yellow on the narrow cobbled streets, the sky a glaze of blue that seared the eyes to look at. The heat shimmered in the air, distorting the passers, orange venders, Arabians; now camel drivers; women, veiled and cloaked, sending arrowy glances thru the eye-slits of their veils. The man in the pith helmet regarded them sombrely. He seemed to be steeling himself to something. At length he moved forward, holding himself very erect, tho his glance cringed involuntarily when it met other glances, and once, as an English army officer strode down the pavement, he seemed on the point of flight, but setting his jaw, went doggedly on.

In a wine-shop he flung himself down and ordered champagne, but when the bottle was brought he seemed in no haste to drink. His eyes, roving among the shadows, had spied other eyes watching him with recognition gleaming in their yellow depths. One moment he hesitated; then, gathering up bottle and glass, he went across the sodden floor and sat down at a table where a handsome Arab woman, boldly unveiled, was smoking a cigaret in a jeweled holder.

"Fanina—as beautiful as ever, too," he said lightly. "Time

himself loves you, Pearl of the Orient! And it has been so long——"

"It has been four years." She leaned tigerishly forward, eyes blazing. "What woman has helped those years to pass, false one? Nay, do not lie! There has been a woman—there will always be a woman for thee."

He laughed wryly, watching the bubbles in his glass. "Why speak of the past which is dead? The future alone liveth, and there will nevermore be woman for me"—his voice was haunted and his eyes—"unless perhaps a glass of wine now and again with an old friend like thee, Fanina."

Her eyes narrowed to slits thru which she surveyed him watchfully. "Where have you been? They said four years ago that Captain Rand had killed himself——"

In spite of his poise, the name stung him like a whiplash. "Captain Rand—well, why not? No more disguises; that's over." He spoke as tho to himself. "People's tongues will wag, of course, but if they stab deep enough, perhaps I'll have the courage to take the man's way out at last! Captain Rand by all means!" He filled his glass and held it up in a fantastic toast. "Fanina, drink this with me—Captain Rand, dishonorably discharged from the Foreign Legion! The name reeks like a charnel-house! A merry resurrection to Captain Arthur Rand!"

He had given Ethel Lambert two days—three at the most—to leave the place that had so narrowly escaped meaning tragedy to her, to be on the safe side he kept himself hidden for a week. Fanina, the Nautch dancer, clung to him like a shadow cast by the past, trying with all her art to rewin the old careless light love he had once given her. But with a woman's quick instinct, she knew that she had failed and guessed why. With the desert woman love and hate are the same passion, as the rose and its thorn are one. Behind the drooping veils of her long lashes Fanina's eyes grew fanged and evil as her voice, honey sweet, plied him with questions until at last, all unsuspecting, Arthur Rand had told her of Ali Zaman, and Joudar, and the camp of the raiders where he had ruled as chieftain, eastward across the sands.

After a week had passed Rand told himself that he need not fear to meet the little white girl any longer. "She has gone," he thought, "gone back to the green places—the clean green places where I cannot ever follow." So he went for a walk in the bazaar.

And there, in one of the sidewalk shops, he found her bargaining with a greasy ruffian for the possession of a beadwork bag and about to be most ingloriously cheated. Afterward Rand tried to remember whether he had spoken without thinking or because he could not help it. At any rate, he cried out her name very much as a man dying of thirst might cry out "Water!" She turned with a start and looked at him with clear, troubled eyes.

Then, standing there in his linen garments, with his cork helmet in one hand, Arthur Rand remembered many things—remembered that he was an outcast whose name was anathema among all good people; remembered, under the amazed gaze of a stout, elderly lady, who hurried up to Ethel's side, that she did not even know his name and that she had great and just occasion to hate him and fear him.

He bowed with an echo of his old manner. "I am afraid you have forgotten me, Miss Lambert—Captain Rand," he smiled, easily. "I met you at the—at the fête the other evening."

He saw a wave of color sweep the lovely face before him and knew that she had remembered him, and that—Allah is merciful!—she was not angry, did not hate him. In an instant she had taken her cue from him, introduced her aunt and was seconding her invitation to lunch at the hotel.

In the next few days Arthur Rand alternated between heaven and hell. To be so near her, to be able to look at her pale, wonderful loveliness and hear the soft speech of his native isle on her lips—it was more than human to give all this up and go away, and so he lingered, and at length, as he had known it must, the die fell. Captain Randolph Beverly, of His Majesty's Own, returning from an inspection trip, strode into the dining-room and paused at the Lamberts' table, holding out his hand to Ethel.

"My word, this is a bit of luck!" he cried, gaily. "I was afraid I'd miss you——" His words trailed as his smiling glance fell upon Rand's white, set countenance. With starting eyeballs and a mottled, angry red staining his cheeks, he opened his lips, but Arthur Rand forestalled him.

He rose quietly in his place and spoke to Ethel as if out of all the world she alone was present. "Miss Lambert, this gentleman here thinks I have no right to be dining at your table. He knew me once, you see, some four years ago, when I was dishonorably discharged"—not a quiver of the white lips over the words—"from the Foreign Legion on a charge of—cheating at cards. He will tell you that I am a scoundrel and a cad to have taken advantage of your divine friendliness in this way, but—he does not know what he would do if he were in hell! Good-by, Miss Lambert. God keep you——"

He was gone, striding erectly among the tables to the door

(*Continued on page 72*)

The Extra Girl

By ETHEL

WHAT did it matter that the spring blasts of the balmy belated blizzard threatened to send the huge glass moving picture conservatory of the Solax studio clattering down around our ears? Who cared that every time the door opened a gentle Arctic wind lifted tables and chairs and sent them gaily one-stepping with the Kliegs and Cooper-Hewitts? Director "Happy Cappy" beamed and proudly asked the extras, "Have you caught me?" which is his French idea of American slang. Sunshine June opened her blue eyes and sent us one of her merry smiles; Creighton Hale looked about to see if any one seemed particularly chilly and in need of a cup of the steaming tea which his man Friday was dispensing; "Big Ben" Taggart and "Lefty" Flynn lent their laughing approval to the scene; Flora Finch wore her best I-may-do-something-funny-any-minute expression, and no one paid any attention to the fact that Old Man Winter was claiming his own with a vengeance. It took just such a combination, backed by Zena Keefe's good-natured teasing of Assistant Director Bert Dorris because he seemed particularly at home playing father to ten pretty chorus-girls, to keep one assured that the world is a beautiful place in spite of a long trip from Brooklyn.

Upper left, Creighton Hale and June Caprice in the prelude to a kiss and, *in the circle,* the conclusion to the osculatory interlude. Draw your own conclusion. *Left,* Miss Rosemon (in the Napoleonic hat) surrounded by "Oh, Boy" choristers

But, oh, boy, there were three happy days. For I had been engaged to do a "special stunt," in a striped black-and-white Pierrette costume, with the ten choristers. I am partial to stripes,

Almost Becomes a Cabaret Entertainer

ROSEMON

because they resemble the vampire which I never hope to be and the zebra which I have often dreamed of being. (These are the reasons which I am giving the press, but among ourselves, girls, stripes that run at right angles to the eyebrows have a tendency to emphasize one's sylph-like form.)

And while I was experimenting in make-up, the other chorus-girls were dancing away, notwithstanding the fact that all the previous evening their eyes and toes had twinkled merrily in an effort to make some few hundred of the t.b.m. class forget their offices and perhaps their wives.

"Oh, gee, I wonder when we eat," one of the girls exclaimed with the final kick.

"More pep, girls," Mr. Capellani interrupted.

"These are college boys—Johns—come to take you out after the show," Mr. Vaughn interpreted. "Act accordingly."

"H-m, who ever heard of a college boy being a regular John?" one of the girls remarked. "Well, I suppose it goes in pictures, but I must say what they know about Johns wouldn't take the place of the cream on a crême de cocoa."

On tiptoe they stole to the door to catch a glimpse of the college chaps who aspired to the rôle of Johns. In the hallway Zena Keefe as Jackie was talking to "Lefty" Flynn, the leader of the boys. Just as the girls were stealthily gaining upon the couple, there was a rush around the corner of the dressing-room and the rest of the boys bore down upon the surprised little dancers and carried them off to the cabaret.

It was in this college restaurant—the only one in town that boasted of a cabaret—that the main action of the "Oh Boy" story took place.

Top, a close-up of Miss Caprice; *below*, June and her director, "Happy Cappy" Capellani; and, *left*, Miss Caprice Cinderella-ing for THE CLASSIC camera

Judge Carter, that venerable actor, William H. Thompson, with whose daughter, Lou Ellen, Creighton Hale had eloped, had been informed that this particular restaurant was not exactly the best place for the college youth to complete his education. But the judge never took anything on hearsay, so when the hilarity was at its height he arrived to test the rumor by personal observation. As he sat at a corner table sipping a glass of seltzer, Jackie spied him.

"Get on to the old guy drinking water," she remarked to "Lefty" Flynn.

Then an idea struck her. She tiptoed over to the judge, called to a waiter to bring some whiskey and tried to persuade Mr. Thompson to have a regular drink. He protested, but one swallow convinced him that the young lady knew whereof she spoke. In a

(*Continued on page* 86)

June Elvidge believes that the back-to-nature movement shouldn't stop—even in time of peace. So she decided to raise an onion in the backyard of her suburban estate

Every night June takes up the onion and waters it carefully. This is inconvenient for the onion, but an absolutely sure way of making it grow

Note the admiration of the maid. June has just informed her that to be absolutely sure about the onion coming out all right, she is planting it already grown

Of course you observe the studious attitude of Miss Elvidge. Could an onion resist growing under these conditions?

The Effect of June Upon a Mere Onion

Don't do this! It makes the cuticle ragged

Remove the dead skin gently, safely this way

The only thing that protects the sensitive nail root is 1/12 inch of cuticle. Don't cut it!

The wrong and the right way to care for your cuticle

Learn to keep it smooth and even without ruinous cutting

When you use knife or scissors or even a sharp steel nail cleaner on your cuticle, you cut into the living skin.

If you look through a magnifying glass, you will see that this is so—that you have made tiny, jagged cuts in the flesh itself. As any specialist can tell you, the skin in its effort to heal these ugly little places, grows up quickly, unevenly, and forms thick, rough, ragged cuticle.

How to keep your cuticle smooth, unbroken

You *can* keep your cuticle so thin, smooth and even, that it gives especial beauty to your hand.

To do this, once or twice a week remove overgrown cuticle gently, harmlessly with Cutex:—

Wrap a bit of cotton around the end of an orange stick (both come in the Cutex package). Dip it into the Cutex bottle and work the stick around the base of the nail, gently pushing back the dead cuticle. Then rinse your fingers in clear water, pressing back the cuticle when drying your hands. In this way, you keep your cuticle in perfect condition with no breaking or cutting of the skin.

Thousands of women have learned that Cutex makes hang-nails and rough, heavy cuticle a thing of the past.

With Cutex you can keep your hands well groomed ***all the time.***

At any drug or department store you can get Cutex. The Cutex Remover comes in 35c and 65c bottles. Cutex Nail White is 35c. Cutex Nail Polish in cake, paste, powder, liquid or stick form is 35c. Cutex Cuticle Comfort is also 35c.

Cutex Powder Polish can now be secured in this improved ivory-like tube, at the same price —35c

A complete trial manicure set for only 21c

Mail the coupon today with 21c, and we will send you the complete Midget Manicure Set shown below. This will give you at least six perfect manicures. Send for it today! Address Northam Warren, Dept. 906, 114 West 17th Street, New York City. *If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, Dept. 906, 200 Mountain St., Montreal.*

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Double Exposures

Conducted by F. J. S.

Why We Would Rather See Photoplays at Private Showings

Scene: The dark auditorium of a movie palace de luxe.

Time: During a feature fil-lem.

The voices speak in the darkness just behind us.

First Voice: Say, Kate, aint it too bad about Charlie Ray?

Second Voice: What'er about him?

Divorced his wife, goin' to marry Theda Bara.

Honest! Why, Theda's married to Bill Farnum.

They're divorced. Say, did'ja see that smash-up them?

Ye-ah, faked.

Faked?

Sure; Tessie's friend, Jennie, works as an extra over at the Fox studios, and she says that all that stuff is faked.

Yuh cant believe nothin' you see, can you?

Nope, and that night stuff. All faked, too.

You mean it didn't happen?

Ye-ah, happened, but in the day time. They painted in the night. Jennie told Tessie so.

Who painted it, Charlie Ray?

Nah, use your brain, Kate, the guys in the developin' place. Gee, some dress that dame's wearin'!

You said it. But I dont care.

'Bout the dress?

Nah, 'bout Charlie. I'd leave my happy home for him any day.

How Could They Get Along?

A problem play without a door.
The persecuted heroine without a bed.
The villain without a cigaret.
The vamp without a clinging gown.
The ingénue without high heels.
The Western meller without a dance-hall.
The society drama without the other man.

Our idea of doing the impossible is to film the *plot* of the musical comedy, "Oh, Boy!"

Our favorite subtitle: The End.

The more we read of what exhibitors say about the pictures they play, the more we wonder how on earth the photoplay advances a-tall. List to these choice comments from exhibitors, published in *The Motion Picture News:*

"Under the Top": "Not an animal in it. Business poor."

"The Gypsy Trail": "Another picture like this will finish Washburn."

"Here Comes the Bride": "You have to be a real highbrow to get this. Barrymore acting either a drunk or a nut; hard to tell which." And also this: "Jack Barrymore very unpopular here, nothing to him."

"Prunella": "Nothing to it. 5,000 feet wasted."

Motion picture advertising always has its interesting flavor to us. Take the Outing-Chester pictures, which, according to the advertisement, are intended for:

"People who love dogs and skunks and rhinoceroses."

Personally, we draw the line at skunks, and the magazine owner refuses to let us keep our pet rhino tied to our desk.

And we note a charming Southern accent to the Vitagraph advertising these days. For instance, it refers to "Miss Dulcie From Dixie," as being as sweet as "cane sugah."

Also observe the warning in this dainty announcement:

"This is the model,
Mimi had eyes, such eyes—beware;
Form like Venus, man—take care.
Trust her not,
Stop, look, listen,
She's not an angel.

AS A MAN THINKS."

The Big News of the Month

The staggering announcement that Marion Davies roller-skates every day along Riverside Drive.

Speaking of warnings, Olive Thomas says, via her press agent, that the vampire baby stare is a bigger world menace than the Bolsheviki problem. You're right, Olive, the Bolsheviki merely want to divide up property.

We're going to reorganize our movie baseball team in order to get Clarine Seymour in the line-up. Just imagine Clarine, with her vibratory glide, running bases!

NORMA TALMADGE
"You may use my testimonial to the value of Watkins Mulsified Cocoanut Oil."

ALICE BRADY
"I consider Watkins Mulsified Cocoanut Oil an ideal shampoo and can be used with such little effort and keeps my hair in a wonderful condition."

BLANCHE SWEET
"I am pleased to indorse Watkins Mulsified Cocoanut Oil for shampooing."

How Famous Movie Stars Keep Their Hair Beautiful

PROPER Shampooing is what makes beautiful hair. It brings out all the real life, lustre, natural wave and color, and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

Your hair simply needs frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, but it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soap. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it. This is why leading motion picture stars, theatrical people and discriminating women use

WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL FOR SHAMPOOING

This clear, pure, and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and has the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is. It leaves the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage.

You can get WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL at any drug store. A four ounce bottle should last for months. Splendid for Children.

THE R. L. WATKINS CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

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"Of all the shampoos I have ever used Watkins Mulsified Cocoanut Oil is by far the superior."

MAE MURRAY
"Shampooing with Watkins Mulsified Cocoanut Oil always keeps my hair looking its best."

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FACE POWDER

Beauty of whatever nationality is enhanced by Freeman's Face Powder—for 40 years a standard toilet requisite. All tints, 50 cents (double quantity) at all toilet counters, or miniature box for 4 cents stamps.

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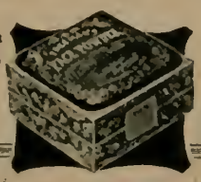

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C. R. ACFIELD, Foot Specialties, (Est. 1901)
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Dept. 290, 1328 Broadway (at 35th Street) New York

The Luxurious Louise

(*Continued from page* 49)

have shelves upon shelves of goods, lengths from ten to twenty yards, and one of the things I'll wear in 'Sahara' is made of wide georgette which I had specially dyed from cream to the deepest cerise. You can buy things of this kind in New York, but not out here. It's the same way about train gowns—the Eastern costumers carry them, but there's no call for many out here, and I do *love* trains. That is why I have a little dressmaker who makes things according to my own designs. The shaded chiffons look beautiful in a picture, even tho their colors are not seen."

As she talked, her chin always tilted upward, a little habit Miss Glaum has, her intelligent eyes shining sympathetically, her smile encouraging one to stay and chat, I studied this girl who has been registering vampire "impressions" for so long, and whose whole being is so utterly feminine, motherly and domestic. You see, Louise Glaum's real life is entirely different from her stage conceptions. She loves housekeeping, likes to stay alone with a fire, a good book and Runtie, and has risen bravely out of the chaos of heartaches caused by her divorce and business mismanagement.

"It was very hard at first," said Louise. "You see, I had always been romantic, and when I married, I had pictured a life of home-making and domestic bliss. I was always idealizing home, husband and even tiny happenings."

"Do you think that very early marriages are a mistake? Is it because people marry too young that they tire of each other?"

"No, I dont think it's that—for you remember how many old folks we see who have lived together forty or more years happily, and who married in their teens. I think it is because, in this business, we become tired, strained, we are flattered; if we are a little weak we are misled by those who flatter us; we may become irritable, temperamental—and then a sudden word, a lack of self-control—we meet some one who appears to be more congenial—well, it all spells divorce," said Miss Glaum very seriously.

Never has Louise Glaum looked so well, happy or childlike. Her skin is very clear, and the color in her cheeks isn't from a rouge-box. In private life she doesn't use make-up, as most of us do nowadays. Her hair is the shiniest brown, rolled over the ears, softly coiled in back, and peeping out under a very new and stunning brown straw turban. Turbans seem *made* for Louise—any shape or size is becoming to her.

"Yes, I'm very happy now, happier than ever in my life," said Miss Glaum in answer to my question. "I've gained much knowledge, I have philosophized and learnt that loss is often gain. It was hard at first to realize things—and I used to wish that I might die; I couldn't see much joy in just acting and then going home and finding no family life such as I had dreamed of. But now—I would not go back to the old past. If I ever marry again, he will be a homely man, good, very intelligent, domestic—but not a man in the profession. He may be a business man or in any other profession, but not in mine. When I say homely, I mean of that type which is so intelligently homely that one says after a time 'Isn't he a splendid looking man?' But you see I'm idealizing and dreaming again. Somehow, I feel that I wont be making a second matrimonial mistake, tho."

"And what of your subsequent plays?"

"I'm reading magazines, books, in fact anything suggested or sent to me. Just about the time I wire an option to New York, some one else seems to have gotten there first. You see, I want plays that are true to life. People aren't shocked at reading domestic tragedies in newspapers; in fact, they seem to hunt those out particularly. It has been the custom too long to bar from the screen anything like the vivid sufferings of women who err in one direction, but are good at heart and who come thru all right, or else die before their regeneration, but still winning the sympathy of the audience.

"I want to do the *real* thing—I want to live the women who suffer nowadays. It's not real to be sinless—none of us have reached that stage. The thing which matters is how we make use of our experiences, how we can teach others, sympathize with them, understand their motives. No one of us who condemns can know what she might have done under just such circumstances. I am always analyzing complex characters—whether in books, in newspapers or in the plays submitted to me. I want to understand the effect environment has on others," ruminated this clever star.

"Your desire in that direction is going to carry you pretty far around the world, isn't it? You seem always to be carried to foreign locations—it ought to be a mighty liberal education," I ventured.

"Yes, and I hate shams, too. I want real camels when I do a desert scene, not an inserted Pathé bit from a travelogue. I want to be where the sand lies thick, not on the lot with a few tons shoveled in. We went to Oxnard desert this last time and, while we used a wind-machine for the sand-storm, everything was very realistic otherwise, including the bad camels who wanted to chew members of the company, and who did succeed in biting the negro attendant's arm very badly."

"Have you tamed your peacocks?"

"I hate to admit that they are the most horrid, unruly, disagreeable birds any one ever saw. They simply *wont* do what you want. They screech and run and, when it's necessary to use them, the chauffeur catches them and has to hold them until we get started. In fact, for 'Sahara' we hired trained birds which stood by calmly. I do love my peacocks, just because I'm strong for bright colors

(*Continued on page* 72)

Enid Bennett

in "Partners Three"

Enid just made a "lucky strike" with the sledge she is now shouldering. She looks "tight fisted" in the picture but this break of luck should change matters.

Paramount Picture

Miss Enid Bennett is another famous star of the screen stage who states that she "prefers" Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream

Famous beauties of stage and screen as well as of society regard Ingram's Milkweed Cream as indispensable to the beauty of their complexion. We have on file hundreds of voluntary letters that testify to their regard for it.

The difference between Ingram's Milkweed Cream and many so-called "face creams" is its therapeutic property. It is easy to find a cream that softens and cleanses the skin but only Ingram's Milkweed Cream does this and in addition tones up the tissues and keeps them in good condition. Ask your druggist for a jar today.

Buy it in either 50c or $1.00 Size

There is Beauty in Every Jar

(151)

Ingram's Velveola Souveraine

FACE POWDER

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Ingram's Rouge

"Just to show a proper glow" use a touch of Ingram's Rouge on the cheeks. A safe preparation for delicately heightening the natural color. The coloring matter is not absorbed by the skin. Delicately perfumed. Solid cake. Three shades—Light, Medium and Dark—50c.

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FOR MEN AND WOMEN

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Two Sizes—50c and $1.00

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Beauty specialists recommend Delatone for removal of objectionable hair from face, neck or arms.

Druggists sell Delatone; or an original 1 oz. jar will be mailed to any address on receipt of $1 by

THE SHEFFIELD PHARMACAL CO.
Dept. HZ, 339 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

The Witness for the Defense

(*Continued from page 42*)

—so that he could drink himself into beastliness without fear of being seen and reported to the Home Office. No, I do not remember what we quarreled about this time. It really does not matter, does it? I ran out of his tent into the jungle and waited there for hours; then when I thought he might be asleep I crept back, and I found"—she shuddered thruout her delicate frame—"I found him—on the floor—with the knife sticking up—"

The words died down to a whisper which the eager listeners—the greedy scavengers of society who always flock to a murder trial—leaned forward to catch. Questioning and cross-questioning failed to shake her story, and she was excused, to sit, with bent head and stilly folded hands, seemingly indifferent to what went on about her, or to what was said. A native servant was called and thru an interpreter he testified that he had heard "Missie Sahib" say that she would like to kill her husband. It was the very afternoon before the murder. The Sahib had killed her bird—a little yellow bird she had brought with her, on her marriage, in a wicker cage. The Sahib was drunk, oh yes, very drunk of a certainty, and when he was drunk he liked to hurt helpless things. Once there had been a child got in his way—

But the judge refused to listen to further loquacity and excused the man, who salaamed and disappeared. A stir went round the room which Stella Ballentyne, sitting absorbed and motionless in an isolation of spirit, alone did not seem to feel. She had threatened to kill her husband then—it looked bad, very bad.

Then from nowhere apparently a lean English figure rosè and made leisurely way to the witness stand. Harry Thresk took the oath and leaning nonchalantly on the rail began to speak in crisp, definite periods.

"On the night before Curtis Ballentyne and his wife went to the jungle—a week before his death to be exact, I was at his house—"

Stella Ballentyne looked up slowly as if his words had roused her from her trance of misery. Her face was swept by a dull creeping red stain; she bent forward, staring.

"During the course of my call," Thresk continued, imperturbably, "Ballentyne gave me a packet and asked me to deliver it to the authorities at Calcutta, saying it was the picture of the famous outlaw Gunga Dak. And as he gave it to me he told me that he felt that his life had been in hourly danger from some one of the outlaw's friends. His exact words were: 'There hasn't been a day since I had it that I haven't had the sensation of having a knife stuck into me wherever I go.' He was in actual danger of his life then, and —later—"

There was a moon that night. It drenched the garden of the consulate with a cool glow, like daylight in dreams. It seemed to wash the air free of the hot scents of spices and white dust and human bodies, clean from old superstitions, old sins. In the pale light Stella Ballentyne's hair was full of odd glints, little sprays of flame. She held out both hands to meet Harry Thresk's, and he felt them quiver in his fingers. "How can I thank you?" she asked, her voice like a muted string. "It was you who saved me. I owe you my life, for if I had not been freed I should have died."

"Then," the man said almost harshly, "I am going to ask my reward. Come to me, Stella, and let me make it up to you for all these years."

She drew her hands away and turned from him, resting one pointed elbow on the balustrade. The spray of roses that touched her white shoulder trembled as tho in a strong breeze. "I cannot come to you," she said finally in a spent voice, "because, you see, it was true—I did kill Curtis Ballentyne."

Silence. The Southern Cross above their heads burned red. The man leaned to her. "It makes no difference."

"You cannot understand because you aren't a woman," Ballentyne's widow cried out desperately; "you do not know what a woman has to endure, what degradations—tortures—refinements of shame! He always made me go to the jungle with him and sit close by while he became a beast with a beast's delights. And then my bird"—her voice caught raggedly on a sob—"I brought it from home, from England—it was all I had of the old life, and he killed it deliberately before my eyes and laughed when I screamed. I said then that I would be glad to kill him, but I didn't mean to. I only wanted to get away—once I tried running into the jungle, but he came after me and hunted me like a wild beast thru the mud and swamps and brought me back, so this time I thought I would kill myself. There was a knife on the table, but it was so ugly—and I was afraid to die. It was as tho a hand was holding mine back; then *he* came, and he sneered at me, and tried to take the knife away—"

She leaned her cheek on her hand, staring into nothingness with wide, mournful eyes. "I struggled to hold it, for suddenly seeing his face so close, feeling the touch of him, I knew that I was not afraid any longer and that if I could get the knife I would escape him. He had been drinking—his foot slipped and he fell, dragging me down and driving the knife in —Oh!"

Harry Thresk looked down at her covetously, at the soft curves of the white throat, the nape of the neck where the hair curled in little gold-colored rings like a baby's. How beautiful she was and how he wanted her! "Stella," he said unsteadily, "forget everything but the future, and come to meet it with me. That's why I told that story. I knew you killed him, while I told it—but I wanted you, and I must have you!"

"So that was why," Stella said slowly.

"I might have known. Men dont help a woman except for pay."

"And do I get my pay?" Thresk asked. "You've been honest with me, now I'll be honest with you. I cant marry you—I've got a wife or two living, and besides I've sworn off the marriage habit, it doesn't suit my temperament. But I'll be good to you, and I've got money, you can have anything you want."

Stella Ballentyne touched the rose spray with absent finger tips. "There is another man—" she said slowly, "there was always another man, from the time he and I were tiny children. His name is Dick Hazelwood—but his father was ambitious for him, and sent him away from me. He is in politics now, and of course I could never marry him—but I've always loved him and I always shall."

Harry Thresk felt baffled as tho a door had been shut in his face. The set of his jaw tautened and unnoticed lines sprang out in his cheeks. "You're going back to England?" he asked roughly. "You're leaving India?"

"Yes, oh yes!" she panted, "this terrible, terrible land! Corruption wreathed with roses! Smiling sin! And always the temple bells ringing—ringing—"

England. England with the mists over the lush green meadows, English larks trilling above, English daisies and daffodils. England and sheep bells and the cries of the children on village greens. England and the kindly English faces and the voices of her own countrymen like music in her ears. Stella Ballentyne moved among the well-remembered scenes timidly, as a spirit might that had died since it had known them, grateful for the healing of the fresh winds and the salt mists on her fevered soul.

The neighbors who had known her when she was a little girl greeted her simply, as tho no dreadful years had come between them, and she knew they could not have heard of the thing that had released her and sent her home from exile. Her grandfather's house was tenantless and she had it opened, cleaned and made ready for her. From the old window where she had often knelt in her little girlhood she could look out across the lawn of the Hazelwood estate with its century oaks and hedge run wild. The big brick house was shuttered and forlorn. She heard that Dick, now a member of the House of Commons and spoken of with hushed breath as a possible prime minister, was coming down for a month's rest before the summer was gone. Before that time, she told herself, she would have made some definite plans and be gone.

Each week she assured herself—"Next week I will go." But still she lingered, letting life glide by her like a tranquil river that had left her stranded in this tiny backwater of peace. And so in the course of time the shutters of the silent house next door were flung open to the sun, and one golden morning she looked out of her window to see a tall, lean figure in white flannels leaning negligent

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arms on the hawthorn hedge as he puffed contentedly on a short briarwood pipe.

There was a sprinkle of grey in the nut-brown curls she remembered, new lines about the mouth and eyes, but she was near-sighted to them. Wisdom whispered to her to pack her bag and go up to London by the morning train, but she made no motion to obey. In the looking-glass she questioned her reflection eagerly and unsatisfied with its sombreness added an audacious cherry ribbon at the belt, fluffed out the prim bands of honey gold about her temples. She was pale, and hesitated over the rouge-pot, but pushed it aside with a sigh.

"He has forgotten," she told herself with wildly beating heart, "I am not Stella Maywood any longer, but Stella Ballentyne — and then, perhaps he's heard—"

But Dick had not forgotten, and he had not heard of the dark days that separated them. With his warm, hearty hands clasping hers and his blue eyes alight with the echo of the old look she had no need of the rouge-pot. As naturally as one who picks up a book that has been tossed aside they took up the old relation unconfessed but telltale in every quickened glance, in half-drawn sighs and broken words.

"Just one more day—I have a right to one more day!" she begged of her conscience when she knelt in the window to gaze out over a midnight world, hot cheek pressed against the cool pane. "I'll have all my life to suffer in; just one more day!"

Once, indeed, she tried to speak to him of her marriage and its shame and misery, but the words faltered on her lips in dread of seeing the horror that the telling must stamp upon his face, the withdrawal of his eyes. And so she went on, clutching desperately at each moment of happiness until the inevitable end.

"I've always loved you, Stella," he whispered against her hair. "Once we let our parents separate us, and delay our happiness, but nothing on earth or in Heaven shall keep you from me now!"

She quivered to the memory of his touch, the feel of his lips on hers as she sat hours later in the darkened drawing-room staring into the pitiless face of the future with desolate eyes. So self-isolated was she that she did not hear the footsteps that strode up the walk, nor see the tall, jaunty figure that stood presently in the door of the room. It was not until he spoke her name aloud with a certain sinister meaning in the lengthening and elaboration of the syllables that she started up with a slight scream and touched the light button on the wall. Harry Thresk's handsome, dissipated face sprang out of the darkness like an apparition of evil.

"Mrs. Ballentyne," Thresk said evenly, "I hope I am not intruding?"

She brushed aside conventions, preludes. Her face was suddenly stark and pinched. "What do you want of me?" she whispered.

He laughed. "What I wanted in Bombay—yourself. Oh I know I have a rival—the landlady at the inn was loquacious, but I fancy I have cards that will beat his."

She laid her hands on her breast. "You would—tell—him?"

"If you force me to by your obstinacy." He came closer, laid his hand on her sleeve. "But after all, why spoil things? Leave his illusions and come up to London with me tomorrow. The season is just beginning on the Riviera, there are many places—a whole world full where we may go without recognition and be happy!"

Stella Ballentyne shook his hand from her with a gesture of repugnance. Her face held a strange light behind its pallor

"No!" she cried in a ringing voice, "I shall not go with you, and you shall not tell him. I will tell him myself—tell everybody. There is no happiness that can come of dishonesty, I have not drawn an easy breath in months, but tomorrow I shall be a free woman again before all the world!"

"And you imagine that a rising young member of Parliament will be willing to marry a self-confessed murderess?" sneered Thresk. "My dear girl, when he knows of your notoriety he will flee you as if you had the plague!"

"I would not let him marry me if he wanted to," Stella said slowly, "that is past and done with. But I shall live the rest of my life without concealment. After all it is better for the body to be in prison than the spirit . . . ."

"Perhaps," another voice said quietly, "you will let me decide for myself what I will do with my future."

They turned, startled to meet Dick Hazelwood's level, tranquil gaze. "Stella," he said, and there was actually a little laugh running thru the words, "I know all about that affair in Bombay — have known it all the time, but it means nothing more to me than that—he held up his hand. Stella, eyes like blue stars, moved toward her lover.

"You love me enough to believe me when I say it was not my fault?"

"I love you so much," said Dick Hazelwood very simply, "that I know that you could do nothing wrong."

Wrapped in their own joy, they did not notice when the figure of the other man slipped like a discomfited shadow out of the room and out of their lives into the darkness where all shadows go.

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The Gown Quest

(*Continued from page* 38)

"used to make a great fuss over their trips abroad in search of 'Paris gowns,' but out on the Pacific Coast we think nothing of running over here when we need something new."

I loved the way she said that—"running over here."

"Any one would think," I said, "that you were speaking of coming over the Hudson from Hoboken or trolleying across the East River from Long Island City, instead of crossing the continent."

"Among the many things motion picture actresses learn," said Miss Barriscale, much amused, "is that distance is nothing. We actually forget there is such a barrier as miles. Monte Cristo said, 'The world is mine!' We dont feel exactly that way, but we do believe that the world is our playground and workshop. Sinbad the Sailor, Robinson Crusoe and all the other great travelers had nothing on us, for we are apt to be told that we must leave for South Africa tomorrow, and I am sure nobody would show the slightest surprise and no one would ask, 'Where do we go from here?' but no doubt some one would inquire, 'What time do we start?'

"So, you see, New York is only a little way from us. However, we would not make the trip so often if it were not for the gowns, and lingerie, and hats—and, oh! everything to delight a woman's soul, except the gorgeous fruit, and flowers, and trees, and climate of California. The latest in art—that's New York; but the finest in nature—that's California. Understand the difference?"

"I think I do," I replied, as I noticed for the first time the details of the artistic creation worn by Miss Barriscale—a rich dark-blue silk-velvet dress and coat with which she wore a smart black hat with an uncurled ostrich feather of blue, wound about the crown. The effect was in perfect taste, yet striking.

"You said just now," I said, wondering where she got that stunning costume, "that you have come 3000 miles to New York for a gown. Was it really *one* gown or was it two?"

"To be exact," replied Miss Barriscale as she reprimanded a straying lock of that wonderful mop of curly golden hair, "I should say lots of gowns—at least a dozen."

"If you make a practice of coming to New York on shopping tours, you must have quite a wardrobe," I suggested.

"Wardrobe, did you say?" asked Miss Barriscale. "Why, I have a room filled with nothing but clothes. I have hundreds of gowns and expect to have hundreds more as times goes by.

"I have dozens and dozens of pairs of slippers and shoes of every descrip-

(*Continued on page* 74)

Shot at Dawn

(*Continued from page* 31)

felt the impact of her sinewy right arm, and the first thing he knew he was staggering away in the arms of his much discomfited companions.

It is useless, after that, to remark that Miss Dawn is fond of outdoor life and that she is very athletic. You dont go around registering uppercuts unless you are pretty sure that your muscles are in very fine shape.

You will admit, too, that you must have the courage of your convictions to confess that you are a Mormon. Well, Hazel Dawn is a Mormon, and she admits it. In fact, she fails to understand why any one should be surprised when she says that she goes to the Mormon church here regularly.

Of course, she does not practice polygamy. She has not even gone so far as to adopt even one husband.

Well, to begin with, it must be explained how Miss Dawn came to be a Mormon. She was born in Utah—Ogden, to be explicit—and her parents were members of the Mormon church. Miss Dawn and her sister used to sing in the choir and go on concert tours in between services.

It seems a far cry from a church choir to a risqué farce or a motion picture studio. But Miss Dawn is one of five talented sisters and, in the natural course of events, they all went to Europe to have their gifts perfected. One studied the violin, (that was Miss Dawn), another the 'cello, and so on, and they all learnt to sing. And now they have a home-grown orchestra, with soloists and everything.

One day Miss Dawn's teacher asked her why she didn't invade musical comedy. She made her first appearance in London.

That was the beginning of it all. Then "The Pink Lady" came along, and Miss Dawn had all the qualifications, violin and all, and she was imported right back to her native country.

Some hawk-eyed motion picture man saw her and she was snapped right up for the screen, making her début in "One of Our Girls," a Famous Players production. And then, after a while, life for Miss Dawn was just one picture after another.

Perhaps you have been wondering why you have not seen Miss Dawn lately on the screen. Well, you will soon, if all goes well. That "if all goes well" is entirely up to Miss Dawn.

She explained it all in her dressing-room the other day at the Eltinge Theater, where she has the leading rôle in the farce "Up in Mabel's Room."

"The sort of work I love best of all is certain phases of picture work. There is nothing that appeals to me so much as working in the open, or exteriors, as they are colloquially known. I love to get up on a brisk, bright morning, tramp miles across the woods or drive way out into the country, and there begin while the day is still fresh."

Now it is up to some enterprising young literary genius to supply Miss Dawn with the right kind of a story. Otherwise Miss Dawn wont be able to begin her days exactly right.

Who Put the True in Truex?

(*Continued from page* 33)

do what he has done—but more deliberately intellectual . . . without the impedimenta of straight comedy—the mustache, the shoes, etc. . . . He doesn't want to have limitations, this Truex. He wants scope . . . room . . . breathing-space . . .

He is tremendously glad, he told me, of the new way in which the stage is coming to be regarded, has come to regard itself. An actor used to be sort of a freak, he said, stared at everwhere, hardly human. Now, actors are become businessmen. With methods. With dignity. With little or none of the, to him, offensive calcium. Even with commercialism, which doesn't in the least infringe upon their artistry—on the contrary—

"This standing about the clubs," said Truex; "drinking . . . gosh! Or going about in cafés as something of a side show. I dont see it. My profession is my job and I'm going to make good on it—I've still a long way to go and I'm going—but I'm merely an ordinary human being earning my bread and butter, and not anything to lose an eye over."

One does not blame him for being a Family-Man when one regardez-voues photos of said family. The delectable, refreshing photos of Mrs. Ernest—and Philip and Jamie. One mentally accredits him with just that much more sound sense. One envies him in a manner of speaking.

"My boys and I are pals," said Truex, with enthusiasm delightful to behold; "I'd rather be with them, doing things with them, than with anyone I know. I like to think they feel the same. They're pretty much the whole show with me. When I built my house at Great Neck both Mrs. Truex and I built it for them, around their comfort and convenience. We all do things together. Talk everything over. We're an awfully happy family. My mother, who was my pal thru all my first strivings, lives with us, and every one is pleased. There's nothing like it."

I asked him if he would like to see small Jamie, or Philip, or both, become actors later on.

"Why not?" he asked; "with the profession what it is, and what it will be then, if they love it honestly, if they make good on it—why not?"

Thus Ernest Truex. He is obviously awed by what he calls his "good luck." He is having one splendiferous time out of everything and everybody. He is quite gorgeously in love with life. Life is quite extravagantly in love with him. For the rest—why not?

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Redhead

(*Continued from page* 30)

into a law-abiding citizen—who had suffered all things . . . endured . . .

His coffee was bitter and black. The place was musty and crowded. He got up and walked out.

She was waiting for him when he got home. "I saw you at the Claridge," he said. The words stuck in his throat and stabbed him.

"Roly Gard met me," she said; "he begged me to have some tea with him. I felt lonesome and so I did. I hope you dont mind."

"Lonesome . . ."

Matthew coughed portentously.

Daizie stepped over to him. "Matt," she said, "after all it doesn't make much difference whether you do mind or not. We're quits."

Young Thurloe took on a grass-green tint. Daizie tried not to see, tried still harder not to believe.

She waited for him to speak, to cuss her verbosely and picturesquely. He remained greenly still.

"You see," she rushed on, "your Uncle Parker w-wants you back. I agreed with him. You're not happy, Matt, and you *are* straight now. You'd be happier . . . with your own . . . he offered me money. I—of course I told him I wouldn't sell my husband. I told him, tho, that I agreed with him in the main. That it would be all right . . . quite all right. You—Matt, you will be happier . . . back with your own . . ."

Matthew came to. He came to volcanically and tempestuously. The red blood chased away the green pallor. He gave sort of a leap, sort of a lunge. He had her in his arms. He appeared to be devouring her in the most famished sort of a way. He was muttering into her scarlet hair. "My own," he was saying, with ferocity, "my own . . . eh? What are you, then? Answer me . . . what are you? You are my own . . . *you* are my own . . . tell me you are . . . tell me you are . . . tell me, then, that you will be!"

Something that sounded like "I will, oh, I w-ill . . . I am . . . I always was . . ." came from the shoulder her head was jammed against.

Young Matthew gave a loud, exultant laugh. It had a note of savagery. "This is life, by heaven!" he shouted. "This is life, my mate!"

"And love," said the girl, "and love . . . and dreams . . . come true . . ."

The delirium was still on them when Uncle Parker 'phoned to say that his money would go to a Home for Stray Cats, or something of the kind, unless it was to be shared by "that damned, all-wool and a yard wide Redhead of yours."

Robert Anderson seems to have been rushed into luck. He's been employed ever since he was in "Hearts of the World," and as soon as he finishes "The Light," with Allan Holubar, he's to be starred in two-reelers at Universal.

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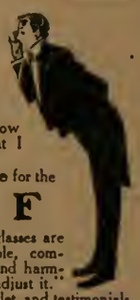

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The Screen as a Repertoire Theater

(*Continued from page* 22)

public has yet learnt to recognize as a guide to the probable merits of one of the hundreds of fly-by-night films.

But even in the star, the screen has one tremendous advantage over the stage. Everybody sees him. Keokuk doesn't have to be content with a "number two company" of inferior players in a Rialto or Strand Theater screen success. If the screen was organized like the stage, Tom Ince would have to make one production of "Breed o' Men," with Bill Hart, for New York, and then get together another bunch of wild Westerners, probably with Roy Stewart or Harry Carey in the lead, and make the same thing all over again for Keokuk. And unless Ince did this about half a dozen times, Pasadena wouldn't see "Breed o' Men" with any sort of company at all until 1921.

It seems unfortunate that the stock company, the basis of the cheapness and expertness of the repertoire theater's acting, should have partially disappeared from the studios. In the early days the only way the screen could get reasonably good actors at reasonable salaries was to hire them for a comparatively long period. But as more and more stage players flocked to the studios and productions grew longer and took weeks instead of days to make, the producers began to drop the stock company and fall back on individual engagements. Even here, however, the studios are wise enough to retain certain actors, minor and major, for a number of productions, and the players themselves know that the length of their employment is not dependent on the success or failure of a particular vehicle. This means that, tho the player may have to make his wage cover a sort of insurance against involuntary vacations between productions, he can work for less than when he hires out in the Broadway guessing contest.

In some ways the distribution of films, once they are made, is inferior in business efficiency to the routing of Broadway successes over the touring systems of the "legitimate." There is no control, for instance, of over-production. But the fact that the local theater manager in the movies has still some control over what he shows to his patrons, even in spite of "star series" contracts, gives each man the chance to make his house a place of distinctive and dependable entertainment. By careful choice and some added expense, he can make his house in many senses a true repertoire theater. He can play quality always. He can show the obviously popular film and the star with the great name for a longer run and he puts in good but less "touted" films for shorter terms. And he can make his theater a repertoire theater by reviving the cheap-rental reissues of old successes.

Of course, the matter isn't really quite so simple as that. The theater manager himself doesn't always appreciate his opportunities and the movies are too young to have produced a real body of screen classics which can stand revival. Fox's press-agent once got out a blurb about the million-dollar library of films which his employer was planning to present to New York City. As a matter of fact, that library is coming some day. But equally as a matter of fact, there wouldn't be a great deal to put in it if it were here now.

There would be something, of course, and there are certainly a lot of interesting productions that the theater manager can sandwich into his regular bookings. He does sandwich them in, as a matter of fact. There were the Biograph reissues of a couple of years ago, some of the splendid work that Griffith did in the early days, things like that Pueblo romance in which Mary Pickford played a little Indian girl with an art that she hardly touched again till she did "Stella Maris." Nowadays the "W. H. Productions" take the place of the Biograph peddlings. Hart in two reels and Chaplin and Normand and Conklin make up the stock of popular reissues today. The Hart dramas mostly seem as crude as the Keystones seem good. But they are worth seeing for all that. They bring back pleasant memories. They have sentimental associations. They certainly demonstrate the progress of the screen. Why does no enterprising theater manager preface his new showings of Hart with one of these reissues and a little, well-worded message on the progress of the old favorites?

Anybody who thinks there is both entertainment and incentive to progress in the revival of old plays, old books and old films must regret that the two-reel drama had so short a life, that it died before screen art came to its present perfection. (Comedy, thank fortune, still comes in small packages, and old Keystones can still rejoice the ventripotent.) The difficulty of repertoire now—and more so for the future—lies in the shortage of the short. A theater manager may—and I think should—revive five-reelers as the principal feature of his program; he should revive Griffith's best film production, "The Avenging Conscience," and such photoplays as "The Escape" and "The Midnight Stage" and a well-edited and well-printed "Cabiria." But in ten years, unless fashions change, he will have a difficult time to find short fillers to show again. We aren't making them. We are too hopelessly wedded to the standard-length, five-reel picture. The short story of the screen is gone and the only chance that the future manager will have of filling up his program with a short reissue is the chance that some astute company will edit down a lot of our puffed-up and padded-out "features" to the two-reel length so many of the stories deserve.

But perhaps the answer for the future

(*Continued on page* 80)

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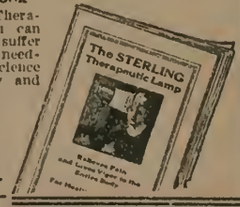

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The Man Who Turned White

(*Continued from page* 55)

and beyond, leaving the little group about the table gasping. The older couple were voluble with indignation. Captain Beverly reminiscent, but Ethel sat silent, staring down at her twisted hands.

When Arthur Rand strode from the hotel into the quivering noonday his only thought was to escape. Fanina, lurking in the shadows, crept to him, but he put her aside blindly and strode on to the shimmer of heat. She watched him, thick lips drawn back in a snarl; then, turning, she plunged into a bypath. If she could not have him, no other woman should, that was sure.

Hours or moments he had been striding over the shrill sand, he did not know which, when the sound of hoof-beats behind him drew his glance, and in spite of himself a cry burst from his lips. "Ethel! What are you doing here? Ethel—why did you come——"

She sprang from the horse, brushing the soft floating hair from her eyes. "There is no time—the tribesmen of Ali Zaman have been warned—they are coming to kill you!" He felt her quivering against his side. "A native woman—oh, she laughed when she told me!—she said I should never see you again. Arthur, we must go—the horse will carry double——"

He sent a quick glance across the plains and laughed softly. "It is too late. See?"

Out of the blinding east a billow of sand was rolling, and thru it gleamed the shine of spears, the flash of white robes. Arthur Rand caught the girl up and set her upon her horse. "Good-by, dearest among women! Look you, I am already as one dead—would you—kiss me just once before you go? If I could take your kiss with me——"

Her lips were on his, warm, quivering, her voice in his ears. "If you stay, I stay, O my lord and master! I will not live without you."

Even as she spoke a bullet screamed across the sands and brought the horse whimpering to his knees. He snatched the pistol from his belt, sending an answering shot to meet the onrushing horde. In a flurry of sand they drew up behind a sand dune and seemed to be discussing their next move. Rand touched the girl's hand reverently. "You have flung away your life for me."

But she only smiled divinely. "I have found my life," she whispered.

When Beverly came upon them, five minutes later, Rand had just shot his last cartridge, and already the white-clad forms were swarming across the sands, but their yell of triumph changed to fear as they saw the newcomer, and once more they drew back behind the dune.

Rand's eyes met Beverly's steadily. "What are you doing here?" They might have been in some quiet English club instead of on the savage brown desert, with Death crouching a stone's toss away.

"I came to—pay my debt," the other answered slowly. "I've played the coward's part long enough. I'll die a man at least if I haven't had the courage to live like one. When I found out back in town where you'd gone I followed as quick as I could get here." His face twisted curiously as he turned to the girl, but he spoke clearly, rapidly. "Miss Lambert, I lied an hour ago when I said Rand was caught cheating at cards. It was—it was I who was the cheat, but Artie here took it upon himself, because once back in the Soudan I'd pulled him out of the way of a nigger's spear. It's a bit late, my telling now, but not too late, please God! My horse will carry two and I can hold these gentlemen here a few minutes, at least until you can——"

The clump of desert shrub spat flame and Beverly fell, smiling debonairly, at their feet. Rand snatched the pistol from the outflung hand, drawing the girl down behind the body of his one-time friend.

"We could never get to the horse now," he groaned, "yet—oh, my dearest dear, somehow I cant be sorry that we shall go this way, together, with you knowing I was not all unworthy——"

Behind the billow of sand a shrill sound rose and keened along the sky, mournful, ineffable. She laid a steady hand upon his sleeve. "Is it—Death?"

"It is Death," he answered solemnly. But they were wrong—it was Life.

Across the sands a squad of English mounted police came galloping, the sun sending showers of sparks from their bright brass buttons, and already the Arab band was fleeing before them with shrill screams of terror into the quivering noon. The leader of the rescuers drew rein, leaving his squad to follow the fugitives.

"Well, sir," he smiled, "it looks like we'd come just about in time——"

Then, looking into the faces of the man and girl whom he had saved, he grew silent, and, turning, tiptoed away and left them alone together with a strange tug of awe. For their faces wore the look of those who have won thru death to the peace and joy that lies on the other side.

The Luxurious Louise

(*Continued from page* 62)

and barbaric splendor, and because I think they are sort of mysterious animals, but I cant tell you they are pets—for they are not, and probably never will be, ungrateful things!"

Just imagine the girl who can emote until you are all shivers and thrills, who has always played parts which lead her away from Friend Husband, and who has seemed to live in an atmosphere of gorgeous frocks, male adulation and queenly power, preferring her own lonely fireside with a wee bull-dog for company!

But when you've talked with Louise Glaum—you understand just why, for she's a perfectly unaffected, womanly, sincere bit of humanity.

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Those Shelby Girls

(*Continued from page* 35)

old finery and frocks was used by Mary recently and sent to a little girl in Louisiana, the old home state of the Shelbys. There are more requests for these beautiful outfits than the girls can grant.

And, "no foolin'," April first was Mary Miles Minter's natal day — a day on which the Shelby girls gave a big house party with a dinner dance and lots of "April Fool's Day" conceits and jokes. This will be the last opportunity to give a birthday feast in Santa Barbara, it seems, for Mary has definitely refused to sign another contract with the American Film Company. She thinks that three years of hard work in a small town ought to be followed by a lot of travel, with its educational advantages and possibilities for foreign shopping, its freedom from the aggravating Kliegs, and rest from eye-strain.

So this year of peace is destined to be an eventful one for the fascinating Shelby Sisters, and on their return next fall, *quien sabe?*

The Gown Quest

(*Continued from page* 68)

tion, the same number of hats, gloves —lots of fans, and with all these I never have enough, for no director could permit a gown which has been worn in one picture to be used again for another. Motion picture fans would detect the economy at once. Of course, we may wear a screen gown in private life, but most of us dont. I never would feel quite comfortable in it, for I would fancy that everybody I knew would say, 'You remember that gown—she wore it in "Two Gun Betty."' Then, too, I know I couldn't help feeling that the eye of the director was on me."

"But isn't all this very extravagant?" I asked.

The lovely blonde lady shrugged her shoulders in the most approved Parisian style.

"Oh, I beg pardon!" I exclaimed. "I forgot, that expense, like distance, is a mere nothing to you children of the screen!"

"Oh, I am not as extravagant as all that," answered Miss Barriscale, "only when I am not working in the studio or on a location, I like to feel that I am a nice, sensible, domestic person who wouldn't know the smell of yellow and lavender paint if they were right before my eyes.

"I am leaving for Los Angeles in a few days, all tired out from going to shops and fittings and trying on lovely Parisian gowns and hats, but I've had a perfectly wonderful time and wouldn't have missed it for the world. I am coming back, too, the first chance I have between pictures."

"Not to get more gowns?" I asked.

"Of course," said Miss Barriscale.

How to Increase Your Will Power In One Hour

Author of This Article Tells How He Quickly Acquired a Dominating Will Power that Earns Him Between $50,000 and $70,000 a Year

FOUR YEARS ago a man offered me a wonderful bargain. He was hard up for money and wanted to sell me some shares in a young, growing company for $1,000. Based on the earnings of the Company the stock offered me was easily worth $5,000—in fact, the man who finally bought the shares sold them again in five months *at a profit of* $4,300.

The reason I didn't buy the shares was that I could no more raise a thousand dollars than I could hop, skip, and jump across the Atlantic Ocean. A thousand dollars! And my income only twenty-five a week.

The second chapter in my life began several months later, when another opportunity came to me. It required an investment of $20,000 during the first year. I raised the money easily, paid back every penny I borrowed, and had $30,000 left at the end of the first year! To date, in less than four years, my business has paid me a clear profit of over $200,000 and is now earning between $50,000 and $70,000 a year. *Yet for twelve years before, the company had been losing money every year!*

The natural question for my reader to ask is, "How could you borrow $20,000 to invest in a business which had previously been a failure, after being unable to borrow $1,000 for an investment that seemed secure?" It is a fair question. And the answer can be given in two little words—*WILL POWER.*

When the first proposition came to me I passed it by simply because I didn't have the money and couldn't borrow it. I went from one friend to the next and all turned me down. Several refused to talk business with me at all. They all liked me personally, and they asked about the kiddies, but when it came to money matters I hadn't a chance. I was scared stiff every time I talked to one of them. I pleaded with them, almost begged them. But everybody had their "money all tied up in other investments." It was an old excuse, but I accepted it meekly. I called it hard luck. But I know today that it was nothing in the world except my lack of Will Power or rather my weak Will Power, which kept me from getting what I wanted.

When I heard that the man sold them shares at a profit of $4,300, it seemed that my sorrow could not be greater. That profit was just about what my salary amounted to for four years! But instead of grieving over my "hard luck," I decided to find out why I was so easily beaten in everything I tried to accomplish. It must be that there was something vital that made the difference between success and failure. It wasn't lack of education, for many illiterate men become wealthy. What was this vital spark? What was this one thing which successful men had and which I did not have?

I began to read books about psychology and mental power. But everything I read was too general. There was nothing definite—nothing that told me *what to do.*

After several months of discouraging effort, I finally encountered a book called "Power of Will," by Prof. Frank Channing Haddock. The very title came to me as a shock. When I opened the book I was amazed. I realized that will power was the vital spark—the one thing that I lacked. And here in this book were the very rules, lessons and exercises through which anyone could increase their will power. Eagerly I read page after page; including such articles as The Law of Great Thinking; How to Develop Analytical Power; How to Concentrate Perfectly; How to Guard Against Errors in Thought; How to Develop Fearlessness; How to Acquire a Dominating Personality.

An hour after I opened the book I felt like a new person. My sluggish will power was beginning to awaken. There was a new light in my eye, a new spring in my step, a new determination in my soul. I began to see, in my past, the many mistakes I had made, and I knew I would never make them again.

I practiced some of the simple exercises. They were more fascinating than any game of cards or any sport.

Then came an opportunity to acquire the business which had lost money for twelve years, and which I turned into a $50,000 a year money maker. Instead of cringing before the moneyed people, I won them over by my sheer force of will. I would not be denied. And my every act and word since then has been the result of my training in will power.

I am convinced that every man has within himself every essential quality of success except a strong will. Any man who doubts that statement need only analyze the successful men he knows, and he will find himself their equal, or their superior, in every way except in will power. Without a strong will, education counts for little, money counts for nothing, opportunities are useless.

I earnestly recommend Prof. Haddock's great work, "Power of Will," to those who feel that success is just out of reach—to those who lack that something which they cannot define, yet which holds them down to the grind of a small salary.

Never before have business men and women needed this help so badly as in these trying times. Hundreds of real and imaginary obstacles confront us every day, and only those who are masters of themselves and who hold their heads up will succeed. "Power of Will" as never before is an absolute necessity—an investment in self-culture which no one can afford to deny himself.

I am authorized to say that any reader who cares to examine "Power of Will" for five days may do so without sending any money in advance. If after one hour you do not feel that your will power has increased, and if after a week's reading you do not feel that this great book supplies that one faculty you need most to win success, return it and you will owe nothing. Otherwise send only $3, the small sum asked.

Some few doubters will scoff at the idea of will power being the fountain head of wealth, position and everything we are striving for, but the great mass of intelligent men and women will at least investigate for themselves by sending for the book at the publisher's risk. I am sure that any book that has done for me—and for thousands of others—what "Power of Will" has done—is well worth investigating. It is interesting to note that among the 250,000 owners of "Power of Will" are such prominent men as Supreme Court Justice Parker; Wu Ting Fang, Ex-U. S. Chinese Ambassador; Gov. McKelvie, of Nebraska; Assistant Postmaster-General Britt; General Manager Christeson, of Wells-Fargo Express Co.; E. St. Elmo Lewis; Senator Arthur Capper, of Kansas, and thousands of others. In fact, today "Power of Will" is just as important, and as necessary to a man's or woman's equipment for success, as a dictionary. To try to succeed without Power of Will is like trying to do business without a telephone.

As your first step in will training, I suggest immediate action in this matter before you. It is not even necessary to write a letter. Use the form below, if you prefer, addressing it to the Pelton Publishing Company, 43-K Wilcox Block, Meriden, Conn., and the book will come by return mail. You hold in your hand, this very minute, the beginning of a new era in your life. Over a million dollars has been paid for "Power of Will" by people who sent for it on free examination. Can you, in justice to yourself, hesitate about sending in the coupon? Can you doubt, blindly, when you can see, without a penny deposit, this wonder-book that will increase your will power in one hour.

The cost of paper, printing and binding has almost doubled during the past three years, in spite of which "Power of Will" has not been increased in price. The publisher feels that so great a work should be kept as low-priced as possible, but in view of the enormous increase in the cost of every manufacturing item, the present edition will be the last sold at the present price. The next edition will cost more. I urge you to send in the coupon now.

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Partial List of Contents

The Law of Great Thinking.
The Four Factors on which it depends.
How to develop analytical power.
How to think "all around" any subject.
How to throw the mind into deliberate, controlled, productive thinking.
Detailed directions for Perfect Mind Concentration.
How to acquire the power of Consecutive Thinking, Reasoning, Analysis.
How to acquire the skill of Creative Writing.
How to guard against errors in Thought.
How to drive from the mind all unwelcome thoughts.
How to follow any line of thought with keen, concentrated Powers.
How to develop Reasoning Power.
How to handle the mind in Creative Thinking.
The secret of Building Mind Power.
How the Will is made to act.
How to set your Will.
How a strong Will is Master of Body.
What creates Human Power.
The Six Principles of Will Training.
Definite Methods for developing Will.
The NINETY-NINE METHODS for using Will Power in the Conduct of Life.
Seven Principles of drill in Mental, Physical, Personal power.
FIFTY-ONE MAXIMS for Applied Power of Perception, Memory, Imagination, Self-Analysis, Control.
How to develop a strong, keen gaze.
How to concentrate the eye upon what is before you—object, person, printed page, work.

These are only a few of the many subjects treated.

The Cost of Building Bodies

Protein is the body-builder. Also the costliest element in food.

Quaker Oats yield 16.7 per cent protein, which is more than sirloin steak. Potatoes yield less than 2 per cent—bread about 9 per cent.

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Figuring protein alone, this is what it costs at this writing in some necessary foods:

Cost of Protein

Per Pound

In Quaker Oats	$ .63
In White Bread	1.30
In Potatoes	1.48
In Beef, about	2.00
In Ham	3.63
In Eggs	2.32

Thus body-building with Quaker Oats costs half what it costs with bread, and a fraction of the cost with meat.

What Energy Costs

Energy value is another food essential. Most of our food consumption goes to supply it.

Quaker Oats yield twice the energy of round steak, six times as much as potatoes, and 1½ times bread.

At present writing energy costs in essential foods as follows:

Cost of Energy

Per 1000 Calories

In Quaker Oats	$ .05
In Round Steak	.41
In Veal Cutlets	.57
In Average Fish	.60
In Chipped Beef	.75
In Hubbard Squash	.75

Quaker Oats

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A Mansfield of the Follies

(*Continued from page 23*)

love riding. Now, nothing can come up to that. I love animals and sugar, anyway."

"M-m-m-m-m. And what else, Miss Mansfield?"

"Oh!—California. The flowers, fruit, sunshine, contentment, universal love, lack of rivalry, peace, calm, and the darling little, inexpensive bungalows. Oh, and the sunsets. It was like living in a world made by Joseph Urban—the way those gorgeous colors came and surrounded us. California is my heaven! I do not want it any different than that—ever. Only I want it while I'm *alive* and when mother can be with me.

"It is two years ago that mother and I were there. I was playing opposite Max Linder at the time. It really was lots of fun. We had many a picnic out of it—and much exasperation, too. Mr. Linder never had a director. He was a natural born, funny, unrestrained comedian. And as he could not speak a word of English and I knew little French, it was indeed difficult trying to act, when I hadn't the least idea what it was all about or what it was that I should do.

"I learnt then, and have seen since, that a good director is everything. You can rave a great deal about a movie actress' beauty and charm and vivacity, but if she is without intelligence, a spark of imagination, and a sympathetic director to bring it all out, she is nothing and will never get anywhere on the screen."

"And you were in the 'Follies'?" I queried.

"Last year in the 'Follies.' I loved the bits I had to do, and in appreciation I tried so hard to do them well. When Frank Carter sang, 'I'll pin my medal on the girl I left behind,' I was the *girl*, do you recollect, in the darling, old-fashioned dress?

"This season I am in Mr. Ziegfeld's two Frolics. The first one I finish playing at nine-thirty, and as I do not have to perform again until after twelve, I always take advantage of that spare time and go off to the theater. It is really the only chance I get all week, as my days are taken up at the studio. Of course, continually dropping in to see a show after the second act has begun, is hard, and that is why, instead, I have gotten into the habit of going to the movies. I am quite a fan. I care for pictures—*good* ones—a great deal.

"Oh, there is no excuse for some of the pictures we see nowadays. There is not a reason in the world, at this late cinema date, for a *bad* picture——"

"Martha talking like that?" Mama Mansfield laughed. "Good heavens!"

All of which I submit for Mr. Alfred Cheney Johnston's attention. An exquisite pastel—yes! But an athletic, very real American girl who can think as well.

What the Photoplay Might Do

(*Continued from page* 17)

see more of the dream-ship, so I am not the only one to have this belief. Yes, I believe the film-maker is afraid of his own imagination.

"This rut, by which producers follow one another, is the most serious fault. Another, to my way of thinking, is the shortness of the individual scenes. Just as you get interested—flash!—and another scene is on or a subtitle appears. Why aren't scenes longer? I know the producers' answer. They say that audiences want speed and that long scenes would cause them to lose interest. That was true when the photoplay was young, animated photography was wretched and the eyes quickly became tired. Is it true now? Bear in mind, I am not stating this as a truism. I am merely asking it because it is the way the present-day film play affects me.

"Possibly it may seem that I am looking down upon the screen. In reality, I think that the film balances up very well with the spoken play. I see that folks are talking about the commercialism of the photoplay, just as they have always talked about the commercialism of the theater. Which is rot!

"Everything successful is commercial. To exist a thing must make money. And if it doesn't exist it certainly can do no good for any one.

"I shall always regret that the stage did not hold Charlie Chaplin. What a master he is! What a great actor, what a student of humanity! The screen will always go on while there is a Chaplin at its head.

"I should like to see men like Lord Dunsany writing for the films. Surely no one could conceive more vivid scenarios or command a greater mastery of suspense. I suppose it is trite to predict that the day is coming when the Dunsanys will be contributing original stories to the films.

"But, just now, the main thing is courage. The makers of screen dramas must cast off their fears—and venture out into new fields."

Don Pedro de Cordoba

(*Continued from page* 21)

long ago disused . . . blood over-ripe . . . grapes over-ripe . . . a land supine with its own largesse . . .

One felt one's self seeped in the glamor as Don Pedro spoke of his father, of his birth, of his ancestry. Spoke particularly and especially of the ancestor to which he feels himself to be an almost exact reversion. This ancestor—this sounds Chinese rather than Spanish—was named Don Gonzalvo de Cordoba, and he was known as the Great Captain of Spain. A sort of a Don Quixotish sort of person, if we remember our Cervantes, perhaps with just a bit of Don Giovanni. This is mere surmise. At any rate, the generations have rolled their inevitable filaments about

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Don Gonzalvo, and Pedro de Cordoba feels that in him flows not only the blood of the Captain of Spain, but also something of the same spirit, something of the same sympathies. Enough, at least, for him to revive the long-ago Captain and make him live for us, an epitome of the romance of Spain, vivid, swarthy, colorful . . .

To make this even more than a mere probability, there were plays written about the arresting figure of Don Gonzalvo de Cordoba and these plays, in the original Spanish, are even now in the Boston library. Don Pedro has seen them, has even gone into them a bit.

These plays, this Don Gonzalvo, this bringing to America something of Spain that is of it in truth, is what de Cordoba desires to do. But . . .

"One grows so lazy in New York," said Don Pedro. "I should be doing these things now . . . at thirty-seven . . . I should be at least beginning them. I simply do not get at it. I suppose it is largely a matter of the will growing flabby, the line of least resistance. Inertia. Something of that kind. One is moved along so rapidly from one thing to another . . . but plans . . .

"Some day, tho, I shall simply pack my trunks and take my wife and go to Spain and linger there a while, drinking in the old atmosphere, weeding out the old legends, delving into the more intimate records of this great captain of Spain. If I do this I shall feel that I have something to give—that I am ripe—that I am ready. Spain is vivid. It should be made so. It has a wealth of beauty . . . Of course, they will need not only translating, the plays, they will need adapting. They are very old. In the meantime"—he gave his light smile—"I must make a name popular enough to attract. To attract the crowd. They will come, I know, to scoff; they will remain, I hope, because they will like it."

The glamor persisted. It was a wrench to come back to the studio, to the insistence of the telephone, to the raucous yells of "Lights!" One found one's self asking *why.* Don Pedro admitted a greater liking for the speaking stage. Admitted, too, the artistic possibilities of the screen . . . deplored its great existing commercialism, which will not pass away in his day or ours . . . Pictures have been kind to him, he admits. He has been fortunate in his leading women, or rather the women he has played the leads to. He has had, no doubt, the best of them in every way. He loves the out-of-doors part of them, the traveling about.

Past and beyond all these things, he is devoted to his home; to his wife, who is little more than a bride; to the inner things which go to the making of life when life is earnest and real and worth while.

One left the Talmadge studio feeling the contact of a personality quite detached from all outer considerations, murmuring to one's self over and over again that "soft, meandering Spanish name . . ."

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Standing Room Only

(*Continued from page* 25)

anything as uncomfortable as catastrophe, it would be that some one might somehow make the mistake of calling him a type actor.

In time, however, I found that Mr. Standing has refreshing views on many other subjects. For instance, he is that hitherto unmet individual, a leading man who is *not* extravagant. He bewails the fact that so many actors forget that their $600 a week engagements do not last forever. He believes that while the sun is shining one should prepare for rain.

In other words, instead of investing his salary in fast motor-cars, in summer homes and unnecessary fads, he puts it in the bank, for even highly paid picture engagements do not last forever.

He does not believe in being so ambitious that one does not take time to live. As Shakespeare says, "Vaulting ambition, which overleaps itself."

He thinks that a woman who wants a career should not marry, and especially not a man in the same profession. He says that a woman who requires the applause of her creative powers, of her charms or her personality, outside of her own home, will do well to remain single.

Many women, he says, mistake their longing for praise for a sign of great genius, and throw aside the love of a good man. Possessing no more than mediocre ability, they seek that will-o'-the-wisp—worldly fame.

Mr. Standing believes that most men want their wives to be fully occupied taking care of them, and where a husband and wife follow the same profession, jealousy of one another's success is bound to creep in and cause friction.

Wyndham Standing has played in pictures both in California and New York, and wherever he goes his wife accompanies him. Mr. Standing considers New York more ideal to *work* in than California, that state being too enervating, too conducive to dreaming and not doing.

In farewell, I repeated several compliments I had heard of late concerning Mr. Standing's acting as leading man to Elsie Ferguson and Pauline Frederick.

The tall, well-groomed actor agitatedly mapped out some hieroglyphics with his cane on the Famous Players-Lasky Company's immaculate Persian rug.

It was plain that he was seeking that proverbial grain of salt.

"That's awfully good of them, mighty good," he said. An embarrassed pause, and then, "My wife is the only person that tells me the truth. It is refreshing!"

The Frohman Amusement Corporation is launching a new series of comedies, to be called Poppy Comedies. Mack Swain, the famous Ambrose of Keystone days, is featured.

Fred Warren is now vice-president of the W. W. Hodkinson Corporation, retiring as vice-president of the Goldwyn Distributing Corporation.

Charles Pathé, head of the house of Pathé, is visiting in this country.

A Wife Too Many

Into the hotel lobby walked a beautiful woman and a distinguished man. Little indeed did the gay and gallant crowd know that around these heads there flew stories of terror—of murder—and treason. That on their entrance, half a dozen detectives sprang up from different parts of the place.

Because of them the lights of the War Department in Washington blazed far into the night. With their fate was wound the tragedy of a broken marriage, of a fortune lost, of a nation betrayed.

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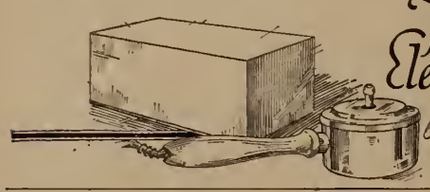

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A Star Who Really Did Her Bit

(*Continued from page* 26)

a mighty need for nurses, and Miss Storey, with many other young women, volunteered. These volunteers served from eight at night to eight in the morning in the city's overflowing hospitals.

One might think that these things would constitute a day's work. But not for the girl ambulance driver. The wounded boys in khaki must have amusement and recreation and the ambulances move the soldiers to and from the theaters at night. This means that the chauffeur turns in her ambulance at about one o'clock in the morning.

Brief furlos find Miss Storey at her country place at Northport, L. I. Here she busies herself about the garden and "just relaxes." Sundays usually bring her brother, Dick, home and there's a family reunion. Dick is in the navy and the pilot of a submarine chaser. And not the least member of the Storey homestead is a Belgian Red Cross dog, found wounded on the roadside in Flanders by an American ambulance driver. Altho he was gassed in rescuing the dog, the driver got the animal to safety. And he later gave the dog to Miss Storey.

Is Miss Storey going to return to the screen? She's too busy yet to make plans. "Besides, ambulance driving isn't nearly as wearing as starring in the photoplay and it's a thousand times more fun," protests Miss Storey. "We all try to give the boys a good time—and you can bet none of them will ever forget my ambulance if I can help it."

Will they forget?

Just wait until these wounded lads see Miss Storey on the screen again! Just wait!

The Screen as a Repertoire Theater

(*Continued from page* 71)

is a different length of program rather than of play. Perhaps we shall be given a full evening's entertainment instead of half a one. Perhaps we shall get back to the idea on which the Triangle started—minus the $2 price—two five-reelers and one two-reeler. Already a few towns, such as Boston, are putting two features on a program. It isn't a very good answer right now, because we haven't got enough good long films or even enough good old films to prevent one of the two five-reelers being a bore. On the other hand, when we have got a few more classics as good as "The Avenging Conscience," "The Escape," "The Submarine Pirate," "The Coward" and "The Cheat," wont this double bill of the old and the new be the way out? The theater manager will get a longer entertainment for a little less per hour, and he can charge considerably more for it. From the producer's point of view, it will mean a longer life for each production that is really good. All these things, with old memories thrown in, are surely sound from the viewpoint of the movie fan, as sound as the European theater, which it will in some degree resemble.

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A Hale Fellow Well Met

(*Continued from page* 43)

calling themselves 'Famous Players' had been organized, had hired an old barn on Thirty-fourth Street and were going to make pictures. 'Why dont you try for a job?' he said. 'They say there's good money in it.'

"Nothing doing," said Creighton Hale, and was rewarded shortly by an engagement to play at the Criterion Theater with John Mason in "Indian Summer."

Pictures slipped his memory until, again on Broadway, he ran into House Peters. Peters oozed prosperity. His overcoat was of the latest cut, his hat obviously new, and he wore yellow gloves that had never seen the light of day before.

"What's the matter?" said Hale. "Find a gold mine?"

"No," said House, ponderously, "I am playing in pictures."

Such prosperity was not to be slighted, the young Irish lad decided, but he wasn't at all sure he would like pictures nor that he would be a success in them. So to try them out he secured a part as an extra under an assumed name. He played in a Virginia Pearson production in which Theda Bara was also an extra.

"She was queer even then," said Hale, dryly.

What he saw of pictures did not impress him mightily, for he decided to remain in the spoken drama. Only to have Frank Powell, then a director for Pathé, see him on the stage, take an instant liking to the young man with the blond hair, seek him back-stage and induce him to go into pictures in earnest. Hale appeared successfully in "The Taint," "The Exploits of Elaine" and "The Romance of Elaine." Some of his most likable successes were attained as co-star with Gladys Hulette in Pathé pictures. At present he is co-starring in the new Capellani series of pictures with June Caprice. He is especially interested in their first production, "Oh, Boy," the original rôle of which he created on the stage.

Creighton Hale's chief fad is horses. "Now mind," he cautioned, "dont say I enjoy my *horses*. But I do like to ride, and I know how a horse should be bridled and handled. I have played around with them ever since I was a kid."

He is a clean-minded young chap, a member of the Lambs and, while he is an excellent actor, he is not one with the hectic glow of Broadway.

He has an infinite respect for the intelligence of his audiences and bewails the fact that directors feel they have to *pound* home every point in a picture drama.

"The great trouble with pictures today is that they leave nothing to the imagination of the audience," said Hale.

"I'm sorry I haven't any wild, thrilling story to give you. I am just I, you see," he said, in parting.

But we, *we* weren't sorry to have met a real human without any stagey foibles.

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OWEN MOORE FAN.—Greetings to you this fine spring day. Yes, summer will soon be among us, and let her come, say I. Sure I wear B. V. D's. Owen Moore is with Goldwyn. Thank you.

GOSH DARNED LATIN.—You want to know who would be victorious in a wrestling match between Bill Russell and Warren Kerrigan. Well, I've shaken the hand of both, and I kinder think Big Bill has the stronger grip, altho Warren is no child. Seena Owen is Tom Moore's leading woman in Basil King's "The City of Comrades." Owen, Tom and Matt Moore are brothers.

N. J.—If a man is satisfied that he is doing well enough, he will never do any better. Wake up and then brace up, so you will cheer up. So you dont care for the Houdini serial. I think most of the players will send their pictures to their admirers. All you have to do is to admire and tell them so.

MARCIA P.—Enjoyed your letter very much. Join one of the correspondence clubs. Thomas Santschi is to play in Anita Stewart's company. A few years ago he was known as one of the greatest of our stars. To be progressive, my dear, never recall incidents in your past life unless they are pleasant. Ernest Trucx and Louise Huff in "Oh, You Women." And may God bless them.

OLGA 17.—Howdy! And now you like Charlie Clary. O fickle one! You may not be vain but you are a weather vane. Glad you are happy. Happiness is the shadow of contentment and rests or moves forever with its original. Suppose you will be glad to know that Charles Murray has signed a new contract with Mack Sennett Company. He's really funny, isn't he? And a poet, too.

R. M. C., CANADA.—There's always a first time for everything. Welcome to this department. Vivian Martin is not married, but Kitty Gordon was. My dear, dont ask me the cause of their divorce; it's on record, but not on mine. Irene Castle in "The Firing Line," taken in Miami.

RED.—What you say reminds me of the fellow who had no sense in his head, no cents in his pocket, and a powerful scent in his breath; he was, of course, sent to the watchhouse. You say my face is very red. Once in a while, but not often. Of course I know there is no one like me. Nature never duplicates. You say as a boss I must be horrid. Not at all—altho I've never tried being one, except over my cat, my dog and the office boy. Norma Talmadge is not Jewish.

IMINLOVE WITHYOU.—After reading Red's letter yours was a dream. So it's Wanda Hawley you love. School days will soon be over, but remember education is to the mind what cleanliness is to the body; the beauties of the one, as well as the other, are blemished if not totally lost by neglect; so you must not cease educating yourself just because there's no school. There is much to learn every day without books.

MARY W.—You neglected to enclose a stamped addressed envelope for the list of manufacturers.

LITTLE PAGE.—Crane Wilbur in "Devil M'Care," with Juanita Hansen opposite him. Harry Northrup, he of the expressive eyebrows, will play opposite Pauline Frederick in "The Fear Woman." You flatter me, Little Page. I don't think Florence Nash ever played in pictures. Wasn't she great in "Remnant"? Vivian Rich was with Universal last.

FUZZY WUZZY.—Why, memoirs are a species of historical writing, tho not strictly constituting history. President Wilson's ancestors on both sides were Scotch-Irish. Oh my word! William Hart is not married. You want more interviews with Fritzi Remont as the interviewer. Editor, please page Fritzi for more copy.

ANABELLE.—Watch your step, because the error of an hour may become the sorrow of a whole life. Mary Miles Minter in "The Intrusion of Isabel." Dustin Farnum in "A Man in the Open" and Kitty Gordon in "Playthings of Passion," (United). Kathleen Clifford was born Feb. 16th, 1894. Yes, she is very artistic.

NAZIMOVA, THE SUBLIME.—Enjoyed your literature. Read enough but not too much, because no book will ever bring you the waters of that secret fountain within yourself. See July 1918 Magazine. No to the Elliott Dexter question. Arthur Ashley is back with World in "The Social Pirate." Jack Barrymore in "The Test of Honor."

ALLENBY.—Why, the scenery used for setting the picture stage differs from the scenery of the dramatic stage by the absence of color. They can never be quite sure how colors are going to photograph. Peggy Hyland, English; Herbert Rawlinson, English; Mary Pickford, Canadian; Olga Petrova, Russian; Sessue Hayakawa, Japanese; and Alla Nazimova is Russian. Billie Burke has re-signed with Famous Players.

ROSALEE M.—*Permettez moi* to say that if you saved thirty cents every day, in fifty years you would have saved $28,512. Try it and see if I'm not right. Carlyle Blackwell, World Film Co., New York City. You ask, "Is it so that Theda Bara is a devil"? Lordy! Lordy!

HELEN M.—Constance Talmadge is taller than Dorothy Gish. Keep him. Not every young wife can be her husband's first love, but she can be his last—if he dies soon enough. Pardon me, until I answer the phone. . . Well, I'm back. Earle Williams is married and very happy.

ALYS L. G.—No indeed, our Celluloid Critic never suffers from indigestion and is always in the pink of condition. The girls here call him "Freddy" and he's really as good looking as I am—and that's going some swift. You speak highly of Conrad Nagel's playing in "The Lion and the Mouse." You say the man who has taken one wife deserves a crown of patience, and the man who has taken two deserves two crowns of folly. Quite right if he takes them all at once.

ANTONIO MORENO ADMIRER.—Write Tony at Los Angeles, Cal. Why, Galli-Curci was filmed by Universal. Ruth Roland's serial "The Tiger's Trail."

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So acute is the demand for new photoplay plots that the leading producers are only too glad to recognize good, original "movie" IDEAS—no matter where they come from! Never before were such big rewards held out to new writers with new ideas *and a knowledge of photoplay construction.*

Literary talent or genius is *not* essential. Ideas, developed intelligently, count for *everything.* One of the world's highest screen authorities—Cecil B. deMille, Director-General of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation—in a remarkable letter to the Palmer Photoplay Institute, says:

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Mr. Palmer takes your bare "movie" idea, just as it is, shows you what is good about it and what is weak—and helps you to rebuild it, if necessary. And this Personal Advisory Service, mind you, is *only one* of the practical advantages brought home to you by the Palmer Plan of Photoplay Writing.

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If you want to know how you, too, can acquire the "knack" of successful photoplay writing; if you want to know the top prices ($100 to $1,000) being paid by producers for acceptable plots—send today for our new illustrated booklet, "The Secret of Successful Photoplay Writing." Reveals the Palmer Plan in detail—shows the benefits of our Personal Advisory Service and Manuscript Sales Department—explains our iron-clad, money-back Guarantee—shows how you, too, can turn your "movie" ideas and plots into money. Send for your copy today—it's *free!* Mail the coupon NOW!

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Please send me, without obligation, your new booklet, "The Secret of Successful Photoplay Writing"—and Special Supplement of autographed letters from the leading producers, stars, etc.
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"I can sincerely recommend 'LASH-BROW-INE' as a splendid preparation for stimulating and promoting the growth of the eyebrows and lashes. I use it regularly with most satisfying results. Sincerely, Fannie Ward."

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persistently for a short time. Miss Ward and many other stars of the screen and stage, as well as women prominent in society, all use and highly recommend this efficient preparation, which nourishes and promotes the growth of eyelashes and eyebrows, and so adds greatly to the charm and beauty of the eyes and face. Will you not try "LASH-BROW-INE"?

"LASH-BROW-INE" is a pure, delicately scented cream, which is guaranteed absolutely harmless. It has been tested and endorsed by the best chemists and beauty specialists of America. An invaluable aid to beauty. Thousands have used it successfully. Why not you? TWO SIZES 50c and $1.

Send price and we will mail you "LASH-BROW-INE" and our Maybell Beauty Booklet, *"The Woman Beautiful,"* prepaid under plain cover. Remit by coin, currency, U. S. stamps or money order. SATISFACTION ASSURED OR PRICE REFUNDED.

The wonderful success of "Lash-Brow-Ine" has caused the name to be imitated closely. There is only one genuine "Lash-Brow-Ine." Avoid imitations. Remember the full name—"Lash-Brow-Ine."

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Contains many beauty hints, and describes a number of elegant preparations indispensable to the toilet.

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Beauties from Every Land Enter Contest

(*Continued from page* 51)

CONTEST finally selected the eighth honor roll to include:

Carolynn Brooks, of 918 South 16th Street, Birmingham, Alabama. Miss Brooks has had considerable experience in college plays. She was born in Alabama, has blue eyes, dark-brown hair and is five feet six and a half inches in height.

Toots Sandell, of 4406 Tennessee Avenue, St. Louis, Missouri. Miss Sandell has been in vaudeville and musical comedy. She is a blonde type, with blue eyes, and is five feet four.

Evelyn Jewel Poutch, of 611 Western Parkway, Louisville, Kentucky. Little Miss Poutch, who is just thirteen, can dance, sing, swim, dive and ride horseback, which ought to make her popular with almost any director. She was born in Louisville, has hazel-brown eyes, bronze hair and is exactly five feet in height.

George W. Smith, of 975 South Hoover Street, Los Angeles, California. Mr. Smith is one of the few genuinely handsome men to try THE FAME AND FORTUNE CONTEST. The judges have almost come to the conclusion that all the good-looking chaps are already in the movies or that the country's masculinity is hiding its light under a bushel. Mr. Smith has been in stock. He has dark-brown eyes, dark hair and is six feet tall.

Beatrice Ellen Levey, of 19 Suffolk Street, New York. Miss Levey is now employed as a cloak and skirt model. She was born in New York, has dark-brown hair and is five feet four inches in height.

Marie Josephine Stadler, of 548 Bainbridge Street, Brooklyn. Miss Stadler is now employed as a sample model for evening gowns. She has posed for Harrison Fisher and her portrait has adorned many of the leading magazines. She has dark-gray eyes, light-brown hair and is five feet five inches in height.

Minnie Gaynor, of 42½ Richelieu Street, Quebec, Canada. Miss Gaynor has appeared in amateur productions. She has dark-gray eyes, light-brown hair and is five feet three. She was born in Toronto.

Here are some important things to note:

The contest is drawing to a conclusion!

The closing date of the contest has not yet been decided upon, but it will be announced in both THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC and THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE far enough in advance so that every one can get their final pictures in before the last hour.

If you wish your portrait or portraits returned, enclose the right amount of postage to cover mailing. Attach stamps to pictures with a clip. *Do not place stamps in separate envelope.*

Try not to send hand-colored portraits.

Upon the closing. the final winner will be selected. Undoubtedly he or she, (as the contest is now open to men), will be selected from among the various semi-monthly honor rolls. It is possible that three or four leaders may be chosen and invited to come to New York for test motion pictures, after which the final winner will be decided upon.

The two magazines will give two years' guaranteed publicity to the winner. This will include cover portraits in colors, special interviews, pictures, special articles, etc.—the sort of publicity that could not be purchased at any price. THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC and THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE will secure an initial position for the winner and other opportunities, if necessary. At the end of two years THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC and THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE guarantee that the winner will be known thruout the civilized world.

The Fame and Fortune jury now includes: Mary Pickford, Thomas Ince, Cecil de Mille, Maurice Tourneur, Commodore J. Stuart Blackton, James Montgomery Flagg, Howard Chandler Christy, Samuel Lumière and Eugene V. Brewster.

The terms of the contest follow:

1. Open to any young woman, or man, in the world, except those who have already played prominent screen or stage rôles.
2. Contestants must submit a portrait, upon the back of which must be pasted a coupon from either THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC or THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, or a similar coupon of their own making.
3. Contestants can submit any number of portraits, but upon the back of each must be pasted an entrance coupon.

CLASSIC ENTRANCE COUPON

Contestant No.....
(Not to be filled in by contestant)

Name.....

Address..... (street)

.....(city).....(state)

Previous stage or screen experience in detail, if any.....

.....

When born.....Birthplace.....

Eyes (color).....Hair (color).....

Height.....Weight.....

Complexion.....

What Is Nerve Force?

NERVE Force is an energy created by the nervous system. What it is, we do not know, just as we do not know what electricity is.

We know this of Nerve Force: It is the dominant power of our existence. It governs our whole life. **It Is Life**; for, if we knew what nerve force were, we should know the secret of life.

Nerve force is the basic force of the body and mind. The power of every muscle, every organ; in fact, every cell is governed and receives its initial impulse through the nerves. Our vitality, strength and endurance are directly governed by the degree of our nerve force.

If an elephant had the same degree of nerve force as a flea, or an ant, he could jump over mountains and push down skyscrapers. If an ordinary man had the same degree of nerve force as a cat, he could break all athletic records without half trying. This is an example of Muscular Nerve Force.

Mental Nerve Force is indicated by force of character, personal magnetism, moral courage and mental power.

Organic Nerve Force means health and long life.

It is a well balanced combination of Physical, Mental and Organic Nerve Force that has made Thomas Edison, General Pershing and Charles Schwab and other great men what they are. 95% of mankind are led by the other 5%. It is Nerve Force that does the leading.

In our nerves, therefore, lies our greatest strength; and there, also, our greatest weakness—for when our nerve force becomes depleted, through worry, disease, overwork, abuse, every muscle loses its strength and endurance; every organ becomes partly paralyzed, and the mind becomes befogged.

The noted British authority on the nerves, Alfred T. Schofield, says: "It is my belief that the greatest single factor in the maintenance of health is that the nerves should be in order."

Unfortunately, few people know that they waste their nerve force, or will admit that it has been more or less exhausted. So long as their hands and knees do not tremble, they cling to the belief that their nerves are strong and sound, which is a dangerous assumption.

How often do we hear of people running from doctor to doctor, seeking relief from a mysterious "something-the-matter" with them, though repeated examinations fail to indicate that any particular organ is weak or diseased.

It is "nerves" or "you are run down," the doctor tells the victim. Then a "tonic" is prescribed, which temporarily gives the nerves a swift kick, and speeds them up, just as a fagged-out horse may be made to speed up by towing him behind an automobile.

The symptoms of nerve exhaustion vary according to individual characteristics, but the development is usually as follows:

First Stage: Lack of energy and endurance; that "tired feeling" especially in the back and knees.

Second Stage: Nervousness; sleeplessness; irritability; decline in sex force; loss of hair; nervous indigestion; sour stomach; gas in bowels; constipation; irregular heart; poor memory; lack of mental endurance; dizziness; headache; backache; neuritis; rheumatism, and other pains.

Third Stage: Serious mental disturbances; fear; undue worry; melancholia; dangerous organic disturbances; suicidal tendencies, and in extreme cases, insanity.

It is evident that nerve depletion leads to a long train of evils that torture the mind and body. It is no wonder neurasthenics (nerve bankrupts) become melancholy and do not care to live.

If only a few of the symptoms mentioned apply to you, especially those indicating mental instability, you may be sure your nerves are at fault—that you have exhausted your Nerve Force.

Nerve Force is the most precious gift of Nature. It means everything—your happiness, your health, your success in life. You should know all there is to learn about your nerves; how to relax, calm and soothe your nerves, so that after a severe nerve strain you can rebuild your lost Nerve Force, and keep yourself physically and mentally fit.

Paul von Boeckmann, the noted Nerve Culturist, who for 25 years has been the leading authority in America on Breathing, Nerve Culture and Psycho-physics, has written a remarkable book (96 pages) on the Nerves, which teaches how to soothe, calm and care for the nerves. The cost of the book is only 25 cents (coin or stamps). Bound in elegant cloth and gold cover, 50 cents. Address Paul von Boeckmann, Studio 110, World's Tower Bldg., 110 West 40 St., New York City. You should order the book today. It will be a revelation to you and will teach you important facts that will give you greater Physical, Mental and Organic Nerve Force. If you do not agree that this book teaches you the most important lesson on Health and Mental Efficiency you have ever read, your money will be refunded by return mail, plus the outlay of postage you may have incurred.

The author of Nerve Force has advertised his various books on Health and Nerve Culture in the standard magazines of America during the last twenty years, which is ample evidence of his responsibility and integrity. The following are extracts from letters written by grateful people who have read the book:

"I have gained 12 pounds since reading your book, and I feel so energetic. I had about given up hope of ever finding the cause of my low weight."

"Your book did more for me for indigestion than two courses in dieting."

"My heart is now regular again and my nerves are fine. I thought I had heart trouble, but it was simply a case of abused nerves. I have re-read your book at least ten times."

"The advice given in your book on relaxation and calming my nerves has cleared my brain. Before I was half dizzy all the time."

A physician says: "Your book shows you have a scientific and profound knowledge of the nerves and nervous people. I am recommending your book to my patients."

A prominent lawyer in Ansonia, Conn., says: "Your book saved me from a nervous collapse such as I had three years ago. I now sleep soundly and am gaining weight. I can again do a real day's work."

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The Stars' Best Pictures

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Mignon Anderson
The Three Andersons
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King Baggot
Leah Baird
Theda Bara
Bessie Barriscale
Ethel Barrymore
Lionel Barrymore
Beverly Bayne
George Behan
Kingsley Benedict
Harry Benham
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Alice Brady
Sylvia Breamer
Edmund Breese
Donald Brian
Gladys Brockwell
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Hattie Burks
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Mae Bush
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Webster Campbell
June Caprice
Harry Carey
Francis Carlyle
Jewel Carmen
Augustus Carney
Nan Carter
Mrs. Vernon Castle
Barbara Castleton
Lina Cavaliere
Riley Chamberlin
Charles Chaplin
Syd. Chaplin
Mary Charleson
Virginia Chester
Naomi Childers
Ina Claire
Charles Clarey
Marguerite Clark
Ethel Clayton
Marguerite Clayton
Kathlyn Clifford
Ruth Clifford
Ivy Close
George M. Cohan
Jose Collins
Lillian Concord
Chester Conklin
Guy Coomba
Bigelow Cooper
George Cooper
Miriam Cooper
Bobby Connelly
Virginia Lee Corbin
Jos. E. Corrigan
Dolores Costello
Helen Costello
Maurice Costello
Wm. Courtleigh
Marguerite Courtot
Jane Cowl
Edward Coxen
Nell Craig
Sally Crute
James Cruze
Irving Cummings
Grace Cunard
Florence Dagmar
Dorothy Dalton
Arnold Daly
Viola Dana
Grace Darmond
Marion Davies
Hazel Dawn
June Daye
Julia Dean
Eleanora De Cisneros
Adele De Garde
Carter De Haven
Flora De Haven
Marie Doro
Donna Drew
Mrs. Sidney Drew
Sidney Drew
Nicholas Dunaew
Wm. Duncan
Jeanne Eagels
Edward Earle
Julian Eltinge
Julian Eltinge (as woman)
Jane Elvidge
Arthur Guy Empey
Howard Estabrook
Bessie Eyton
Douglas Fairbanks
Fairbanks Twins
Dustin Farnum
Franklyn Farnum
William Farnum
Geraldine Farrar
Frank Farrington
Irene Fenwick
Elsie Ferguson
George Field
Romaine Fielding
Flora Finch
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The Extra Girl Almost Becomes a Cabaret Entertainer

(*Continued from page 57*)

few minutes he was a willing victim, and Zena plied him with liquor to her heart's content. When he became pleasantly uncertain as to his whereabouts, she questioned the contents of a paper he held in his hand and from it learnt that he was the town's leading advocate of prohibition. At this juncture Detective Sims Joseph Conyers arrived and, seeing what had happened to the judge, attempted to arrest Jackie. With the quickness that had been in a large measure responsible for her rapid rise from chorus-girl to leading lady, she swung her bag, hit Mr. Conyers in the eye and disappeared thru the crowd just as the lights went out and a group of the boys captured the detective. Her efforts to find a safe hiding-place led her to the room where Creighton Hale was awaiting the return of June, who had gone home to announce her marriage to the astonished family circle. Since this same "Oh Boy" is a moving picture whose father was a musical comedy, you can let your imagination have full sway in painting the complications that arose.

Next the camera was focused very low, the orchestra started up and the girls began to dance.

"But why—why——?" I gasped to myself, for I had never seen the lens at that particular angle.

I heard a chuckle and, looking up, found "Big Ben" Taggart standing beside me.

"The camera's getting only the line of legs," he explained. "Rather neat? Well, I'll say so."

"Any man would and many men will," was my mental comment.

"Lefty" Flynn, who was leader of the college boys' activities, seemed to pervade the entire cabaret. When he was in charge Mr. "Happy Cappy" gave his instructions and then sat back and looked on with his bland smile. There was no occasion to call "Pep!" or even "Ginger!" The days when "Lefty" was the famous Yale fullback — remember? — are not so very far away, and he still looks out or down upon the world with the enthusiasm of the football hero. In private life he is Captain Maurice B. Flynn, of the aviation corps—and, oh yes, "Big Ben" is a captain, too, and the youngest veteran of the Boer War, for when there is a fight on "Big Ben" just naturally gravitates toward it—but no one ever thinks of him as anything but "Lefty." Now that the war is over, he's going into pictures seriously, and both Creighton Hale and I predict that before many months have passed "Lefty's" face will be smiling down from the walls of boudoirs all over the country. Around the studio Creighton and "Lefty" are pals. "Lefty" looks down upon Creighton from his six feet something and exclaims:

"Gee, but he's a fine kid!"

And Creighton looks down upon "Lefty" from his years of successful starring and smiles:

"Take it from me, old man, you're going to make good."

"Well, I just heard a good one," Mr. Dorris announced one day. "That chorus-girl over there wanted to know what the black-and-white was doing around here. By the way, be thinking up a specialty. We'll need you later."

My next hours were haunted by the specter of that specialty. You will remind me from the kindness of your heart, as did Flora Finch, that the voice does not register. True, but the ears of the two hundred extras were as keen as the male eyes of the studio when the merry tho cold chorus-girls hove into sight. Over it all hung the knowledge that my partiality to perpendicular stripes had placed me in this delicate position and there was no zebra to help me out.

"Hustle up, girls; the cars are waiting," Mr. Dorris interrupted.

Mr. Capellani has machines to take his players from studio to ferry. We all vote it a very pleasant innovation and suggest that the custom become universal.

The next day the air was full of football. By dint of some judicious listening I gathered that as soon as Old Man Winter remembered his manners and the teaching of his mother, Mrs. Autumn, and gave up his seat to Miss Spring, there would be a big football game which "Lefty" Flynn would win just as he won the famous Yale game. (I dont remember exactly how that was, but I'll know after I see "Oh Boy.") If there were only some chance of being invited to the game, but at present the prospect resembles the fade-out in the last reel. The disadvantage of these hints in print is that they come out weeks after they might possibly aid in accomplishing their purpose.

The cabaret ended toward the close of the third afternoon, and Director Capellani transferred his guests to the orchestra seats of the theater set.

"This is where one branch of the family elm becomes a weeping willow," I remarked to myself, as visions of that specialty began to cast fantastic shadows on the retina of my left eye.

"I have some good news for you, folks," Mr. Dorris said, after an interval of ten minutes, during which my black stripes had run into my white ones with all sorts of disastrous results. Was he going to announce my specialty?

"Hurrah, we work tomorrow!" a half-dozen extras cried in one breath.

"No, Mr. Capellani cant get the exact shot he wants today, so you're all thru for good."

How "good" it was he had no idea.

Of course, when I received my three days' check from Mr. Louis Jerkowski, the business manager, I thought it good form to present my regrets at not having had an opportunity to entertain.

"Well, it wasn't your fault you didn't do it," he remarked, encouragingly.

I am still wondering what he would have said if I had.

The Patrician of the Photoplay

(*Continued from page* 19)

living of the character. On the stage you play a character straight thru for many nights. It grows, expands, mellows—and you develop with it.

"I find myself absolutely dependent upon my audience. That is why the lure of the stage never leaves me. There is something electrical in the way thoughts flash back and forth between a player and the playgoer."

Miss Ferguson's eyes glowed with interest. She snapped her fingers to express the electric spark as it crackled across the footlights. "The studio's loss of an audience at first seemed insurmountable. However, I soon found my audience in my director. But, if he cannot feel with me, react to my emotions, then I am lost. That is why, it seems to me, that a great director must be a man of infinite, delicately strung feelings."

Miss Ferguson misses the use of her voice, of course. "One thing does seem to hurt," she admits. "It is the way subtitles are flashed upon the screen. One works up to a big scene and, just at its height, a subtitle of spoken words is flashed. Then the scene resumes just where you stopped speaking the words, frequently with the biggest bit of your playing cut out and cast into oblivion.

"I shall return to the stage this fall," continued Miss Ferguson. "I want to go on developing. The stage, as I have said, gives expansion of character thru the very living of a character. But it gives more than that—it gives opportunity to meet and study people, to read and to think.

"There is nothing so restful as having time to be introspective," smiled the actress. "That is, time to sort and arrange my impressions and their reactions upon me.

"When I return from the studio I am infinitely tired. I used to laugh at the idea of the tired business man and his love of light entertainment of the chorus-girl type. But after my months in the studios, I can understand his mood. My eyes are too tired to permit night reading and, when I do feel able to go out in the evening, I want to go to something frothy, something that will rest my numbed nerves. Yes, I am a tired business woman these days."

The mere thought seemed preposterously amusing. The fragile Miss Ferguson, at the moment daintily studying her cigaret, seemed far removed from exhaustive work. She was every inch the delicate aristocrat.

But Miss Ferguson smiled. "It is true, nevertheless. But that is not the real reason for my return to the stage, since, like everybody else, I suppose I shall keep up my screen work. It is the lure of the footlights. The mere smell of the theater stirs me."

Miss Ferguson's sensitive nostrils quivered. There was a far-away look in her eyes. "That musty, grease-painty odor of an old dressing-room!" she sighed.

(*Continued on page* 89)

Would The Law Let YOU Marry?

LIONEL STRONGFORT
"Dr. Sargent, of Harvard, declared that Strongfort is unquestionably the finest specimen of physical development ever seen."

WHEN will the people of this country finally wake up to the fact that only by taking care of posterity can it become the greatest of all world forces? There is much agitation all over the United States over the law of Eugenics, and some States have been wise enough to insist upon a medical examination of the two contracting parties to a marriage before a license is issued, and although the propaganda of those at the head of this movement is, perhaps, not fully understood or appreciated, there is no one who can conscientiously deny their sincerity or the ultimate good that would result.

Through the adoption of a law whereby the physically unfit were barred from marriage in every State of the Union, there would, indeed, be a relatively small percentage of the population who would measure up to the standard.

Would You Be One of Those

who were doomed to go through life alone, without the joys and happiness that go hand in hand with a loving wife and strong, healthy children? Would the fact that you have neglected your body, ignored the fundamental principles of health and right living, and failed to make the most of Nature's supreme gift, doom you to a life of single wretchedness and unhappiness?

Our first duty is to posterity. We are not put here by an all-wise Providence merely to live out our lives and then go out, like a snuffed candle. We are entrusted with the sacred duty of perpetuating the species, a duty which is as sacred and immutable as anything might well be.

LIKE BEGETS LIKE is a saying handed down from time immemorial, and no truer maxim has ever fallen from the lips of man. A thin, scraggy, under-developed body, soaked and saturated with poisons which are denied their proper outlet because of functional inefficiency cannot hope to produce strong, healthy children. A man who is torn and wrecked by physical ailments, organic disorders and excesses of all kinds, will some day be treated to the spectacle of his children in a like condition. On the other hand, the strong, healthy, virile man, with a body and constitution that is a replica of Nature's own design, and who jealously safeguards that body and that health, and takes the proper measures to gain and keep them, will some day revel in the sight of offspring that are but a duplicate of himself—a picture of joyous, bubbling, care-free health and strength.

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The Celluloid Critic—(*Continued from page 47*)

Kay Laurell, whatever you may yet say of her limitations, sinks her own identity in giving a relentless performance. And we ask you to watch for the little differences in detail.

Hearken, ye Marguerite Clark fans! Her latest, "Three Men and a Girl," (Paramount), held over from last summer for some reason or other, is an idyllic little story of distinct charm and appeal. And the Marguerite Clark you and I have loved is here, vivacious and fascinating as of yore. Based on Edward Childs Carpenter's story, "Three Bears," it relates the tale of three woman-hating young bachelors who dash away to the woods to be far from feminity, only to have their paradise invaded by Miss Clark. The inevitable, of course, happens. Richard Barthelmess is delightful as the bear who wins Miss Goldenlocks. The other bears are played by Percy Marmont, who is excellent, and Jerome Patrick, who is heavy and out of spirit. "Three Men and a Girl" is a celluloid bonbon. Micky Neilan, who has Irish imagination and humor, used both in directing it.

Norma Talmadge is advancing gloriously. There is no other word for it. Never was she better—photographically or dramatically—than in "The Probation Wife," (Select). And never was a star more handicapped by a loose and trite scenario. Jo Mowbray, the innocent ward of a woman who keeps a risqué resort, is sent to a home for wayward girls. She escapes and is befriended by a young author, who, to prevent scandal, marries the young woman. Then he promptly thinks himself in love with another woman. But Jo arouses his jealousy and wins him back. Here are two fine old themes joined with part of a third to give Miss Talmadge a varied rôle.

The star is a fairly dazzling Jo, and she overrides the creakiness and weaknesses of the script with fine spirit. Indeed, she gives considerable shading to the development of Jo's character. The screen has its army of ingénues, but we know of no one who can play the matured young woman with the lure of Miss Talmadge. Alex B. Francis presents the rôle of a kindly old friend admirably, while Thomas Meighan is a rather stogey author-husband. A word of compliment to Director Sydney Franklin upon his handling of the star.

When the war ended we had hoped that the spy and the bomb would disappear. But producers have simply changed the Hun into a Bolshevik and retained the explosive. Consider "Boots," (Paramount). This is outrageously impossible melodrama, but it has the finely unrestrained Dorothy Gish and the finely restrained Richard Barthelmess. Dorothy prevents a Bolshevik lady from putting a bomb under the hall wherein presides the king of England—and she prevents the lady after the most vivid feminine fist fight we have ever observed. Barthelmess is a young Scotland Yard detective. If you can believe that ingénues and Bolsheviki wander around in secret passages under Windsor Castle, or wherever it is that the king mingles with mere plebeians, you can accept "Boots." It has a good measure of Gishish humor.

And again the Bolsheviki appear in "The Woman on the Index," (Goldwyn). In this production Pauline Frederick photographs better than for many moons, while her playing, too, measures up better. The photoplay was written by Willard Mack from a melodrama which attained no particular vogue a year or so ago. A hectic story it is, of a guileless young woman who marries a young thief without realizing his perfidy. When the police are about to arrest him, hubby shoots himself. One of the confederates falsely accuses the wife of killing him, but after a time she is acquitted. Without telling of her past, she marries a wealthy man. Later the very police captain who persecuted her enlists her services as a spy against some deadly Bolshevik agents. One of the agents discovers her past and threatens to tell hubby No. 2. What will she do? But everything turns out well and the wife becomes a regular heroine. Nowhere is "The Woman on the Index" anything but mechanical melodrama. Willard Mack is a studied scoundrel as the Bolshevik agent and Wyndham Standing an Arctic husband.

Billie Burke's "Good Gracious, Annabelle," (Paramount), based on Clare Kummer's light and frothy bit of whimsy, is rather boring. The comedy of the irresponsible Annabelle has certainly gained weight while en route to the screen. Some one is very much to blame. Fantasy has been transferred into fact, whimsy has been taken literally, until a gossamer story rumbles along as lightly as a ten-ton truck. Miss Burke isn't particularly spontaneous anywhere and the lighting thruout the production is wretched. The Paramount-Artcraft folks should certainly look to their Eastern studio lighting. Picture after picture seems to be suffering in this respect.

After interviewing Elsie Ferguson, we can hardly bring ourselves to the point of criticizing one of her photoplays. But one's duty must be done. "The Marriage Price," (Artcraft), is second-rate stuff. It is an involved story of a wealthy girl who marries a Western Wall Street plunger, fancies that she doesn't love him and discovers, after nearly ruining him, that she does. Miss Ferguson doesn't photograph with her usual beauty in "The Marriage Price." Indeed, something appears to be the matter with the photography. Lionel Atwill makes a rich idler stand out, while Wyndham Standing is his phlegmatic self as the hubby.

Maurice Tourneur has hunted another Drury Lane melodrama to cover in his latest production, "The White Heather." This is all about an unscrupulous Scotch

nobleman who wants to repudiate his marriage to a commoner, and, as the only record is in a wrecked yacht at the bottom of the sea, he almost gets away with it. But the hero and the villain, encased in deep-sea diving attire, fight on the ocean floor, the scoundrel cuts his own air hose by mistake and all ends well. There is the usual beautiful Tourneur photography and the playing of Jack Gilbert as an unhappy young Scot, who loves the heroine in vain but gives his life for her happiness, is most excellent. And the minor rôle of the yacht captain, played by an unknown player, is admirably done.

Anita Stewart's "A Midnight Romance," (First National), doesn't measure up to that star's first photoplay, "Virtuous Wives." Miss Stewart has the rôle of a princess who, upon being shipwrecked apparently off Los Angeles, discards her title and takes a position as a hotel maid. Her adventures, her meeting with a wealthy chap during a stolen midnight bathing visit to the beach, and the efforts of a blackmailing couple to trap the hero form the basis of Marion Orth's story. Miss Stewart simpers thru the story. Jack Holt is the hero and Juanita Hansen, who seems to change companies daily, is the blonde adventuress. Almost the most substantial thing about the story, if we except Miss Hansen, is the hotel background. The director, Mrs. Lois Weber, has apparently commandeered a real hostelry.

George Walsh must certainly save a goodly portion of his weekly stipend. His principal expense is the upkeep of a stalwart suit of B. V. D.'s. "Never Say Quit," (Fox), is another melodramatic panorama of George's shoulder muscles. Herein Walsh plays Reginald Jones, an unlucky youth with a jinx and a penchant for rescuing ladies in distress. He gets the worst of it every time until he lands on a small sailing vessel and rescues the fair young heroine from a mutinous crew. The action is studded with long subtitles — labored bits of near-humor. Producers seem to have the impression that captions can put over any sort of comedy. Here is another instance where they slow up the action, such as it is. This Walsh might do something—in good stories and with good direction—for he has a healthy personality. Florence Dixon reveals promise as the jinx-breaking heroine.

If Bill Hart were only as reckless about getting varied scripts as he is about undergoing a convict haircut! In "The Poppy Girl's Husband" he permits his cowboy locks to be shorn while he portrays a prisoner serving a fourteen-year sentence. He has loved and provided for his wife thru it all, and is quite naturally perturbed on his exit from behind the bars to discover the poppy girl married to the very sleuth who "sent him up." Then Hairpin Harry sets out to get vengeance. It is a gentle revenge, merely the branding upon the fickle lady's face of a picture showing a woman pushing a convict into a convenient grave.

But Hairpin postpones his revenge, for he meets his own little boy and his heart is softened. So he takes the lad and runs away to a place where he lives happily ever after, propelling a canoe thru sunset fade-outs upon a sylvan lake.

All you can say about "The Poppy Girl's Husband" is that C. Gardner Sullivan has devised a craftly scenario—but it isn't life. Mr. Hart, however, is excellent, particularly in the moment on the train when he learns of the poppy girl's perfidy. Juanita Hansen is the lady. Walter Long makes Hairpin Harry's pal stand out splendidly. Georgie Stone, too, is adequate as the little boy.

We award the *Croix le Boredom* of the month to "Johnny Get Your Gun," (Artcraft). This is Fred Stone's third —and most awful—vehicle. Edmund Laurence Burke has tried to fit the comedian with a story, building it around Stone's acrobatic tricks, but the stunts fit into the plot like a bricklayer at the opera. Stone is an interesting example of a player who cant get over in the films. Your eyes actually have to hunt all over the screen for him. Poor Mary Anderson stands out a little, but James Cruze deserves all he gets at the end of Stone's lasso for his French count.

Having the most promising comédienne on the screen, Metro shows its business acumen by providing her with a melodrama wholly devoid of humor. This is the unkind treatment allotted the fair May Allison in "The Island of Intrigue," a dull tale of a wealthy girl kidnapped by a gang of blackmailers. Miss Allison has the worst company of the month.

Everybody is reviving old Charlie Chaplins. Some of them, as the famous Essanays, reveal many flashes of Charlie's 1919 genius.

The Drews' comedies, alas! are no more.

Sunshine Comedies? A mad maze of Sennett stuff done plus speed and minus refinement—or anything else.

The Harold Lloyd farces are certainly advancing with a wallop. They possess more originality and freshness of attack than any of the celluloid comedies of the moment. Consider the breathless fun of "Look Out Below," with its clowning apparently on the upper girders of a skyscraper in construction. Or the snow satire of the Bolsheviki in "A Sammy in Siberia." And Lloyd, who has an original way all his own, has the prettiest assistant on the screen in Bebe Daniels.

The Patrician of the Photoplay

(*Continued from page* 87)

"But they are building so many sanitary modern theaters these days that even that is disappearing. One might as well make up in an insurance agent's office now.

"The truth is, I guess, that one can only love once in a big way," murmured the actress.

"And——" we prompted, hoping for something of a confession.

Miss Ferguson laughed quizzically. "And I loved the stage first!"

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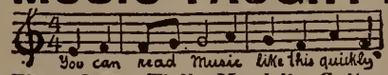

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